OFFICIAL REPORT.

George P. Rowell & Co., the leading authority on newspaper information, says:

"The Fort Wayne Sentinel, published at Fort Wayne, Ind., has the highest circulation rating accorded to any daily in Indiana, outside of Indianapolis.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

All the coupons of the "Sentinel" for the different photographic portfolios that we are now offering will be found together on the last column of the third page.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1894. —PART FIRST— PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Kid Gloves,
Hosiery,
Underwear,
Corsets,
Wash Goods.

We Offer—

EXCEPTIONAL VALUES
In the Above Lines of Goods.

See Them Before Making a Purchase.

KID GLOVES

We have greatly improved our Kid Glove Department.

We carry the best makes in all Lengths and Shades.

GEO. DeWALD & CO.

EASTER HATS!

We are showing the largest stock of high class headgear in the city. Sole agents for

Knox,
Youmans,
Wilcox

--HATS!

We also have a complete and new line of

MEN'S FURNISHINGS,

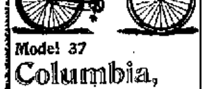
Which are the newest and latest designs and Patterns.

Neckwear.

We have the latest patterns and shapes, which are the Casimir, Natural Knot, De Joinville, Etc., in all the spring shades.

WM. MEYER & BRO.

Rooms 5 and 7 Arcade.



Model 37

Columbia,

Price, $150.

This beautiful machine marks the extreme limit to which regular bicycle construction has thus far gone, in lightness combined with strength and durability. It is a semi-racer, built for track work, and for road racing under reasonable conditions, but it will afford the highest satisfaction as a regular mount for light and careful riders who are willing to do without brake and coasters. Weight with wood rims, 21½ pounds. Call and get a Columbia catalogue free.

A. B. WHITE, Agent,
8 ARCADE.

⁂

Confirmation Suits!

ALL TAILOR MADE.

Black, $6.50 and $8.00.

Blue-Black, $8.75, $10.50 to $18.00.

We guarantee them to be perfect in style and workmanship.

J. G. THIEME & SON,

Cor. Columbia and Clinton Sts.

⁂

A NEW TREATY

Being Negotiated Between China and the United States.

Secretary Gresham Favors the Extension of Commercial Interests—Senator Morgan's Views.

Washington, March 24.—Touching the new treaty which has been negotiated between the government of this country and China it is learned that for several years past the Chinese government has been earnestly pressing upon our government the desirability of such an agreement and has represented that while the Chinese empire was desirous of maintaining friendly relations with the United States, it would be difficult to do so in the present spirit of the Chinese if some concession was not made. It also complained that the Scott and Geary laws were in contravention of the treaties heretofore negotiated. The present treaty is generally considered as the forerunner of a commercial treaty, the draft of which is believed to have been made and forwarded to China for the inspection of the Chinese government.

Secretary Gresham is known to be anxious to signalize his administration of the state department by perfecting an agreement which will increase the commercial interests of the United States in the Chinese empire, but has found the existing laws concerning the Chinese to be a barrier to a proceeding in this direction and it is inferred from the few intimations that have been received that the Chinese government is inclined to make the ratification of the immigration treaty a condition in the Chinese acceptance of the commercial treaty, which is still in suspense.

It is known that Mr. Gresham has been in conference with members of the senate upon the entire Chinese question. He spent three hours with the committee on foreign relations discussing the question a few weeks ago. It is presumed that he gave the committee full information as to his plans and stated the difficulties in the way of securing an extension of commercial relations without a modification of the immigrant laws, or a mutual understanding on this question.

Senator Morgan, chairman of the foreign relations committee, is believed to coincide with Mr. Gresham as to the importance of freer commercial intercourse between the two countries, but is suspected of entertaining the opinion that very little can be done in that direction as long as this country insists upon maintaining the gold standard. China being a silver using country he seems inclined to the opinion that if this country would control the trade of China it should recognize their currency in a more substantial way than at present.

A HARDENED CRIMINAL.

William Fredericks, Who Shot Cashier Herrick,

Accused of Three Murders, Suspected of Another and Served Four Years for Robbery.

San Francisco, March 24.—William Fredericks, who shot Cashier Herrick, is only twenty-two years old, but for years has been a hardened criminal. Several years ago he was sent to the penitentiary for robbery and served four years. He is accused of two murders besides that of Herrick, and is suspected of another. Last night he admitted that his name was Fredericks and said that he furnished arms to George Sontag, Chris Evans' partner, when Sontag tried to escape from Folsom prison. In a note book carried by Fredericks were some notes written in cipher, which, being interpreted, shows that he had been in communication with Chris Evans. Fredericks says his plans were to bluff the bank officials into submission, lock them in the vault and quietly walk away. He says he would not have fired at Herrick had not the cashier first wounded him. Although Fredericks has such a hard record as a desperate man, the police are convinced that he is a coward at heart, as he weakened as soon as he thought he was wounded. Herrick fired through the window at him, and he was struck on the breast by a spent ball, which did not enter the flesh.

That Mandamus Case.

Washington, March 24.—The mandamus case of Carroll L. Riker, of Chicago, who seeks to compel Secretary Carlisle to award to him all or part of the $50,000,000 bond issue, will probably be heard in the court of appeals in the latter part of the May term. The appeal was filed March 5 and the record is required by law to be filed within forty days of that time. The Chicagoian and his counsel are determined to carry the case to the United States supreme court if an adverse decision is rendered by the appellate court. Mr. Riker is expected to be again in Washington soon to consult with his counsel, Attorney Geo. A. King.

Parceling Out Land.

Washington, March 24.—May-Dway-Wo-Nind, the Chippewa villager Indian who is seeking to have the amount of allotments made to the tribe in Minnesota changed from eighty acres to 160 acres for each adult person, called on Indian Commissioner Browning today and asked for the changes. He was accompanied by his interpreter, Charles Wakefield.

A Big Tree.

Washington, March 24.—The Sequoia gigantea, the big tree which formed a part of the Washington state exhibit at the world's fair, and was presented to the government, has been put in place in the agricultural department grounds and the work on it is almost finished. The fitting up of the interior, including the construction of a stairway to the upper section, remains to be done. Secretary Morton is undecided as to the kind of a roof to be placed on the tree.

STREET CAR STRIKE.

Toledo Citizens Walk Pending a Settlement

When the Cars Appear on the Street They Are the Target for Rotten Eggs.

Toledo, Ohio, March 24.—The street car strike is still going on. The company is advertising in Chicago for an hundred employes, because it is impossible to get the required number here. Efforts are making constantly to run cars, but every imaginable difficulty is thrown in the way. When a new man starts out with a car he finds himself a target for rotten eggs and by the time he reaches the company's offices on Summit street, he abandons his post and some officers of the company run the car back to the barns. Every car is so bespattered with stale eggs that few persons are brave enough to ride in them. The police are endeavoring to arrest the egg throwers, but the missles come out of the midst of the sympathizing crowds and the efforts to identify the offenders is futile.

SUPERINTENDENT OF MINT.

The Change to Occur About July 1—Plenty of Silver Bars.

Philadelphia, March 24.—Dr. Eugene Townsend, the new superintendent of the Philadelphia mint, will probably not enter upon the duties of his office before July 1, although the treasury department is desirous that he should succeed Colonel O. C. Bobyshell on April 2. Director of Mints Preston will arrive here today and confer with Superintendent Bobyshell for the purpose of endeavoring for the plan by which the latter's bondsmen would be relieved of responsibility if he (Superintendent Bobyshell) should consent to retire at the end of the present month. Colonel Bobyshell does not think it possible for an agreement to be reached, as his bondsmen insist upon a complete accounting of all the coin and metal in the mint being made before the institution shall be turned over to Dr. Townsend. Colonel Bosbyshell's bondsmen are particularly anxious that 111,150 bars of silver shall be weighed, and in this three months will be consumed. If coined into dollars the silver will produce $120,000,000. When Colonel Bosbyshell assumed charge of the mint he followed an established precedent and gave a receipt in full for the contents of the two sealed vaults without asking for an accounting. When the stealings of Chief Weigher Cochrane were discovered he was criticised for not having the contents weighed, hence the present action of his bondsmen.

AFTER THIRTY YEARS.

A Bullet Ejected From a Man's Throat.

Lynn, Mass., March 24.—Augustus H. Sutherland, a veteran of the civil war, was last evening seized with a coughing fit, during which he ejected a pistol bullet which had been imbeded in his neck for the past thirty-one years. For three years he has been under the care of a physician who had been treating him for a supposed cancer in his neck, and an operation was to have been performed within a few days. During the battle at Culpepper Courthouse on October 11, 1863, Mr. Sutherland was wounded in the back of the neck. He was taken a prisoner soon after and confined in Libby prison for several months. The wound healed without being examined by a physician and the bullet remained in the neck, Sutherland not knowing it was there. The physicians now admit that the bullet was responsible for the cancer symptoms.

A PAPER TRUST.

All the Large Eastern Manufacturers Will Combine.

Boston, March 24.—It is stated on the authority of a prominent Boston paper manufacturer that a movement is on foot to form a combination of the paper manufacturers of the country with a view of raising prices and controlling the market. The idea originated with New York manufacturers and nearly all of the large manufacturers in the east have already agreed to enter the trust. Several meetings have been held and plans outlined.

MILLS START UP.

Closed Since Last August—250 Men Will be Employed.

Ware, Mass., March 24.—The employes of the woolen mill of Charles S. Stevens & Co., have been notified that the mill will start up on full time Monday. The mill has been closed since August last. Two hundred and fifty persons are employed.

King Humbert Denies It.

Rome, March 24.—It is semi-officially denied that King Humbert had telegraphed his condolences to the relatives of Louis Kossuth, although his majesty has always been favorably disposed towards the family.

Theatrical Manager Dead.

Boston, March 24.—Harry McGlennon, business agent of the Boston theater, and one of the best known theatrical men in New England, died this morning.

Sheriff Wintrode and son, Dan, of Huntington, were in Fort Wayne yesterday.

STRICKEN BLIND.

Sad Fate of a Mexican Cabinet Officer.

Sitting at His Desk Reading, the Paper Becomes Blotted and Blurred Before His Eyes.

City of Mexico, March 24.—Senor Fernando Leal, minister of public works in the Mexican cabinet, has been stricken with blindness. Wednesday evening while sitting at his desk examining an important document, it became blotted and blurred before his eyes. He called in his secretary and asked him if there was anything the matter with the paper, to which a negative response was given. Within a few hours total blindness came on the stricken minister, and notwithstanding the best medical treatment obtainable, he has been unable to see anything, being kept in a dark room with bandaged eyes. Oculist experts agree that it is the result of overstraining of the vision and that if relief is not gained in a few days, the minister will be blind for life.

AN INSANE GIRL

Calls at the Woman's Temple Building to See Prendergast.

She Frightens the Attendants Out of Their Wits—Locked Up by the Police.

Chicago, March 24.—Elizabeth Davis, an eighteen-year-old girl, created considerable excitement in the Woman's Temple building by demanding to see the murderer of Mayor Harrison. She was laboring under an insane delusion that Prendergast was confined somewhere in the building, and she wanted to talk with him about his case. The girl's wild actions badly scared the occupants of many of the offices, announcing that she was in sympathy with Prendergast. She was finally locked up by the police and will be examined for insanity.

SORRY THEY BOUGHT STOCK.

Richmond (Ind.) Men Think They Were Swindled in a Mining Deal.

Richmond, Ind., March 24.—A suit was filed today by W. E. Manley against A. E. Crocker and the San Javier Mining company, of San Javier, Mexico, to set aside $20,000 worth of real estate transferred by the plaintiff to the defendants for stock in the mine under fraudulent representations. The story is that A. E. Crocker, a real estate dealer of this city, went to Mexico and returned to solicit stock in a mine of a fabulous richness, which he claimed he had found there. The stock was put up and the stockholders sent a representative to Mexico to obtain specimens of the ore and have it assayed. The ore showed great richness. The complaint alleges that these samples were changed before they were assayed and that the real specimens from the mine were not assayed. One hundred thousand dollars' worth of stock was taken here and the holders of this will soon begin a concerted action to have a receiver appointed and have Mr. Crocker and his friends ousted from control.

GOLD DISCOVERIES.

Great Excitement in Utah Over the Find.

Salt Lake, Utah, March 24.—Excitement over new gold discoveries is running high at the little town of Lehi, Utah, about thirty miles south of this city. The discoveries were made a few days ago within fifty yards of the Salt Lake and Western railroad and two miles from Jordan river. The ore is a pink slate and lays in stratified veins. The belt has been traced for two miles, is thirty feet in thickness, and assays about $20 in gold to the ton. A large number of claims have already been staked out. About 100 gold hunters went from here today.

MAY HAVE KILLED HERSELF.

Mrs. Fielding is Missing From Friends and Home.

London, March 24.—The police of Oxford are engaged in investigating the mysterious disappearance of the Hon. Mrs. Fielding, who has been missing since Monday last. When last seen Mrs. Fielding was strolling in the direction of the University park and the police, in view of the fact that she had been much depressed through the recent loss of her husband, the Rev. Charles Fielding, uncle of Earl of Denbigh, believe that she may have committed suicide. The river has been dragged, but no trace of Mrs. Fielding has been found.

WALLACE WASHINGTON.

A Descendant of George, Dies in Huntington.

Huntington, W. Va., March 24.—Wallace Washington, aged fifty-nine, a relative of George Washington, and who has been chief clerk to the chief of police at Richmond, Va., died in this city last night from paralysis. He had been here on a visit to a son.

DIED IN PRISON.

Wife Murderer James Campbell Takes His Own Life.

Youngstown, Ohio, March 24.—James Campbell, convicted a few weeks ago of killing his wife, now awaiting life sentence in the penitentiary, committed suicide in jail early today.

TO EVANGELIZE THE NEGROES.

Michigan Adventists Will Start Soon in a Gospel Ship.

Allegan, Mich., March 24.—The Adventists here have just completed a boat capable of accommodating 150 persons. The party will start for the south in a few days by way of Lake Michigan and the Mississippi river. On reaching Tennessee a stop will be made at all settlements along the river, and the gospel according to the Adventists will be preached. The vessel has sleeping apartments for 150 people. The projectors of the expedition say they will evangelize all the southern negroes before they return.

COXEY'S ARMY.

East Liverpool Promises Over 500 Recruits.

A Brigade From Wellsville, Over 200 Strong, Headed by Defeated Politicians, Will Also Join Coxey.

East Liverpool, Ohio, March 24.—William Wilson, of New York, an agent of Coxey, the Massillon reformer, visited this city and Wellsville today. He says over 500 men from here, mostly striking potters, will join the Coxey forces at Beaver Falls, April 1, and 200 from Wellsville. In this city John W. Hassey and James Green, both defeated candidates for city marshal on the democratic ticket, are marshalling the East Liverpool forces. They assert that over 300 men in this city have signed the roll. John Nicholson is agent for the Wellsville brigade.

Massillon, Ohio, March 24.—Interest in Coxey and his Washington pilgrimage seems to decrease in direct proportion to distance from his rendezvous. Little of it anywhere is serious, notwithstanding the large numbers of unemployed everywhere. There is a little flutter of excitement here today which when analysed is found to be chiefly wonder if the petition in boots is really going to materialize and the desire to escape trouble if it does. There are about twenty newspaper correspondents here and the army is less numerous at this writing. Coxey and Brown bustled in this morning from the formers residence and seemed to be very busy with preparations for the march, which is to begin tomorrow. Tents were pitched on the gun club grounds today. These meetings will be held and recruits will lodge tonight if they desire. There are yet few signs of the coming army. Twenty-two tramps were given lodgings at the police station last night. The number is unusual, but Mayor William M. Reed says they are probably not recruits. On being released they scattered and have not reappeared. It is said that 400 Salvation Army soldiers will arrive today from Cleveland and that a delegation of 160 will come from Medina. Captain Fistler, of the Salvationists here, says it is four and not 400 who will come from Cleveland. The Salvation Army, she says, is not in sympathy with the Coxey movement, and considers the pretensions of Coxey to bring Christ and the use of Christ's picture in the banner is sacrilegious. W. H. Iler, chief of the commissary department, reports some new contributions of provisions and supplies today. They are from local merchants and others who are probably moved more by a desire to protect themselves than by sympathy with the cause.

AT THE TERMINUS.

Washington, March 24.—Colonel Redstone, who is managing the affairs of the army at this terminus of the march, cherishes constantly swelling expectations, however, and today estimates the forces which will arrive on the 1st of May at 300,000 men.

He expressed confidence, despite reports to the contrary, that no opposition will be offered to the progress of the crusade along its line of march and also feels certain that congress will pass the two Coxey bills as soon as the army arrives in sight. One of the bills is for an issue of $500,000,000 of fiat money, the other is for government work to the unemployed by building roads.

Concerning the approach of the army on the capital a number of congressmen were interviewed today. Representative Bland said: "It is an indication of the unrest and uncertainty of the people. The Coxey army has as much right to come to Washington as the lobbies who come in behalf of protection and other private interests. As long as they pay their own expenses and commit no depredation they have a perfect right to come, but if they violate the law and become a mob of pillagers they should be suppressed."

DIES OF CEREBRAL EMBOLISM.

Young Lady of Milwaukee Lies in a State of Coma Seventeen Days.

Milwaukee, Wis., March 24.—Miss Ida May Urips, who for several years past has been in charge of the mail order department of a dry goods house, died at her home, No. 308 Eighteenth street, last night after having lain in a comatose state for seventeen days. The cause of death is given as cerebral embolism, resulting from a continuous mental strain, produced by too constant application to work—overwork, in fact.

After Supper

Our store is well lighted by electricity and those who desire to examine our pianos and organs and have not the time to do so during the day, can call this evening, as we are open for business from 7 in the morning until 11 tonight. Besides in the evening we are not so crowded and can give our customers more attention than during the day, especially the afternoon, when we are so busy.

Remember the number, 2 and 4 Arcade.

A. A. Fisher,
General Agent.

The Indiana School for Feeble Minded Youth will have a very interesting program tomorrow.

IT IS OAKLEY.

He Receives the Nomination on the First Ballot.

The Vote Resulted, Oakley, 101; Gruber, 62; R. B. Hanna, 10—Attempt to Stampede the Convention.

The republican city convention was held in the city hall this afternoon. The chairs had been reserved for the delegates and, there being 117 in the convention, most of the seats were occupied, leaving only standing room for the spectators, who were very numerous, even the corridors being crowded with people who were interested in the result. Messrs. Oakley and Gruber were present circulating among the delegates, while W. T. Jefferies, candidate for city clerk, grasped the hands of the delegates as they entered.

At 1:15 James Liggett rapped the convention to order and requested each delegation to take seats in that portion of the hall alloted to them.

The first business was the selection of a chairman. B. W. Skelton nominated Charles Bash. J. B. Harper nominated Enoch B. Cox. E. K. Dorr nominated Colonel D. N. Foster, who withdrew. There was a contest over the method of selecting the chairman, Messrs. A. J. You and Col. D. N. Foster favoring an open ballot by wards, while J. B. Harper favored the appointment of tellers and that each man vote his preference. The contest between the two factions became very bitter and in a few moments the convention was in a turmoil.

The original motion offered by A. J. You was to ballot by wards. Mr. Harper amended to ballot secretly, tellers passing through the delegations. Mr. Foster moved to lay the amendment on the table and Mr. Harper asked for a division by ballot on the motion to lay on the table. Tellers were appointed and the vote to lay on the table resulted: Yeas, 106; nays, 72. A motion to take the ballot by wards for chairman was carried unanimously. The ballot resulted: Bash, 110; Cox, 67. Mr. Bash took the chair and thanked the convention for the honor and made a few remarks laudatory of the republican party.

Mr. C. E. Mohler was selected as secretary of the convention by acclamation.

Mr. N. R. Leonard, of the Gazette, introduced resolutions condemnatory of many provisions of the new city charter, and pledging the party to enforcement of laws under its provisions and favoring the establishment of non-partisan boards and a non-partisan fire and police department.

A resolution was introduced by James Madden denouncing the A. P. A. which called forth loud cries of "no, no," and motions to lay on the table. There was great excitement and Chairman Bash declared it out of order after Messrs. Madden and Peter Poirson had threatened to bolt.

Nominations were called for and J. T. Leach nominated Capt. J. B. White, whose name was greeted with hurras of applause. C. R. Higgins seconded the nomination.

A. J. You nominated Chauncey B. Oakley.

J. B. Harper nominated Joseph L. Gruber.

Several statements were made that Captain White would not accept the nomination, and Mr. Leach withdrew his name.

There were no other nominations made and the convention proceeded to ballot as follows:

First ward—R. B. Hanna, 10; Gruber, 3.
Second Ward—Oakley, 11, Gruber, 4.
Third Ward—Gruber, 16.
Fourth Ward—Oakley, 18.
Fifth Ward—Oakley, 25.
Sixth Ward—Gruber, 25.
Seventh Ward—Gruber, 12; Oakley, 2
Eighth Ward—Oakley, 20; Gruber, 2.
Ninth Ward—Oakley, 12
Tenth Ward—Oakley, 16.
Total, Oakley, 101; Gruber, 62; R. B. Hanna, 10.

On motion of Mr. Harper the nomination of Mr. Oakley was made unanimous, and the colonel returned thanks and accepted the nomination on the platform adopted by the convention. He pledged himself to enforce the law and this statement was received with great applause.

Mr. Gruber made a few remarks and asked his friends to support Colonel Oakley.

N. R. Leonard named Wm. T. Jefferies for clerk and he was nominated by acclamation.

For councilmen-at-large the names of R. B. Hanna, Chas. F. Haiber, Thos. D. DeVilbiss, W. L. Petitt, Herman W. Tapp were presented and on motion of Ed. L. Craw the nomination of these gentlemen was made unanimous.

For water works trustees the following gentlemen were named and declared the nominees of the convention: Theodore Haberkorn, Enoch B. Cox and William Moseman.

The convention then adjourned.

POISONED BY A CHINAMAN.

Sad Plight of a Buffalo Lad Who Was Scratched by a Celestial.

Buffalo, N. Y., March 24.—An action for $15,000 damages was begun yesterday by Rosario Maggio, as guardian of Joseph Wisotty, against a well-to-do Chinese laundryman named Wing Ling. In November last Joseph, who is a boy of fourteen years, while passing Wing Ling's laundry, threw a stone into the window. The laundryman pursued and caught him by the neck, shaking him and knocking him down. The celestial's long finger nails broke the skin of the boy's neck and blood poisoning resulted. The doctors have been unable to give the boy relief. His body is covered with sores and scabs which resemble those of leprosy. He will probably die.

THREE LADIES ATTACKED.

They Were Chased Along the Railroad by Tramps.

Last night, about 9 o'clock, three ladies who live southwest of this city were on the way to their homes. They were walking along the railroad track, unconscious of any danger, when suddenly they were set upon by several burly tramps, supposed to be the rear guard of Coxey's army. The ladies were badly frightened and ran for their lives. Their screams attracted the attention of a farmer living not far from the track, who armed himself with a revolver and hastened to the scene of the trouble. The ladies had reached the Wabash railroad bridge as the farmer appeared and the tramps were about to cross when the farmer shot at them and told them that if they attempted to cross over he would pitch them all into the river. At this the cowardly tramps sneaked away, and the farmer escorted the ladies to their homes.

FINE MUSIC PROMISED.

Catholic Churches Make Special Preparation for Easter.

At all the Catholic churches tomorrow fine singing will be rendered. At the Cathedral high mass will be celebrated at 10:30 o'clock, standard time, and Wells festival mass in C will be sung. Vespers will be celebrated at 3 o'clock, standard time.

John Mohn, jr., assisted by Adolph Schulte, the well known tenor singer, has arranged the following attractive musical program for the services at St. Patrick's church Easter Sunday morning and afternoon. The following is the program:

SOLEMN HIGH MASS, 10 O'CLOCK A. M.

Kyrie	Giorza
Gloria	Giorza
Veni Creator	Ambroise Thomas
Credo	Giorza
Offertory—"Jesu Dei Vivi"	Verdi
Sanctus	Giorza
Benedictus	Giorza
Agnus Dei	Giorza

VESPERS, 3 P. M.

Chant Vespers	
Magnificat	Lambillotte
O Salutaris	Faure
Tantum Ergo	Bach

WASHED IN OIL,

And Then Lighted a Match to His Hair.

Pine, Ind., March 24.—Hiram Knoblock, aged fifteen, living near Bremen, used coal oil last night to wash his head and shortly afterwards struck a match, igniting his hair. His aunt, Mrs. Gruber, by desperate efforts smothered the flames. The boy was horribly and probably fatally burned and the aunt was seriously burned about the hands and face.

Iowa's New Liquor Law.

Des Moines, Ia., March 24.—The new liquor law adopted by the state legislature and awaiting Governor Jackson's signature contains the following provisions: A tax of $600 per annum is to be issued against every one engaged in the sale of intoxicating liquors except registered pharmacists. No saloon shall be located within 300 feet of a church or school house. A bond of $3,000 must be filed with the county auditor; the sale of liquors must be in a single room with but one entrance, and that opening on a public business street. No games are to be allowed in this and adjoining rooms.

Boiler Explosion.

Rockford, Ill., March 24.—By the explosion of a boiler in the tile factory at Gilberts, south of this city today, one man was killed and a fire started, threatening to wipe out the town.

This afternoon before 'Squire France, Charles McNally, an account of whose depredations will be found elsewhere in tonight's Sentinel, was fined $5 and costs and went to jail in default of the amount. The other two prisoners were let go.

Attend to It Today.

Please bear in mind that if you propose to purchase a piano at the Kimball company's factory cost, sale now going on at the Arcade, you will have to attend to the matter today. At 12 o'clock tonight the doors close on the greatest and fairest piano sale ever seen, or ever will be seen in this city. No one purchasing an instrument of the W. W. Kimball Co. in this sale, will ever have cause to regret it. Every piano of our make shall prove exactly as represented, if we have to turn the factory upside down to correct it. Mr. Kimball is proud of the reputation of the Kimball piano, and no instrument of our manufacture bearing that name, shall prove other than strictly first-class.

A. A. Fisher,

Since writing the above for the morning papers, I have decided that as we sold so nearly all of the eighty-two pianos in stock, and offered for sale last Monday morning, to remain over two or three days longer, and sell the balance of them. I have arranged to hold the warerooms now occupied by us in the Arcade, till Thursday of next week, and by which time I am satisfied that all will be taken, so if you are thinking of a bargain of this kind, come early and we will save you $200 in the purchase of a piano, and make terms to please you.

A. A. Fisher,
General Agent.

Harry Sage will manage the Rock Island club of the new Western association.

"Link" Lowe, Boston's second baseman, will coach the Lehigh University baseball nine.

SUPPOSED HORSE THIEF

Lieut. Henry Lapp Makes a Clever Capture.

Henry Smith Locked Up Upon Suspicion of Stealing Dr. Geary's Team of Ponies—Police Court.

Last evening Chief of Police Wilkinson received a telegram from Dr. J. K. Geary, of Corsen, asking him to keep a sharp look-out for a pair of dun ponies hitched to a top buggy and being driven by a German. The chief easily located the rig, which had been left at the Lyon stable, on Pearl street, early in the evening, but the man who had put up the rig had gone and could not be located.

This morning Lieutenant Lapp kept a close watch on the stable and about 9 o'clock was rewarded by capturing a man who called at the stable and said he wanted the team. He seemed greatly surprised at being arrested and said he had no intention of stealing the team. He was taken to the station and locked up. To a Sentinel reporter he stated that his name was Henry Smith and that he had lived in Fort Wayne most of his life. Last winter he worked for Fred Eckart butchering, but recently went to Corsen and started a butcher shop. There being no shop in that place, Dr. Geary took an interest in the man and helped him along by allowing him the use of his team to deliver meat. When Smith did not return last night the doctor became alarmed and feared his horses had been stolen. Smith said this morning that he had come here to buy a butcher wagon and was going to return this morning to Corsen.

POLICE COURT.

Henry Luesching, a drinking character, last night fell down a steep stairway over Louis Henel's saloon, on East Columbia street, and was cut on the head. Officer Henry Paul found him lying at the foot of the stairway with his head lying in a pool of blood and he was taken to the police station where Dr. George C. Stemen examined the wounds and pronounced them not dangerous. Luesching did not accuse any one of injuring him, saying simply that he was drunk and must have fallen and hurt his head. He is about fifty years old, and was this morning fined $1 and costs. There were no other cases at police court.

FOR DRINKS.

Hundreds of Thousands of Dollars Spent Annually in Fort Wayne.

A gentleman well posted on the question says that almost one million of dollars is spent annually in Fort Wayne for intoxicating drinks. The large portion of this money is spent over bars and a big per cent. of it by men who earn a living by manual labor. Is it a wonder that people are determined that saloonkeepers shall obey the laws and close their places of business at 11 o'clock at night and on the Sabbath? Another gentleman states that the sum is about $500,000, though we believe the first amount nearer correct. Taking even the latter amount this sum would purchase, every year, homes for five hundred families.

A policeman says that there was less drunkenness and fewer arrests in a month while the 11 o'clock law was being enforced than in half the time while the law is openly violated. He also says that young girls are brought into many saloons at midnight and are in this manner started on the road to ruin. Every parent should have an interest in seeing the laws are enforced, for it cannot be told how soon one of your pretty daughters or bright young sons may be enticed into one of these places that are open all day and all night and pay no attention to the laws of our state. A few weeks ago two officers were investigated for frequenting a saloon on Sunday night, but the police commission, rather than acknowledge that the saloons were open on the Sabbath and after hours allowed the officers to go with a reprimand.

NEW TRAINING SCHOOL.

It Will Open at Lakeside on Monday Next.

The new school at Lakeside will open on Monday in a building at the corner of Lake avenue and Dearborn streets. The building has been neatly fitted up and five rooms will be occupied.

The school board have long desired to have a place where teachers could be trained for their work, and at the new institution an attempt will be made to have a permanent school for this purpose. There will be a principal who will instruct the pupil teachers and a critic teacher who will superintend the pupil teachers at their work. In this way one-half of the teachers will be in active duty while the other half are receiving instruction. The primary branches only will be taught in this training school and all the children in these grades living in Lakeside and north of the St. Joseph river will attend. The following is the list of teachers.

Training Teacher—Mrs. Martha J. Moderwell.

Critic Teacher—Miss Helen Brenton.

Pupil Teachers—Miss Emma Austin, Miss Mary W. Daugherty, Miss Annie L. Miller, Miss Maggie J. Murphy, Miss Catherine Pence, Miss Julia Rumsey, Miss Kate E. Shuman, Miss Lida W. Spaulding, Miss Mary E. Shoaff.

Janitor—Miss Lillie Dunfee.

MAPLE SUGAR CROP.

Reports From Vermont Indicate a Shortage.

Concord, N. H., March 24.—Reports from the northern and western sections of the state and from parts of Vermont indicate that the maple sugar crop this year will be a practical failure. The absence of frost in the ground and the scarcity of and high wages of help are said to be the cause. Some of the orchards will be tapped.

WOULD RATHER HANG.

Martin Howley Makes a Sensational Request.

He Was Brought Into Court and Sentenced by Judge O'Rourke This Morning.

A sensational scene was enacted in the circuit court at 11 o'clock this morning, when Martin Howley was brought in to be sentenced by Judge O'Rourke to imprisonment in the penitentiary for the murder of his mother. When asked if he had anything to say why punishment should not be passed upon him Howley replied:

"No, your honor, except that I wish you would show me some mercy and hang me, as I understand you have the power to do that under the law."

"Do you mean to say you would rather be hung?" asked the judge.

"Yes, sir," was Howley's answer.

"I have no power to do that," remarked Judge O'Rourke, and he continued with the sentence.

There were not many people in the court room when this remarkable request was made, but the few attorneys and spectators who were present were startled and could hardly believe their ears. Such a scene is not often enacted in a criminal court.

Just before sentence was passed Judge O'Rourke overruled a motion for a new trial. James M. Robinson, Howley's attorney, had arranged for a meeting between Howley and and his sisters, but the prisoner said he didn't care to meet them. He will be taken to Michigan City next Tuesday by Sheriff Clausmeier.

COURT CULLINGS.

Henry Billou was arrested on an affidavit preferred by Humane Officer Schlaudruf charging him with deserting his child. Justice France sent the man to jail to await trial.

James Bodine and John A. Kramer, both farmers, came into Wilkinson's court yesterday with a multiplicity of complaints against each other. Each was fined for provoke, and after reading them a lecture and telling them to go home and keep out of the courts, the justice dismissed the other cases.

The following cases were heard in 'Squire Ryan's court yesterday:

James Carto was arrested on a charge of assault and battery on James Rhoades, a negro. The case is the outcome of the combined fight of dogs and men on Lafayette street a few days ago. Carto was fined $14.50.

Dollie Smith, the young woman who was captured in Harry Gilbert's place some time ago and allowed to go on her own recognizance, never came back. Officer McGuire met her last night on Calhoun street and promptly arrested her. She was fined and paid up.

William Heinze was arrested on the charge of abandoning his wife. It is alleged that he cruelly left the woman when she was in the most destitute circumstances.

Judge Dawson this morning issued an order compelling James Wilkinson to appear in Henry Colerick's office this afternoon in order that a deposition could be taken in the case of Thomas Wilkinson vs. Langard.

A REMARKABLE RECORD.

Everybody In On the Deal and Money Plenty.

The most remarkable piano sale, perhaps, on record began last Monday at the Arcade, as advertised in the Sunday papers by Mr. A. A. Fisher, general agent of the W. W. Kimball company, who has charge of the disposing of, or returning the stock to the factory, and the immense number of pianos sold during the week, and particularly yesterday, demonstrates clearly one very important fact, namely that the cry of "hard times" and "no money in the country" is unwarranted; but, to the contrary, when a profitable opportunity for investment presents itself there is money plenty, and no real bargains need escape. Many of Mr. Fisher's piano sales yesterday were for all cash, notwithstanding the fact that the purchasers could have had payments if desired.

This store was a perfect jam from morning till night, Mr. Fisher being obliged to go without his dinner in order to wait on the people, and then many had to go away unattended. The day's record of sales up to 10 o'clock last night, at which time the store was still crowded with customers, was fourteen pianos and two organs, among which were many of his most expensive styles of Kimball and Hallett & Davis pianos, amounting in all to something over three thousand dollars, nearly half of which was cash. The money is neither burned up nor blown away, as some would believe, but still with us, as will be seen from the above remarkable record of sales. At the rate pianos were sold yesterday, Mr. Fisher will have nothing to ship, and will be through with the sale in less than the ten days allotted to it.

Banner Day.

Yesterday was banner day in the great piano sale at the Arcade. Hardware merchants, butchers, lawyers, conductors, bankers and doctors all took a hand in the deal, and it was a matter of which got his money out first, took choice. Mr. Fisher sold twelve Kimball pianos, one Hallet & Davis, one Hale and two Kimball organs yesterday, the entire day's sales amounting to over $3,000. Who says "hard times?"

Four "C."

Nothing in the whole history of Lung Medicine can compare with the success of "FOUR C." It is the only known specific for

LA GRIPPE.

It removes all its severe and evil effects, inducing restful, natural sleep. One dose will frequently remove pleurisy pains. One dose has time and again relieved a child suffering with CROUP. Four "C" has cured Asthma, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Ulcerated Tonsilitis. In composition is DIFFERENT, is More Powerful and Active, in fact it is as DIFFERENT from any other lung remedy as molasses is different from vinegar. It is a REVELATION. Best of all you take no risk. The essence of the contract is, Four "C." Must Give Satisfaction or Money Will be Refunded by

M. Dotzer, A. J. Keller, Keller & Bro., Dreier & Bro. and Gross & Pellens.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

FRESCO ARTIST.

FRED SEMOTAN.

FRESCO ARTIST,

Schmitz Block, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Prices Reasonable and All Work Guaranteed.

CARPET AND RUG FACTORY.

THE CHICAGO CARPET AND RUG FACTORY.
Weaves to Order Every Form Old and New Carpet Scraps; also Rugs.
Portiers from Silk Pieces; also Rag Carpet.
CHRISTIAN FOX,
Corner Wells and Superior streets.

DYE WORKS.

THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS HOUSE IN the city for—
Dying, Cleaning Alterations and Repairing.
The only place in the country where gloss can be taken from clothing.
GUST SCHUBERT,
65 East Main Street.
BRANCH OFFICE,
249 Calhoun Street.

MANDOLIN TEACHER.

CHAS. C. ALEXANDER,
TEACHER OF MANDOLIN.
54 East Washington Street.

PHYSICIANS.

ROBT. F. LIPES, M. D.,
Practice limited to diseases of the Skin and Genito-Urinary Surgery.
Office, rooms 22-23 Pixley-Long Block.
Hours, 9-12 a. m., 2-4 p. m., 7-8 p. m.

DR. A. E. BULSON, JR.
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT ONLY
No. 52, 53, 54 Pixley-Long Block.
Telephone 423. Hours, 9-12 a. m., 2-4 p. m.

G. W. BOWEN, M. D.,
Homœopathic Physician and Surgeon.
Office hours for consultation, from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m., Sundays, 9 to 12. Office, No. 12 West Main street, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Special attention paid to chronic diseases.

DR. S. B. HAVICE,
Diseases of the Nose and Throat.
Office Hours, 9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m., 6:30 to 8 p. m.
Office, No. 40 W. Berry St. Phone, No. 66.

DR. B. GARD—To ladies suffering from ailments peculiar to their sex may consult me free of charge at my office, 11 West Wayne street. Telephone 66.

DR. JOHN SEATON—
EYE AND EAR.
Office at Dreier Bros.' Drug Store.

DRUGGIST.

GROSS & PELLENS,
DRUGGISTS.
Corner Calhoun and Wayne Sts. Phone 165

UNDERTAKERS & EMBALMERS

KERLIN & BLOOM,
Undertakers and Embalmers.
Telephone No. 262. 101 Calhoun Street

INSURANCE.

JAMES E. GRAHAM,
Attorney at Law.
Abstractor of Titles.
Insurance, Real Estate, Loan, Collecting Rental Agent.
Room 23 Bank Block. - - - Fort Wayne, Ind

S. C. LUMBARD,
Insurance, Real Estate and Loans.
Aveline House Block.

D. E. FISHER,
Insurance, Real Estate, Loans.
No. 42 East Berry street. Fort Wayne, Indiana

BANKS

HAMILTON NATIONAL BANK.
Capital $200,000. Surplus $25,000.
The Hamilton National Bank will pay interest at the rate of three (3) per cent. per annum on certificates of deposit if left four months.
President—Charles McCulloch.
Cashier—John Mohr, Jr.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.
Capital and Surplus, $850,000.00.
Corner Main and Court Streets.
Oldest National Bank in Indiana. Certificates of deposit issued drawing three (3) per cent interest per annum if left four (4) months.
J. H. BASS, President.
LEM. R. HARTMAN, Cashier.

White National Bank
Capital & Surplus, $220,000.
Pays 3 per cent interest per annum on time deposits.
Safe deposit boxes for rent at $5 per annum

PHYSICAL CULTURE AND READING.
NEW PHILOSOPHY.

Jennie Ray Ormsby teaches classes Wednesday and Saturday afternoons from 1.30 to 3.30 o'clock and 7 p. m. on Wednesdays.

Room over Karn & Nelson's Music Store, No. 2 East Columbia Street.

M. W. FAY
WAREHOUSE & STORAGE
Warehouse Cor. Francis and Hayden Sts. Office 127 Calhoun St. Telephone 84.

E. KRAMER.
SIGN - PAINTER
90 E. MAIN STREET.
Finest and Best Work. Cheapest place in the city

The Evening Sentinel.
BY E. A. K. HACKETT.
SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1894.

EASTER Sunday tomorrow.

Put only good men on the ticket.

SELECT the best men for all the city offices.

A CLEAN democratic ticket and the battle is over.

COXEY'S army starts on its march to Washington tomorrow.

CITIZENS today were generally interested in the result of the republican city convention.

LET the democrats select their best men for mayor and they can win by an overwhelming majority.

MISS POLLARD'S determination to write a book shows that she does not expect the world to forgive her.

GOVERNOR WAITE, of Colorado, seems to have quieted down. He has not been heard from for several days.

How did Mr. Ferris get a peep into the inside of Coxey's head before he constructed his big wheel at the World's fair?

CONGRESSMAN COOPER says that Congressman Bynum will again be a candidate. He says, further, that Mr. Bynum will be re-elected.

IT looks very much as though this present cold snap was the last kick of the ground hog against imputations of unreliability as a weather prophet.

WE are startled with the announcement that ex-Queen Lil is about to start on a lecturing tour in this country. It is said she will wear her crown while lecturing.

EVERY mind that soars above its fellows is either maligned or misunderstood. It is a pleasure and unpardonable privilege of mediocrity to laugh at genius until it is understood, if it ever reaches that distinction—Prof. Swing.

WITH a good, clean city ticket this spring the democratic party is certain of victory. The party cannot afford to cater to the law-breakers, and the voters will see that they do not control our thriving city. Vote right at the primaries and make victory certain in May.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS has written a letter respecting Hawaii, in which he says: "In whatever else President Cleveland may have erred, history will credit his motive and commend the object he has aimed to accomplish. I am a republican, but I am not a 'republican right or wrong.'"

LOUIS KOSSUTH was sent to prison for three years when a young editor for publishing the proceedings of the Hungarian parliament. Many an American editor of today would rather go to prison than be compelled to publish all the proceedings of our congress. So much in fifty years has the world progressed—or legislative bodies retrograded.

FOR twenty years past the democratic party has been pledged to tariff reform, and the senator who skulks now and refuses to stand by the guns of democracy now will be regarded as a traitor to the confidence of his friends. It will be well for them to note the fact that they represent their states and no special section thereof. They also represent the principles and policy of their party, the promotion of the general good, and not the lobbyists of private of local interests.

THE Ligonier Banner authoritatively declares that there is no foundation whatever for the statement that Col. I. B. McDonald of Columbia City, is a candidate for the democratic nomination for clerk of the supreme court. It avers that the announcement of his name in that connection was the work of interested persons at Fort Wayne, who lay the flattering unction to their souls that the "mention" of somebody's name for a nomination has marvelous healing qualities.

"THE copper output of this country last year," says the Indianapolis Sentinel, "was 144,011 long tons. Of this amount 80,387 tons were exported and sold to the pauper laborers of the rest of the world. The United States produces one half of all the copper mined in the world, and exports 55 per cent. of its product. The copper trust sells copper cheaper in foreign countries than in this country. And yet we are informed that this industry will be ruined by foreign competition."

ACCORDING to a late report of the director of the mint 19,570 silver dollars with the date of 1804 were coined during the year. Today less than a dozen of them are known to be in existence and each is worth a small fortune. There were 156,000 half dollars coined in the same year; at present but one is known. Whatever became of the silver coinage of that year is one of the unsolved government mysteries. Thirty-two years later there were only 1,000 of the 1836 dollar pieces coined. Yet anyone who has $5 to invest can get one of them for a pocket piece. A cool $1,000 would not buy an 1804

IT is unmistakably apparent that Madeline Pollard has determined that she will leave no means unemployed to compass the social and political downfall of Congressman Breckinridge. To achieve this object she has abandoned even the semblance of screening herself from shame, and boldly acknowledges her guilty complicity in an affair which she knows will hurt her betrayer more than it will harm herself. She is quite willing to sacrifice herself in order that he may be destroyed. It is her fixed purpose to sweeten her own downfall by that of her enemy. This spirit will excite no admiration for Miss Pollard, but neither will it create any sympathy for Colonel Breckinridge. It is a case of retributive justice. It would be well for the peace and purity of society if every Lothario of the stamp of Congressman Breckinridge could meet with a nemesis like Madeline Pollard.

STRINGER FOR MAYOR.

In my article in "Business Guide" of the 17th, I show that under the new charter the next mayor appoints the comptroller, whose salary shall be $2,500, and may be by ordinance paid $3,000, which appointee may appoint a clerk who shall be paid $800, and by ordinance can be paid $1,000, and detail the gravity of the office now appointive, under the old law elective. The mayor also appoints, under the new charter, the head of the law department, who, to use the language (sec. 60,) "shall" receive an annual salary of not less than $1,500 nor more than $2,500, which salary is fixed by the common council. Now this attorney, (mayor appointive, once elective) gives a bond of $5,000 to be approved solely by the (mayor appointed) comptroller, who himself (comptroller) gives no bond. This appointee of the mayor, (city attorney) "shall" have the management, charge and control of the law business of this city, and for every branch of its government and prosecute all violators of city ordinances; "shall" draw up ordinances, leases, deeds, contracts or other legal papers for the city and its various departments: "shall" be custodian of the papers appertaining to the office. He "shall" conduct all legal proceeding and all appeals of every nature whatsoever in which the city or public shall have an interest; "shall" make all searches and abstracts of title required in opening, widening or changing any street, alley or public place. All fees, perquisites or other emoluments received by him, or payable to him including prosecuting violators of city ordinances, "shall" be collected by him for and in behalf of the city. He "shall" collect all costs due the city and all other fees or recoveries falling within the purview of his official duties. He may employ a deputy and also such other assistance as he may be authorized to do by ordinance, and "shall" promptly commence all proceedings necessary or advisable for the protection or enforcement of the rights of the city or the public. He "shall" report to his creator (the mayor) in writing all such matters as he may deem important, and to the department of finance (mayor appointed comptroller) all judgments the city shall be liable for. Sec. 61 unfolds to voters the workings of the department of public works. The department has a board of three members (not elective), but appointed by the Mayor. Two may be democrats and one republican. To use the language of the act itself, "not more than two of whom 'shall' be of the same political party." The mayor "shall have the power to at any time, remove any member of said board and to fill, by appointments any vacancy occurring in said office. The person appointed to fill a vacancy "shall" hold the office, subject to removal by the mayor, until his successor is appointed by the mayor. Each member (3) of said board "shall" receive a salary at the rate of $1,000 per year=($3,000)—which "may be" increased by ordinance to a rate "not exceeding" $1,500—($4,500.)

Each member (mayor appointed) shall give a bond of $5,000 to be approved by the (mayor appointed) comptroller, who gives none! Said board "shall" choose a chairman from its own number. No member of said board shall have any authority to act, except pursuant to an order of the board, regularly made at a meeting of the same, at which meeting a majority (2) shall have been present.

THE MAYOR

If I were elected, would call into counsel Charles H. Walthmuth, George W. Pressler, W. L. Carnahan, Andrew Kalbacker, J. F. W. Meyer, Levi Griffith, and Gilbert E. Bursley, or men of equal judgment and standing interested in good work and honest construction under contracts let, to advise me whom to place on such board. (Sec. 62.) The mayor "shall" appoint a city civil engineer, who "shall" be subject to the orders and directions of said board, and receive a salary of $1,400 per year, which may be increased by ordinance not to exceed $2,500. In like manner I would call into my confidence several uninterested men (in regard to appointment) and advise as to a suitable man for so markedly important a trust.

The taxpayers will readily see how, if these many "plums" were parceled out in advance by an aspirant to the mayorship, he could have unremitting workers in his vineyard, so to speak!

Under the scope and power of these severally linked, appointed, officialisms, the people can scarce grasp the many avenues of fraud that a corrupt and "cheek-by-jowl" combination could find to loot our homes and interests. The board has the power to condemn, hire or purchase real estate or personal property needed by the city for any public purpose.

This board (appointed by mayor) has charge of all property, real and personal, belonging to the city, has the care of the same, except where the custody of property is by the act placed under different control.

They have power to design, order contract for and execute improvements or repair of any property, real or personal, belonging to or used by the city, and the erection of all buildings for public purposes, together with all fire cisterns, pounds and other structures of any nature needed for any purpose. They have the approving of the platting of all streets and alleys in any additions to the city or within our municipal limits. They have the power to require the same to correspond in width, and be coterminus with the adjoining streets and alleys.

No plat, in short, shall be entitled to record without their written approval endorsed thereon. This (mayor-made) board has the legislative power to lay out, open, change or vacate, and to fix or change the grade of any street, alley or public place within our city, and to design, order, contract for and execute the improvement or repair of any street, alley or public place within this city. The (mayor compounded) board has power to repair, clean, light and sprinkle any street, alley or public place within the limits of his czardom. It only requires the "opinion" of his creature (the board) that the work be done and they may do it by contract or otherwise as they deem proper. This (mayor appointed) board may cause lamps on posts or other, otherwise constructed apparatus for lighting, and light up any street, alley or any other public place within his imperial supervision.

Our board (mayor constructed) have, under the new charter, the power to lay out, design, order, contract for and execute the construction of, alter and maintain all public drains or sewers within the city, and all drains or sewers without our city and within four miles thereof. This board can, by the power conferred by this act, declared (in sec. 135) to be an "emergency," purchase or erect, by contract or otherwise, and operate water works, gas works, electric light works, street car and other lines for the conveyance of passengers and freight, natural gas lines, telegraph and telephone lines, for the purpose of supplying this city and the suburbs hereof, or to purchase or hold of such stock in corporations organized for either of the above purposes—provided, that none of the powers conferred by this paragraph (sec. 63) shall be exercised except pursuant to an ordinance specifically directing the same. This (mayor authorized) board can contract for the furnishing of gas, either artificial or natural, water, steam or electricity, light or power for our city or for its people with any company or individual, and in such contract can fix the prices to be charged for the same in our city, subject to ordinance of our city in relation to consumption by private consumers; provided, that such contracts shall in all cases be submitted by said (mayor created) board to the council of this city and be approved by them by ordinance, before the contracts shall take effect. This (mayor perquisite) board, have under this charter the power to design, order, contract for and execute the erection of any culvert, bridge, way or viaduct, tunnel or aqueduct within this city, or to enter into a contract with any company or individual for the joint erection and maintainance by such company or individual and our city of any of the several undertakings enumerated.

This mayor making, or mayor made board, is authorized and empowered to contract with telegraph, telephone, electric light, gas, water, steam or street car or railroad companies to use any street, alley or public place in this city, and to erect necessary structures herein, and to prescribe the terms and conditions of the use; to fix by contract the price to be charged to patrons. Provided an ordinance is passed by council before the contract is entered upon. The (mayor administered) board is empowered to license the digging of any hole or the removal of any material from the surface or underneath the surface of any street, alley or public place in our city; to require bonds for damages and for the proper replacement of the street, and to refuse such licenses when the public interests require it. This board, so appointed, has power to direct the removal of any and all structures in the streets, alleys or public places in our city, and to remove the same at the expense of the person maintaining the same, on their failure to make such removal. This (mayor communion) board has the power to design, order, contract for and execute the erection of any levee within the limits of our city, or in or about the confluence of the placid St. Mary's intermingling with the raging St. Joseph, which make the "mighty waters" of the Maumee river, or within four miles of "Mad Anthony's" fortifications.

And what an "emergency" might arise in the meets and bounds of that historic neighborhood! This board (known of construction) has power to make and keep a map and record of all sewer, gas, water, electric wire conduits in our city, public and private, showing the size, depth, inclination, location and date of construction of the same, and to record therein every change which may be made in the same, with all connections and improvements. This board of (3) discharge all duties of an executive character not coming under the sphere of some other executive department, or located by ordinance in this. This board so made up has power to fill up or drain any section of ground within our city, or four miles from its corporate limits, whenever water has become stagnant or noxious and injurious to public health and comfort, at the owners' expense, the same to be a lien and collectable by foreclosure; to fix, establish, change and keep a record of the grades of all streets, alleys and sidewalks. This board determines the mode of payment for work ordered, determines when work shall be done by independent contract. They determine how expenses incurred by themselves shall be paid. They determine concerning the condemnation of property when the city desires to appropriate it. They award the damages for property taken. They have the supervision over property of infants, or people of unsound mind, where they are interested in lands affected—of course, subject to order of court.

When the people should be concerned is on our day for nominating our candidate for mayor, more than for any other office. The city clerk is one of responsibility not to be overlooked. The nominating of our councilmen for our several (10) wards is a most important duty for us as a party to see to. They should be our cleanest, brightest, strongest and most trusty men, that our several wards can secure their respective rights. The duty of selecting the councilmen at large (5) is yet more, (if it can be so stated,) urgent on our part. The latter representatives are the whole people's candidates.

They are voted for at large—not only in our home wards, but in every ward. They should be men of pronounced type, of minute inquiry, of close observation, and men generally well posted on the affairs of the city at large.

Under this new charter the council is the legislative body, and on them devolve increased responsibility, and solemn, enhanced, unmeasurable demand for purity of purpose, inflexibility of integrity and inexhaustible inquiry into every scheme that may be proposed, to be acted upon, in the name and under style, "emergency."

In the choice of such officers as yet remain to be selected by the people, let us individually sink, as entirely unworthy of sensible men, the petty personal likes and dislikes of our neighbors and call to such important places those most competent to maintain and protect every interest. Strong influences will often be felt to persuade favorable legislation through our common council and the crying demand of the masses must be now made and enforced, to put on guard of our mutual interests none but strong, clean men, and who would do their whole duty to the people.

To enumerate the many other powers conferred on the mayor by this extraordinary enactment of our last state legislature, in one article, would prove too long to be read with interest by many, hence we will, in a later article, point out his honor's powers in appointing the boards of public safety, public health, etc. It would be today difficult to say what was the consensus of public opinion concerning the new charter and its conferments of one man-powers. Suffice it to say I was not a member of that august body creating this act, and further, was not one of the committee of ten (all of whom but one) that said:

"We respectfully submit the above (meaning the features of this enactment) and recommend its adoption." Neither was I one of the five who was appointed to go to Indianapolis with the legislative committee by the late mayor when this act was urged to be passed as an "emergency."

It is now the law, and the only law, under which our affairs are to be guided and I am prepared to impartially try its many good or bad features, and suggest amendment or abolishment, if, in my opinion, after trial, changes should be made. My candidacy is for mayor under the law, whether of my pleasing or not. My object in writing these articles was to afford many the means of knowing the features of "an unpublished law, not of public making or of the consent of the governed under the law."

I am asking for a most important position and the best man within our whole city would be none too well qualified to execute under any law, the many duties of this office. Trusting my name may be fully and impartially considered, I ask the support of my party for nomination.

ELZA T. STRINGER.

MORMONS LEAVING US.

They Will Colonize in Mexico and Build a City.

The Mexican Government's Concessions Embraces 2,745,000 Acres of Rich Land.

CHIHUAHUA, Mex., March 24.—A delegation of Mormons have arrived in the Degolado district, situated in the northern part of this state, and are making the preliminary arrangements to establish there another colony of several thousand polygamous Mormons. The new settlers will come from Salt Lake and other parts of Utah. The concession which the Mormon leaders have obtained from the government is a very liberal one and embraces 2,745,000 acres of rich agricultural lands in one body. If the plans now under way are completed in time, there will be a great exodus of Mormons from the United States to Mexico this fall.

Two Lives Saved.

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctors she had consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life. Mr. Thos. Eggers, 139 Florida street, San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching consumption, tried without result everything else, then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in Coughs and Colds. Free trial bottles at Dreier Bro.'s and Co. drug store. Regular size 50c and $1.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers.—For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price, 50 cents and $1.00 per bottle at Dreier Bros. & Co.'s drug store.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dreier & Bro.

Stanton's Photos are the best.

Monday evening at the Saengerbund hall, the Q. and O. club will give their tenth annual ball. It will be a grand affair. Reineke's full orchestra.

BULK GARDEN SEEDS.
You get three times as much seed for the money as in the old paper system, besides seeds are all fresh and true to name.
23 2m e o d. S. BASH & CO.

Important Notice.

All the coupons of THE SENTINEL for the different photographic portfolios that we are now offering will be found together in the last column of the third page.

Stanton's Photos are the best.

The Welcome Waltz at Dawson's Music House, 27 West Main.

A GREAT STEP FORWARD.

We have Learned of Something Entirely New About Food.

AND IT IS RELIABLE.

A Frank Interview With the Discoverers Which Explains It Most Clearly.

It is only recently that the public has learned that something entirely new in chemistry has been accomplished in New York City. In a word, it is the preparing of food in such a manner that when taken into the stomach it requires no digestion, but is ready to be taken at once into the blood, thus increasing the flesh and adding to the life. This seemed a subject of so much importance that a reporter for this paper was delegated to investigate, and for this purpose called upon the Predigested Food Company, of 30 Reade street, under whose management the discovery is being put to practical use. In the course of an interview the president said:

"Yes, it is true that Paskola of which you speak is a pre-digested food and is destined to supersede cod liver oil. There are various reasons for this: One is because it is free from disagreeable taste; another, because it is more effective in its operation. Every day we receive letters from people who state that Paskola has made them well after cod liver oil had failed, not in one instance, but in hundreds."

"Can you describe the nature of this food?"

"Paskola is a pre-digested food, principally starch, but it should be remembered that attempts have been made to produce such foods in the past. Peptones have been used for some time. They will support life in fevers, but they will not stop the wasting which takes place in such diseases. To prevent the wasting in disease we must have starch, which is a flesh former and a fat producer. We can fatten neither men nor animals without starch. To fatten animals we give corn, oats, wheat, barley, etc. Man is a cooking animal—he cannot digest uncooked starchy food. Dyspeptics cannot even digest cooked starch. Every emaciated person has indigestion. It is a common saying, 'My food seems to do me no good.' The reason is that it is not digested. The undigested food passes into the bowels and produces constipation. This is the reason that nearly all dyspeptics are constipated. Paskola supplies this defect. As it requires no digestion, it passes at once into the blood and gives nourishment to the system where there is no natural digestion. One other important feature is that Paskola aids in the digestion of other food that is taken into the stomach, so that when persons are suffering from dyspepsia it affords great relief."

"I see it clearly and it is certainly plain and simple."

"Great principles always are. Do you not see by the process stated that it is giving the digestive organs a rest? By rest the organs regain strength to carry on natural digestion. Thus it is that one of the first effects of Paskola is to increase the natural appetite, then follows vigor, strength and courage and very soon an increase of flesh and weight. Digested food gives us an appetite."

"It would seem, this being the case, that you should have a large demand for Paskola."

"Yes, we are having an extensive sale and the reason is that the discovery possesses wonderful merit. People receive good results immediately after taking it. We receive not less than a thousand letters every week, all in the line of which I have spoken, and there have been some remarkable cases of cures and increase of weight. Mrs. M. S. Cook, of 250 Tompkins avenue, Brooklyn, is one case and Mr. John J. Broughton, of 326 West 23d street, is another."

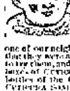
"You say there is an interest to learn about this food. Well, people should send for our pamphlet giving full account of what Paskola is and all concerning it. It will be found interesting and instructive and we forward it to all who send for it to our office, 30 Reade street, New York."

BABY ONE SOLID RED

Literally on Fire with Eczema. Screaming and Clawing all the Time.

Added to this were Abscesses and Suppuration.

Entirely Cured by Cuticura. Now Stout and Hearty.



Our little baby, almost 2½ years old, was taken with some form of Eczema when she was about three months old. Her little body was one solid red from the soles of her feet to the crown of her head, and she seemed to be literally afire, screaming and clawing all the time. When she was about five months old, there was added to her affliction, abscesses and suppuration. We tried the local M. D.'s, and some other remedies without any relief. I had read considerable about the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and one of our neighbors had used them, claiming that they were as good as claimed. I concluded to try them, and after the use of three or four boxes of CUTICURA, and about one and one-half bottles of the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, with the CUTICURA SOAP, our little one is now entirely cured, and is stout and hearty. Your CUTICURA REMEDIES are all and more than you claim for them to be. I always have a good word to my friends and neighbors for your excellent remedies.

C. H. WOOD, White Cloud, Mo.

CUTICURA WORKS WONDERS

Nothing can be more encouraging to discouraged parents than the remarkable cures daily effected among infants and children by the CUTICURA REMEDIES. Cures in childhood mean a lifetime of freedom from torturing, disfiguring, humiliating humors.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Proprietors, Boston.

☞ "How to Cure Skin Diseases," mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

IT STOPS THE PAIN.

Back ache, kidney pains, weakness, rheumatism, and muscular pains relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. 25c.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

EDITOR SENTINEL: Please announce my name as a candidate for councilman at large, subject to the decision of the democratic city primary.

HENRY P. VORDERMARK.

ANOTHER DROP.

New York Prices of Wheat Lower Than Ever Before.

May Wheat Offered at Sixty-one Cents, With But Very Few Buyers at That.

NEW YORK, March 24.—May wheat touched a lower price today than it ever did before—61 3-4c. There was no heavy selling at the decline, the market weakening gradually on depressing news, chiefly the small weekly exports of wheat and flour from both coasts, fair weather in the wheat belt, and a bearish Illinois state crop report. At the close prices rallied on talk of a severe blizzard in the northwest.

Chicago Market.

CHICAGO, March 24.—Wheat, steady; cash, 56½c; May, 57½c; July, 59½c.

Corn, easier; cash, 35½c; May, 37½c; July, 37½c.

Oats, easy; cash, 30½c; May, 30½c; July, 27½c.

Pork, lower; May, $10.95; July, $10.92½.

Lard, lower; May, $6.65; July, $6.55.

Ribs, lower; May, $5.67½; July, $5.67½.

Rye, firm; 46½c.

Toledo Market.

TOLEDO, Ohio, March 24.—Wheat, quiet and steady; No. 2, cash and March, 56½c; May, 58½c; July, 60c.

Corn, steady; No. 2, cash and May, 37c bid.

Oats, firm; No. 2 mixed 32c bid; No. 2 white, 34c.

Rye, higher; cash, 50½c.

Cloverseed, higher and active; prime, cash and March, $5.75; April, $5.50, bid; Oct., $4.85.

FOUR TOUGHS

Take Possession of a Box Car This Morning.

They Assault Two Passersby and In Consequence Three of the Fellows Are Under Arrest.

There was much excitement near the depots this morning over the escapades of four young toughs. Pat O'Brien, Charles McNally, William Frantz and ——— Tancey had been making a night of it and were in possession of a Pennsylvania railway box car early this morning "rushing the growler" at short intervals. About 6:30 Reuben Kaylor and a friend were en route to their work on the reservoir. As they passed the box car the four young toughs jumped from the car and, pouncing upon the two workmen, proceeded to pummel them. They returned to the car, and the assaulted men informed Officers Daseler and Quinn of the episode. The officers made a detour and attempted to catch the young toughs in the car, but they saw them approaching, and, jumping from the car, started to run.

Officer Daseler fired at them twice, but they dodged between the cars and escaped. Later Kaylor filed an affidavit in 'Squire Ryan's court and Constable Wise started out to arrest them. McNally was sighted and started to run. Officer Quinn, who was with Wise, gave chase and ran McNally into Madame Wing's home. He rushed into the parlor where Quinn found him and placed him under arrest. Wise afterwards arrested Frantz and O'Brien and they were sent to jail to await trial at 2 o'clock this afternoon. Young Tancey cannot be located.

LAND SEEKERS EXCURSIONS TO SOUTHERN POINTS.

LAKE ERIE AND WESTERN R. R.
(NATURAL GAS ROUTE.)
—Has arranged to run a series of—
Land and Home Seekers' Excursions
—ON—
FEB. 8th, MARCH 8th, APRIL 5th, 1894.
At the unprecedented low rate of
ONE FARE FOR ROUND TRIP
—To points in—
Alabama, Kentucky, Georgia, Eastern Louisiana, Mississippi and Tennessee.

This is an excellent opportunity for all those desiring to seek homes in the South, as there are millions of acres of cheap lands inviting settlement within the territory covered by these excursions. Be sure your ticket reads via the "Natural Gas Route," the great through line traversing the wonderful gas and Oil regions of Ohio and Indiana, furnishing elegant Reclining Chair Cars between Sandusky and Missouri river free of extra charge.

For tickets, rates, time and general information call on any ticket agent of the above route, or address,

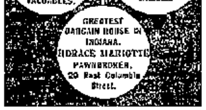
H. C. PARKER, Traffic Manager.
C. F. DALY, Gen'l Pass. and Tkt. Agt.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FT. WAYNE LOAN OFFICE.
Est'd 1878.
Time Tried. Fire Tested.
Money, any Amount Loaned on VALUABLES.

We deal in DIAMONDS, WATCHES, Carpets, Musical Goods TRUNKS AND VALISES.

GREATEST BARGAIN HOUSE IN INDIANA.
HORACE MARIOTTE, PAWNBROKER, 20 East Columbia Street.

ESTABLISHED 1845.



J. C. PELTIER,
17 W. Wayne St.
Office Telephone No. 41.
Residence Telephone No. 20.

J. M. E. RIEDEL.
ARCHITECT.
SCHMITZ BLOCK, 3d Floor

HUMANE SOCIETY NOTICE.

All parties having knowledge of acts of cruelty to animals or children will greatly favor and assist the Fort Wayne Humane Society by telephoning or writing such information to Officer Schendruff, 89 Clinton street. Telephone No. 55.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XII, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, MARCH 25.

Text of the Lesson, Mark xvi, 1-8 (Easter Lesson)—Memory Verses, 6, 7—Golden Text, I Cor. xv, 20—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

As last week the missionary lesson took precedence of the temperance lesson, it seems very fitting that this week the Easter lesson should be chosen instead of the review. The resurrection is set before us nearly 20 times in the Acts of the Apostles (at least four times seven times) as the great topic which the apostles preached and is in the epistles constantly kept before us as our hope (His return and our resurrection) and inspiration to patience and faith, holiness and zeal in His service (Rom. viii, 19, 23; I Cor. xv, 51, 52, 58; Phil. iii, 20, 21; Col. iii, 1-4; I Thess. iii, 13). "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection" (Rev. xx, 6).

1. "And when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene and Mary, the mother of James, and Salome had bought sweet spices, that they might come and anoint Him." In Luke xxiii, 56, we read that having seen where His body was laid they returned from the sepulcher, bought the spices and rested the Sabbath day according to the commandment. We cannot but admire their love and devotion to Him to whom they had so faithfully ministered in His life among them, and He will give them full credit for it all. But if they had believed His words they would not have looked for His dead body in the tomb on the third day (Math. xvi, 21; xvii, 23; xx, 19). So love without faith may do unnecessary work and misspend time and money. Mary of Bethany, because she believed His word, had anointed His body beforehand for His burial (Mark xiv, 8).

2. "And very early in the morning, the first day of the week, they came unto the sepulcher at the rising of the sun." It had been a dark Sabbath to them, without any bright hopes for the morrow, because of their lack of faith, but they kept the day by holy resting. See one of the best precepts for keeping the holy day in Isa. lviii, 13, 14. We rejoice to keep the first day instead of the seventh, because of His rising on that day and appearing to the disciples, and because of all O. T. eighth day types and N. T. plain teaching (Acts xx, 7). Those who still keep seventh day are seeking to live in the days before His resurrection.

3. "And they said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulcher?" Satan is always suggesting hindrances in the way of those who love the Lord, hindrances and discouragements to keep us from going forward. They seem sometimes very real, and sometimes they are only imaginary. The risen Christ at God's right hand, having all power in heaven and on earth, is the one cure for all such, and His promise, "Lo, I am with you alway," our constant strength. He shall not fail or be discouraged (Isa. xlii, 4).

4. "And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away, for it was very great." Difficulties vanish as we go forward. Sometimes we are to stand still and see the salvation of the Lord (Ex. xiv, 13), but sometimes our feet must actually touch the waters before they divide (Joshua iii, 13, 15). When He putteth forth His sheep, He goeth before them. The Lord, He it is that doth go before thee; He will be with thee, He will not fail thee, neither forsake thee, fear not, neither be dismayed (John x, 4; Deut. xxxi, 8). He did not need the stone rolled away that He might rise, but it was probably rolled away that they and others might see for themselves that His body was no longer in the tomb.

5. "And entering into the sepulcher, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment, and they were affrighted." Matthew says that an angel sat on the stone and greeted the women; Luke says that two angels stood by them in the tomb, while John says that Mary saw two angels sitting, the one at the head and the other at the feet where the body of Jesus had lain. There is no contradiction, but a description of the different attitudes of the two angels as seen by different persons at different times. See in the angel as a young man the suggestion of immortal youth.

6. "And he saith unto them, Be not affrighted; ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified; He is risen; He is not here; behold the place where they laid Him." From Gen. xv, 1, to Rev. i, 17, one of the greatest words of God and angels to the children of men is "Fear not" or "Be not afraid." Find all you can of them and hold them fast. Remember that His perfect love to us will dispel all our fears if we only believe it (I John iv, 16-18). If we have fears, it is because we are not abiding in His love; therefore He says, "As the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you. Continue ye in My love." And again it is written, "Keep yourselves in the love of God" (John xv, 9; Jude 21). The angels doubtless rejoiced to tell that Christ had risen. According to Math. xxviii, 6, one of them reminded the women that He had said He would rise, as if gently reproving them for looking for a dead Christ. How our unbelief must grieve Him as well as hinder Him from using us as He would like to! Think of His words, "O ye of little faith!" "O fools, and slow of heart to believe!" "Have faith in God."

7. "But go your way, tell His disciples and Peter that He goeth before you into Galilee. There shall ye see Him as He said unto you." Compare Math. xxviii, 7, and John xx, 17, with this verse and hear Christ and angels say to you, "Go, tell!" Father, Son and Spirit are ever saying, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" But how few are saying, "Here am I; send me!" How little benefit even believers seem to derive from Christ, crucified, risen, ascended! So little that it does not seem to them to be worth mentioning.

8. "And they went out quickly, and fled from the sepulcher, for they trembled and were amazed; neither said they anything to any man, for they were afraid." In Math. xxviii, 8, it is written that they did run to bring the disciples word; so it must have been on their way to the disciples that they said nothing to any man. They would now think of His words about rising again, which they had not believed before; they would think how their unbelief led them into many mistakes; they would wonder, what does it all mean and what next; so with mingled feelings of fear and joy they ran to tell. Only a mind stayed on Him can have perfect peace, but that is our privilege (Isa. xxvi, 3).

Reproached.

A traveler arrived at a hotel and asked for some hot water. On getting up the next morning he repeated his request. "Why, sir," replied the chambermaid, "I took you up a whole jug full last night; there must be some left."—Petite Parisien.

HOPE FOR THE HAIRLESS.

Professor Birkholz, of Chicago, Gives Hope to Those Afflicted With Baldness—A "No Cure, No Pay" Treatment.

Prof. G. Birkholz, of Chicago, the eminent German specialist, who for years has devoted his time and talent to the study of the hair follicles, and who has evolved the most successful treatment for baldness the world has ever known.

He will carefully examine each case and candidly inform the inquirer whether his baldness can be cured and the hair be restored. These examinations are made without charge.

In all cases where the person may have hair falling out, rendering undesirable by means of disease, the Professor will undertake a cure, and if he does not effect a restoration of the hair he will ask no fee.

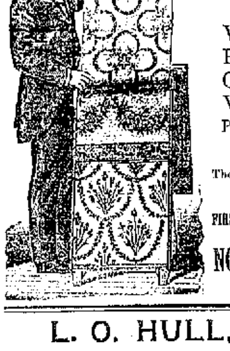
The remedy has been imported and the treatment given by the Professor is his own, and cures where all others fail. If your case has been pronounced incurable do not take it as a final answer until you have seen Prof. Birkholz and received his opinion.

Many persons have small bald spots through the hair. These increase in area and in time produce complete baldness. In such cases the hair follicles need nourishment. Prompt treatment will bring them into activity and restore the hair.

The success that has attended Professor Birkholz everywhere enables him to give a positive opinion to each case presented to him. Those who are bald or are threatened with baldness should not delay treatment but call upon the professor at once. 601 Masonic Temple, Chicago.

☞ Hand this notice to any first-class druggist and he will get the remedy for you at once, if he has not got it in stock.

For sale by Dreier & Bro., corner Calhoun and Columbia streets.



HEINE & ISREAL,
Practical Painters and Paper Hangers.
Wall Paper,
Paints,
Oils,
Varnishes,
Picture Frames Made to Order.
The Best Goods in town for the Least Money.
FIRST-CLASS WORK GUARANTEED.
NO. 123 BROADWAY.
Telephone, 519

L. O. HULL,
WALL PAPER
AND DECORATIONS
At Rock Bottom Prices.
NEW GOODS From the cheapest to the best. An elegant line to select from. Buy Goods to suit you and save money.
Window Curtains, Artists' Materials, Paints, House and Sign Painting, Paper Hanging, &c.
Telephone No. 285. 90 Calhoun St.

Would You Like to Own a Good Baby

Carriage? We have a new and complete assortment of the Reclining Sleeping Coaches. They are, without the use of a pillow, more comfortable than a cradle, and save the expense of such an article of furniture. Mothers cannot show their baby a greater kindness than to buy for it a Reclining Sleeping Coach. Our stock comprises all from the cheapest to the highest quality. A visit and inspection from mothers solicited and prices cheerfully furnished on application.

Pfeiffer & Schlatter,
38 and 40 East Columbia St.

PART SECOND. 8 PAGES, 72 COLUMNS.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

8 PAGES, 72 COLUMNS. PART SECOND.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY, MARCH 24 1894. PRICE FIVE CENTS

SEEN IN DIFFERENT LANDS.

CURIOUS EASTER CUSTOMS IN VARIOUS FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

Children Hunting For Eggs on Easter Morning—The Festival In Russia—Description of the Ceremonial In Rome. The Day In Siberia.

THE Easter season is full of curious customs in various countries. In Germany Easter nests are made to hold the eggs and many prepared goodies. These nests are made sometimes of twigs and ivy, or gilt and silver leaves, or lace and artificial flowers. Sometimes a basket lined with silk and trimmed with ribbon or anything bright and pretty is used for a nest. Besides the eggs, there are candies and cakes made in odd shapes of people and animals, with marbles, toys and even books. But whatever else is missing, the eggs are always there, and, strange to say, a rabbit—not a hen—is set on top of all. The rabbit is made of pastry or sugar.

On Easter morning the children hunt for the nest, and the first one who finds it cries out, "Oster hase, oster hase!" meaning "Easter rabbit." The finder then distributes the gifts, which are marked with the children's names.

In Paris thousands of people go in holy week to visit "the tombs" erected in the various churches, scenes representing the birth and death of Christ. The figures in these scenes are made very lifelike and are grouped according to the descriptions of the events in Scripture. Many candles and beautiful flowers are used to decorate them.

Eggs play an important part in the Easter festival in Russia. It is estimated that 10,000,000 are used in St. Petersburg alone at that time. It is necessary for all persons to prepare a good stock of decorated eggs for every one, and meeting and greeting an acquaintance to press an egg into the hand. All the eggs have "Christos voskress," "Christ is risen," on them, and generally are decorated.

Besides the eggs, everybody gives a kiss to all of his acquaintances he chances to meet. Not to do so is considered rude.

On Good Friday in each church is placed a representation of Christ's body after death, and as people pass by it they kiss the wounds. Saturday is very quiet. There are no services and no ringing of bells. At midnight the priests appear at their several churches, the song, "Christ is risen from the dead," is heard, the churches are suddenly lighted, and people kneel in groups to receive a blessing. Then the Easter kissing begins, and everybody kisses all with whom he has the slightest acquaintance. In St. Petersburg there is a grand illumination with fireworks.

In Siberia people shake hands and present eggs to each other on Easter morning. These eggs are exchanged for other eggs, and so on ad infinitum until the day is over. Men go to each other's houses in the morning and after the greeting, "Jesus Christ is risen," the reply is, "Yes, he is risen," after which the people embrace, exchange eggs and drink brandy.

In the Greek church in Asia Minor the Easter ceremony consists of having a small bier, decked with orange and citron buds, jasmine flowers and boughs, placed in the church, with a crucified Christ rudely painted on a board for the body. Before daybreak a huge bonfire is lighted, singing and shouting indulged in and every honor paid the effigy, accompanied by presents of colored cakes and Easter eggs.

The observances of Easter are especially interesting at Jerusalem, where the event which they commemorate took place. A single mass is celebrated on an altar erected for the occasion in front of the sepulcher, which is in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. The Patriarch of the Holy Land celebrates it, and he is assisted by members of the Franciscan order. The friars come in a body, and many high officials attend with their retinues. There is always a vast number of pilgrims in Rome during holy week, and among the worshipers one may see Persians, Russians, Albanians, Assyrians, Kurds, Armenians, Egyptians, Abyssinians, Turks, Arabians and all sorts of Europeans. On Good Friday thousands attend a service at Golgotha, which consists mainly of the nailing of an image to a cross, a sermon on the crucifixion, the taking down of the image and its removal to a tomb after being laid on a slab of marble supposed to be the same one on which Christ's body was laid.

In Rome Easter day is the grandest of the year. The Boston Transcript gives this brief description of the ceremonials: "The pealing of cannon ushers in the day, and at an early hour thousands of men, women and children hasten to St. Peter's. The church is newly decorated for the occasion, and around the tomb of St. Peter is a perfect blaze of light. The holy father officiates in person at the high mass. He is borne from the hall of the Vatican to the church seated in his chair of state, carried on the shoulders of his officers. His robes are most gorgeous, and upon his head is the triple crown, which signifies the embodiment in his person of temporal and spiritual power and a union of both. On each side of him and before and behind march men bearing huge fans of ostrich feathers, upon which are painted eyes to symbolize the eternal vigilance of the church. In the church he rests under a rich canopy of silk. After the mass he is borne back to a balcony over the central doorway, where, rising from his chair of state, he pronounces a benediction, with indulgences and absolution."

The Date of Easter.

The date of Easter is determined by the ecclesiastical calendar of the Catholic church. It is a very complicated and elaborate affair invented by Lilius, a Neapolitan astronomer and sage, under Pope Gregory XIII, at the close of the sixteenth century. It would be preposterous to tax the brains of modern readers with the abstruse calculations by which the date of Easter is determined, but a few general rules might be given for their enlightenment.

The regulations of the council of Nice are four: First, Easter must be celebrated on a Sunday; second, this Sunday must follow the fourteenth of the paschal moon; third, the paschal moon is that moon whose fourteenth day falls on or next follows the day of the vernal equinox; fourth, the equinox is fixed invariably in the calendar on the 21st day of March.

This calendar moon, it should be remembered, is not the moon of the heavens, nor yet the moon of the astronomers, but it is an imaginary moon created for ecclesiastical convenience. From these conditions it follows that Easter Sunday cannot happen earlier than the 22d of March or later than the 25th of April.

EASTER LILIES.

BY EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

[Copyright, 1894, by American Press Association.]

"I declare," said Miss Susan, bending her thin face close to the tall, stately green stalk she was carefully watering. "I declare if tain't budded. It'll be out in time for Easter."

A smile which transfigured the plain, angular features and made Miss Susan look almost lovable lit up her face, and setting down her watering pot she touched the leaves of the plant reverently and with subdued joy. She had guarded it so faithfully and tenderly for months, and now it was about to reward her for all her devotion.

Her flowers were all Miss Susan had in life to love. Upon them she lavished the affection of her lonely, desolate old heart. She was the last of her name. The rest all lay out in the family burying ground on the hill yonder, in the shadow of the whispering pine woods. Miss Susan lived alone in the big, red farmhouse with old Tilly, her faithful servant. The farm was worked on shares by Giles Mason, and Giles, and the minister, and one or two old neighbors were Miss Susan's only visitors. Through the long, drowsy, sweet summer days and the dreary winter hours, Miss Susan lived her monotonous, uneventful life, reading her few books and papers and caring for her flowers.

SHE TOUCHED THE LEAVES REVERENTLY.

Those flowers were wonderful! I can see that old fashioned garden now, a little to the side of the farmhouse. There is the brook tumbling down to the ravine, and here the old stone wall, roughly built, falling down in places, but a thing of beauty with its climbing roses and wild grapevines. And then those beds of roses—the cabbage, velvet, Lancaster and moss! The honeysuckles, sweet williams, petunias, portulacas, hollyhocks and morning glories, all growing together in a deliciously tangled maze! There never was a garden like Miss Susan's, as we children knew, nor ever such great fragrant nosegays as we bore away when we went to see her.

For Miss Susan was prodigal with her flowers. She took great pride in them and liked to have people admire them. When it was said to her, "There hain't no such garding as yourn in the hull township," Miss Susan's pale face would flush and glow with gentle triumph. Her roses always took first premium at the county fair, and in summer it was her delight to supply the pulpit of the village church with a mass of fragrance and beauty.

And now her lilies—the experiment of a hard, cold winter—were budded and would bloom in time for Easter. Miss Susan had been sitting up nights to keep those lilies properly warmed; she had coddled and tended them as she would a baby. Well, she was rewarded. With a sigh of content, she saw herself carrying the jar of tall, stately, odorous annunciation lilies up the center aisle of the church. She heard the murmured "ohs" and "ahs" of admiration. She knew that somewhere in the sermon would be a delicate reference to her offering and an explanation of the mystic symbolism of the lovely flower.

Tilly came in as Miss Susan was bending in delight over the lily stalk. Tilly wanted to know whether Miss Susan would like some corned beef for dinner. Miss Susan came out of the region of mysticism and fragrance and beauty back to earth once more. But all day long as she busied herself about her various household occupations the verse of a poem she had read somewhere kept singing in her ears:

In the beauty of the lilies
Christ was born across the sea.

The lilies grew and thrived. Easter was at hand. One day Miss Susan received a call from her clergyman.

He was a good young man, earnest and sincere. His respect for Miss Susan was great. She was devout and God fearing, charitable, a faithful worker in the Lord's vineyard. What more natural than for him to turn to her for assistance and advice?

"Miss Susan," he said, after the customary greetings had been exchanged, "I have come to consult you about a very poor family which has just moved into the village, a mother and child—a boy of about 10. The mother is a very sick woman—indeed she appears to be in the last stages of consumption. The child is a nice, bright little fellow and devoted to his mother. But they are so poor. I called there yesterday, and really it was most terrible. They need everything—clothing, food, fuel. I sent over a few things last evening and have spoken to one or two this morning, and remembering that I have never appealed in vain to your kind heart, I told my wife I should drive out here and lay the case before you."

"Why, certainly, elder, I'll do everything I can. What do you want?"

"I think perhaps the best plan would be for you to go and see them. Women's eyes take in more than men's. The poor mother must be made comfortable at once, as her days are numbered."

"I'll go this afternoon. Where is it?" asked Miss Susan.

"They're living in that miserable hut on Dr. Jackson's place. By the way," added the minister as he took his hat to go, "possibly you may have known the mother. She told me she lived in these parts when she was a girl and that she wanted to come back to die near her old home. It was very sad." His hand was on the door knob. "Her maiden name, she said, was Amy Ransom. She married a man of the name of Bowers. I believe she said he was also a native of this town. Well, good morning, Miss Susan. I am so glad you can go this afternoon."

He drove away, and cold and rigid Miss Susan sat looking after him, trying to think.

"Amy Ransom—married a man of the name of Bowers—no, no, it could not be—yes, it must."

All the torrent of years pent up in that lonely, withered old breast burst forth. Rage and revenge rose and shook demoniacal hands at the past. In that plain, homely room, no humble setting for a tragedy, a story of intense human suffering was enacted by this sad faced spinster, who had been trying for years to forget. She saw herself a young girl once more, joyous, confident, expectant. Again she walked through the old fashioned garden with the man she loved. She smelled the lilacs—she heard the robins in the spring. She was no longer old, ugly, desolate. Life and love were in her hands.

Poor Miss Susan! When the storm had passed and she realized that the woman who had years ago stolen the man she loved from her was near her, poverty stricken and dying, she said aloud in bitter tones: "Serves her right! Let her die! Let her suffer! I have suffered for years and could not die."

Go near her—touch the hand of the woman who had ruined her life! Never! Her religion did not help her now. She had not the grace to do it. Still, fearing the speech of people, she wrote her minister that, finding it was not possible for her to visit the sick woman, she sent some money to be used for her benefit on the condition that Mrs. Bowers—how her pen faltered over the name!—should never know who was the donor.

"Good soul," murmured the clergyman, "good, strong, modest soul! That's just like her. Always taking care that the left hand shall not know what the right hand doeth." And so Amy Bowers' last days were made very comfortable by Miss Susan's generous contribution.

But what of Miss Susan? She shut herself up in the farmhouse and gave way to despair. Her gentle, peaceful face grew hard and embittered. It was so dreadful, after all the years of repression and crowding form of phantoms, to have these ghosts rise and flaunt themselves in her very face. She suffered anew—suffered as only women who live those narrow lives, with no resources to distract their tortured minds, can suffer. All the comfort she found was in her Bible and her lilies.

Slowly, day by day, they unfolded, and when, on the morning before Easter, they burst into the full glory of their waxen beauty poor Miss Susan, who for days had sat dry eyed and heartbroken, felt a blessed rain of tears start to her eyes.

HER MOTHER SEEMED ALWAYS VERY NEAR HER THERE.

Those tears were a great relief to Miss Susan. Possibly they saved her reason. At all events they softened and chastened her, and when Tilly, bringing in the breakfast, told her that Giles had brought word that Mrs. Bowers had died in the night Miss Susan looked deeply in her heart and felt a throb of pity for her dead, now passed forever beyond the judgment of mortals and the standards of earth.

It was a balmy April morning. There were soft hints in the air of the coming spring. Resinous odors from the woods were wafted down to the open door of the great kitchen. Miss Susan suddenly felt hope revive and quicken. A peace unknown for days visited her. A thought of her flowers and especially the beauty of her lilies shot across her mind. She was lifted out of her trials for the moment. Glancing out the door across the meadow up the hillside, she saw the tombstones in the burying ground gleaming marble white against the background of the dark pine woods.

Miss Susan hesitated a moment and then took down her bonnet and shawl from its peg.

"Where you goin'?" asked Tilly, with the wonted familiarity of an old servant.

"Up to mother's grave," was the gentle answer.

When Miss Susan felt the need of consolation and spiritual help, she was accustomed to take her way to "mother's grave." Up there, away from everybody, she felt she had the companionship and remembrance of those gone before. And her mother seemed always very near her there. It was almost as if the whispering of the pines and the murmuring of the wind among the long grasses growing over the grave translated the words of admonition and love she so longed to hear.

There are some things too sacred to dwell upon, and Miss Susan's short stay by "mother's grave" is not to be described here, but when she turned to leave the lonely graveyard she heard a sound which caused her to stop abruptly and listen. Yes, there was no mistake. There was some one near her in the woods yonder.

Miss Susan was never a coward, and so gathering her skirts about her she picked her way along until she entered the edge of the forest. Peering sharply down one dim vaulted avenue, she saw a boy sitting on a log, his back toward her, rubbing his eyes with his jacket sleeve and crying bitterly.

Next to flowers, Miss Susan loved children. She possessed the divine instinct of maternity so inherent to most women in a marked degree. The sight of that child moved her strangely, and as drawing nearer she heard him moan, "Oh, mother, mother!" it seemed an echo to a voiceless cry in her own heart.

Miss Susan spoke to the boy, and he turned, showing a face flushed from weeping and eyes overflowing with hot tears. He was neatly though plainly dressed and in one hand held a cluster of teaberries, some vines and one or two wild flowers.

"What is the matter, little boy?" asked Miss Susan kindly.

"My mother is dead," said the boy, with a fresh burst of grief.

"Your mother?" faltered Miss Susan.

"Yes, she died last night."

For one instant Miss Susan felt like running away, but controlling herself by a mighty effort she asked, "Was Mrs. Bowers your mother?"

"Yes'm," sobbed the boy.

"And why are you here?"

"I wanted to see if I could find a few flowers to put in her hand," said the boy. "She loved flowers, so I thought I'd like to put a few in the coffin with her." And then again he pressed his sleeve across his eyes and wailed forth that most terrible of sorrow—the grief of the motherless.

When Miss Susan re-entered her sitting room, the first thing her eyes rested on was that slender spire of lilies. Its perfume filled the room, and it seemed almost alive—an embodiment of purity, a symbol of everlasting life.

"Oh, my lilies, how beautiful you are," cried Miss Susan, going over to them, "and how I love you!"

Suddenly she stopped, and her eyes sought the floor. In the mirror of her imagination Miss Susan saw a miserable room, a dead woman lying robed for the grave, and on her pulseless breast the thin hands held a poor little cluster of teaberries and vines.

Many other pictures glided across that mirror, and when at last Miss Susan raised her head there was a look of sublime resolution upon her face, a grandeur of the light that never was on sea or land.

"WHAT IS THE MATTER, LITTLE BOY?"

* * * * * * *

She softly pushed open the door of the hut in which Amy Bowers had died and went in. Two or three women had completed the office of caring for the dead and sat in the outer room conversing in subdued tones. Miss Susan went on into the bedroom. The boy sat by the bed, his head resting against his dead mother's arm. His pathetic little offering was clasped in her cold hands.

Very gently Miss Susan laid across the sleeper's breast a long stalk of waxen, perfumed lilies—her Easter lilies. And as the child started up with a cry of gratitude she held out her arms to him. He hesitated a moment, then buried his head upon her shoulder, understanding without one question, one word, through the mysterious language of the heart, that he was no longer motherless.

And the dead woman, lying there in the beauty of the lilies, knew, too, for the Easter morning had already dawned for her.

THE RESURRECTION.

Cardinal Gibbons Says Nature Suggests Its Reality.

Nature itself suggests the reality of a resurrection. The winter and the spring are a lively figure of our death and resurrection. We have observed during the past winter how the rivers were frozen and motionless; the branches of the trees became sapless and leafless; the flowers of the field were withered; the birds of the air had ceased to cheer us with their song. All nature was silent beneath her pall of snow. But now, in the spring, the sun's heat quickens all things—the river glides once more free in its channel, fresh buds and leaves clothe the lifeless branches, the faded grass puts on a fresher, tenderer green; flowers bloom again, and birds come forth from their winter hiding places to chant again their matin and evening song to their Creator.

In all this what a striking figure we have of death and resurrection! Christ Jesus, who is called the Sun of Justice, will exercise upon our bodies the same influence which the material sun exerts on visible and created objects. When he shall come in dread majesty to judge the world, he will raise to life all that were dead. The blood frozen within us by the icy hand of death will again flow in our veins by the vivifying influence of the Son of God. Those bones upon which the rains and snows of centuries shall have fallen will stand erect and be clothed with flesh, even as the trees of the forest with leaves, and that voice which was hushed in silence will again find utterance and forever after be engaged in singing the praises of the Almighty. It matters not whether our bodies were buried in consecrated ground or cast into the ocean to become the food of fishes, or whether our bones are left to bleach in the desert, or whether our flesh was reduced to ashes and cast to the four winds of heaven; those scattered parts will again be gathered together by the Omnipotent, for he who created us out of nothing can form us again. "It is easier," says Tertullian, "to remake from old material than to create anew."

EASTER IN MINGIN'S ALLEY.

BY KATE JORDAN.

Copyright, 1894, by American Press Association.

"Is this Mingin's alley?"

"Yis, that it is."

"Does Mrs. Terry Mason live here?"

"She do. Just beyant that fur' dure, one flight up, back, ye'll foind her."

"Thank you."

They stood at the entrance to the alleyway, so chill, so damp this cloudy day of early spring—an old woman in a shabby quilted bonnet, a market basket on her arm, her seamed, flabby face fairly quivering with curiosity, and a footman in dark green livery, as carefully groomed as the master who sent him.

He certainly was an unusual sight in Mingin's alley—so unusual indeed that old Mrs. Ryan could scarcely get her breath back as she looked after him.

"Well, well, well! Upon me word, but that's nice, I must say! Mrs. Terry Mason'll hould her yaller head a little higher than ever now that she has a giddy lack like that comin with letters to see her. Oh, my, but this is a wicked world! Who is Mrs. Mason anyway, and what does such an airish young piece live in Mingin's alley, and where's her husband, and why do the likes o' that futman come after her? Faith, I have me doubts about these aisy going, soft voiced, standoffish sort of people! Divil a dhrop of whisky would she take wid me ayin on the blessed Christmas day! No use troyin to be fri'ndly with the loikes o' her. She's got too many fri'nds among the upper tin not fit to look an honest woman in the face, I'll be bound, if the thruth was told! Well, well, what'll Mrs. Mulcahy say to this while I see her at the market?"

It was a choice bit of news, and Mrs. Mary Ann Ryan of Mingin's alley looked forward to retailing it over a glass of whisky, just as Miss Manhattan at 5 o'clock tea rattles the skeletons her absent friends think hidden.

Meanwhile the footman went on, gingerly picking his way over the muddy pavement, until he came to the door in the small rear house to which he had been directed.

It was still windy and cold in the passageway, but when the door was opened to his knock there was something springlike about the interior of the little room revealed and about the girl who stood there pale, wide eyed, silent.

"IS THIS MINGIN'S ALLEY?"

She was only a girl—Mrs. Terry Mason—as far as looks went, for her figure was slender and youthful, and her sweet face was of the ethereal, blond type that always seems childish. In reality she was 23. In suffering she often felt about 102.

"Mrs. Terry Mason?" and the footman lifted his hat respectfully.

"Yes," her dry lips murmured.

"A letter for you, madam."

"Come in," she said, and with the grace of one gently bred she sank into a wooden chair, the letter fluttering with a rustle like a dead leaf in her fingers.

The footman looked around the room. He knew he would be asked questions concerning it, so he noticed it particularly. It was very clean, the bare floor scrubbed to an astonishing whiteness, a crisp bit of muslin in a big frill upon the shining window, a red geranium nodding its bright head against it, and a little chubby boy, with steady, inquiring blue eyes, sitting in a high wooden chair, playing with a painted horse.

"Hello," said the little fellow, nodding his head. "I'm Ted. Who're you? And where did you get all those buttons from? Brass buttons! You ain't a policeman, for you ain't got a club."

The footman smiled, but a low cry from Mrs. Mason as she bowed her head almost to her knees startled him.

It startled Ted, too, for he scrambled from the chair, his round cheeks fairly swollen with wrath, and then the footman saw for the first time that he was hopelessly lame, his tiny crutch the very saddest thing he had ever seen.

He stood for a moment looking from the downcast head of his young mother to the footman's now impassive face.

"You made her cry." And the flaxen curls fell in a tossing angry mass over his accusing eyes. "You're a bad man. You made her cry—delibery!"

He hobbled to his mother's side, forced her head up with his mites of hands and looked inquiringly at her white face.

"Mammy, tell Ted," he whispered.

"Oh, my darling," and she flung her arms around him, "if we could both die! If you and I, Ted, could just find rest. It's a sorry old game, this life, dear. It's a cold, horrid, old world, my baby. I begin to think there isn't room for us here."

She kissed him on the lifted baby brow, closed her dry lips, and replacing the letter in its envelope handed it to the footman.

"Take that back," she said in an icy, level tone.

"What answer, madam?"

"No answer. Just take it back."

"But Mr. Trevelyon"—

"Go. Tell my father—tell Mr. Trevelyon," she said, hurriedly correcting herself—"that I cannot answer it as I would if he stood here before me."

"He might come himself, madam."

"And the way I would answer it is this: I'd tear it to bits and cast them in his merciless face!"

Long after the door had closed upon the footman she sat there, white, silent, unmindful even of Ted's furtive caresses and tender questioning. She seemed to see the words of that cruel letter still before her—yes, every sentence was burned on her brain:

> Your note of appeal reached me when I arrived here from San Francisco on a trip around the world. You are weak, you say, and poor. You ask me for help. You say you would not do this but for your child's sake; that if you cannot work he must starve. I have considered the matter, and I have decided to give you one more chance. The facts of the case are these:
>
> You married Terry Mason against my expressed threats. He was the son of the only man I hated, one who tried to ruin me financially and socially for reasons I need not state here. I told you that if you clung to your absurd infatuation for Terry Mason you lost your father forever. Perhaps you thought I did not mean it. I did.
>
> However, Terry Mason is dead. Come back, then, if you will, and I'll receive you, give you a home, but his child I will never permit to live under my roof. Send him to the beggarly relatives his father has bequeathed to him or put him in some institution where he can be paid for. Do as you please about that. He cannot live with me. And, more than that, you must drop the "Mason" and be my daughter again, in name and in spirit. There must be no reminders of your sorry past. For your immediate need I inclose $50.
>
> JAMES TREVELYON.

"The money would have scorched my fingers!" the girl muttered. "And yet, oh, how I wish I might have kept just a few dollars to buy something for Ted for Easter—poor darling!"

What fancies passed before the young widow's sad, blue eyes, what pictures of the past!

She saw herself so happy as a girl at Trevelyon House, her father's ancestral home in England. She saw Terry Mason, who had won her heart the very first time she had met him, during the London season. She saw herself so happy, so happy with him during their short honeymoon together—happy, despite her father's estrangement and bitter words.

But the happiness had died so soon. She thought of one sunshiny April morning when they were in the Alps, a few months before Ted was born. Terry had gone up one of the mountains with a party of men. His last words still echoed in her ears:

"Don't worry, Mildred, dear. I'll be back before you are up in the morning."

Ah, death had its shadow over him even as he spoke! He never came back. Into one of the treacherous crevasses that lurk in the still, white depths of the eternal snows he had disappeared. His companions, reaching the top, had called and waited for him in vain. Search parties sent out had returned without a hope. The earth had literally swallowed him and with it all Mildred's joy in life.

Yet—not all—for when Ted was born—poor, pretty, crippled Ted, with his eyes like the sky that arched the peaks of snow—there was something to live for. Money went. Ill luck came like a shadow that persistently kept pace with her, but her love for Ted grew stronger with sickness and disappointment.

Like so many other hapless ones, she had eventually drifted to America, the land of promise, but it had brought no fulfillment to her. What weary years of struggle had passed, yet she had been brave, had fought the fight alone, and no prayer for help had reached the iron willed master of Trevelyon House.

But just a week before this Eastertide she had seen her father step from his carriage into one of the hotels on Fifth avenue. This was her first intimation that he was in New York. An irresistible impulse had led her to appeal to him for Ted's sake. Despair was the result.

"Oh, is this all of life?" was her dreary protest on this Easter Thursday as she listened to the slow, silvery notes of a church bell drifting over the battered rooftops that crowded Mingin's alley. "Is this all, dear Ted?"

But Ted, leaning his elbow in its frayed sleeve upon her knee, only shook his yellow curls and looked with wondering eyes into hers.

The next morning, after a breakfast of dry bread and suspiciously bluish milk, Ted was left alone. Mildred had gone to seek a position in one of the big shops, a quest she had started on daily for almost a month, while her small horde of savings was decreasing with terrifying rapidity.

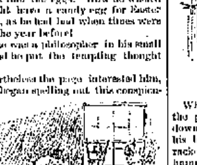
Ted was used to being left alone, but this morning he was restless. The memory of his mother's tears the day before seemed to burn his baby heart. His wooden horse didn't amuse him, he couldn't find any interest in his tiny reading book nor prepare his spelling lesson of one syllable words for his mother by the time she came back. He just sat with his crutch across his knee, thinking.

Suddenly his eye caught sight of a tattered newspaper on the table. It had come around the bread that morning. Was that a picture he saw upon it—a picture of a big hen harnessed to a nest of eggs and driven by a little cherub not unlike himself?

Ted took the paper and spread it out on his knees. It was, in fact, the children's page of a daily paper. He liked the hen and the eggs. How he wished he might have a candy egg for Easter Sunday, as he had had when times were better the year before!

But he was a philosopher in his small way, and he put the tempting thought aside.

Nevertheless the page interested him, and he began spelling out this conspicuously printed notice in a loud, lisping voice: "Easter gifts for the children. Send your name and address to The Trumpet office, — Broadway."



TED'S LETTER.

Ted's cheeks flushed; his eyes almost started from his head. He seized the little crutch and ticktacked over to where he kept his schoolbooks and a stubby pencil. After an hour's hard work the following letter was completed on a page of his copybook:

> Dere trumpet office—I am Ted seven year old next June and I want a gift. my mama cryed hard yesday she has so many fine gifts a letter came that was horid, a man with buttons brot it. I am lam but I dont rite that I was borned that way, do plese send a gift my papa is ded I gess that makes mama sad, so plese send the gift to Ted in mingins alley yur trou frend
>
> TED.

Posting the letter was an easy matter, for when Sophie, the little German girl, came up stairs he gave her explicit directions about sending it at once.

Not a word did Ted say to his mother about this venture of his, and his cheeks were very red when he went to sleep that night, his first secret weighing most importantly on his heart.

* * * * * *

It was Easter eve, and the city editor of The Trumpet was very busy.

Among its letters was one in a very cheap and rather soiled envelope, the address written on it in a hand that was ludicrously babyish.

"This is from one of the kids about the Easter gifts," he said, with a smile. "How in thunder did it stray among my papers? I'm afraid it's too late now—yes, for it's almost 11, and the children's editor is gone."

But when he had waded through little Ted's scrawl there was a mist over his eyes. He thought of his three boys at home, and he determined that this little chap should have an Easter gift if he had to fetch it himself.

Folding the letter, he looked hurriedly around the room.

There was a man busily writing at a desk near by. He was the assistant editor, a young Englishman but lately engaged by the paper.

"See here, King, I've got a job for you."

He showed Ted's letter.

"Sad, isn't it? It may be a fake, but I want you to go and find out. It's too late to touch it tonight, but go, like a good fellow, the first thing in the morning. Here are a few dollars, and you'll find some of those painted eggs we sent out to the children in the desk there."

"What's the name?" asked King, his sad, vacant eyes glancing down the page. "Um, the little chap has forgotten to put anything but 'Ted.' However, I dare say 'Ted of Mingin's alley' will find him. Have you ever noticed what little royalists children are? Their signatures are kingly. One name is quite sufficient, they think, to distinguish them from all other mortals. He probably supposes there is only one Ted in the world."

"You know where Mingin's alley is—the place where they found Riddel, the anarchist, hiding—a sad, poverty stricken hole."

"Yes, I remember. I'll go in the morning."

King went back to his desk. The light above him shone on his stern young face, the hair strangely white around the brows.

SHE HEARD THE WHOLE STORY.

When the city editor was gone and the place was almost quiet, he threw down his pen and clasped his hands to his burning head. How the old pain racked him tonight—the surging, the hammering, the vertigo that seemed as if some day it would surely drive him mad again.

Again!

He was almost afraid to think the word, lest in some way it reach the minds of the men he heard laughing in the other room.

What would they say if they knew he had been mad—the inmate of a madhouse for years? Now they spoke of him as a man who had suffered much—that was evident from the settled sadness of his clouded eyes—and who was strangely reticent about his origin, his past.

What would they say if they knew that to him there was no past—that beyond his first conscious hours in the Swiss madhouse he knew nothing?

Dismal thoughts—terrible, penetrating loneliness. How his soul was tortured! But worse even than this poignant pain was the feeling that often beset him when he awoke just at the edge of day, just as the gray light of dawn was stealing over the sluggish world, a feeling that his consciousness was trembling on the brink of a discovery—that a great joy or a great sadness would be his in that flood of light.

But it did not come, and the cloud did not lift from his eyes.

Easter morning dawned fresh, crystal clear. The sky was a tremulous azure; the fragrance of trumpet shaped lilies hung in the velvet air; the church bells pealed out gladly; the streets were thronged with people who seemed untroubled by a care.

To the city editor's gifts King had added a bunch of white flowers, and feeling the happy consciousness that he was going to make one small boy happy made his way to the dreariness of Mingin's alley.

As fate decreed, he met old Mrs. Ryan about to sally to church in her Sunday bonnet.

"Will you tell me, please, if a little boy lives in this alleyway named 'Ted?'" King asked.

"Well, upon me word!" and Mrs. Ryan tossed her head. "It's Ted now, is it? And yesterday it was a futman that ud dazzle the eyes of ye. Oh, yis, ye'll foind Ted and his mother, too, I'll warrant—an airish piece—jes' beyant that fur' dure, one flight up, back. Upon me word, wid such callers on Ted and herself she'll be havin barouches stoppin here nixt. Hm!" And with these charitable remarks Mrs. Ryan pursued her self righteous, self satisfied way to church.

Outside the door to which he was directed King paused.

Dare he venture in? There was grief beyond the door. He heard a woman's weeping voice, a child's short, heartbroken sobs.

"Oh, Ted, Ted, Ted, what shall we do? Oh, the cruelty of the world! There, there, dear. I'm selfish to make you weep. I'm a bad mammy. Still I don't often break down, Ted, dear, you must admit, but when it comes to being turned out—into the streets—O God, have you forgotten Ted and me?"

A deathly coldness swept over King's body. Something seemed to snap in his brain, and he clung to the casing of the door to keep himself from falling.

That voice! He had heard it before! Some one had called him Ted long ago in just those sweet, velvety tones, laughter laden and loving then, instead of broken by anguish. Oh, was he going mad again—mad from joy?

What were these faces and scenes that passed before him? Had the light come at last?

Mildred Trevelyon's sweet blond face rose as if out of a mist. He remembered all—the bright sunny day when in a holiday mood he had left her; the fall into the hidden snare in the mountains; the awful period of hunger passed there as in a walled in chamber, where he was imprisoned like a bird in a snare; then the terrible struggle for freedom, aided by the sun, whose sudden, unseasonable heat loosened the drifts about him; his crawling from the place and wandering—he knew not where—a wreck from privation and hunger; his next memory the madhouse! How it all came back!

Oh, it was a moment that a century of life, if that were possible, could not blot out.

And yet—and yet—he dare not hope for too much. How could he expect to find Mildred, his proud, gentle Mildred, here in Mingin's alley?

His faint knock was not heard, so he gently opened the door, Ted's letter and the white flowers in his hand.

Ah, the scene that met his eyes! A young woman was seated by a table, her face hidden on her clasped arms, a cherub faced, yellow haired boy leaning on a crutch beside her and gently stroking her shoulder.

"You got Ted to help you when he gets big," he was saying. "Isn't Ted nothing?"

As King entered the baby face was turned wrathfully toward him.

"Don't you touch my mamma! Are you the landlord?"

"No; I've come from The Trumpet, Ted, with some Easter gifts for you," answered King, scarcely able to control his voice as his eyes fastened on the woman's downcast head instead of Ted's face, now wildly jubilant.

Slowly, at sound of that voice, Mildred looked up, turned, half expecting to see a spirit beside her, rose slowly, all the while gazing into King's eyes as if magnetized.

"Did—you—speak?" she gasped.

He caught her in his arms.

"Terry!" came in a ringing cry of mad joy from her lips.

Yet still she trembled and gazed, still unbelieving, still dazed. Could the dead come back?

There, while in his arms, she heard the whole story.

"The people who took me in when they found me wandering half crazed never thought, I suppose, that I was the chap who disappeared weeks before. Those graves of snow seldom open, and one false step usually means oblivion. They gave me the name of King at the asylum, and I kept it. I hadn't an idea who I was any more than if I had never heard of myself, but otherwise my mind was perfectly restored, and I've been in journalism in New York on different papers for three years."

"For three years!" And she shivered as her lips met his.

But, oh, the glory in Mingin's alley that day! Easter in the air, Easter in the souls of these restored lovers, while Ted was monarch of all he surveyed, including his father's watch, cane and mattresses. He marched up and down the room, a curious little figure, leaning on his crutch.

"It was my letter done it!" he kept crying, with a fine disregard for grammar. "Hooray! Hooray!"

EASTER EGG FANCIES.

How an Old Time Custom Has Grown Into an Art.

One of the queer products which an artist has hatched from Easter eggs is a tulip. It is very easy to make, and if touched up with water colors will fill a useful and artistic office as an ash receiver. The little end of the shell must be broken first and all the contents removed. The edge may then be broken carefully down to about one-quarter of the length of the shell. A stem may be made of twisted green paper and pasted on it at the base. Another device is made by cutting the small end of a shell straight across, pasting on a strip of paper at the side and placing a bit of wood or cardboard underneath. The little cup thus made can be tastefully decorated with either oils or water colors. This is as easily constructed as any and is a rather neat object when carefully finished. A basket made from a good sized eggshell is another novelty. It is not hard to make, but care must be taken in breaking the shell and in cutting it down trim and smooth.

PETULANCE AND PEACE.

One of the new designs is especially calculated to catch the fancy of masculine juvenility. It is made out of an unbroken egg which has been painted to resemble a swan, and to which a tail of pasteboard and small feathers has been appended. The throat and head can be made either of paper or of a wire around which paper or cloth has been wrapped.

By carefully blowing out the contents of the shell through pinholes and sealing up the holes before adding the head and tail the artificial bird may be made to float on the water like its natural relative in the parks.

One of the Easter devices is very elaborate and a rather pretty trifle in its way. It is simply an egg from which the little end has been cut neatly away, and upon which figures, like those seen in Chinese flowerpots, have been painted. Into the open end small artificial flowers of wax are placed. The whole is to be mounted on a little three legged support of the very light, thin bamboo.

Two other designs are eminently practical in their uses and are not hard to make. One is a matchsafe, and the other, which is painted to resemble a tub and fitted with a pasteboard bottom, may be used to hold matches, pins or other small articles. In making both of these devices considerable caution will have to be used in cutting the shell. After that, however, the work is easy. On any or all of the designs there is great scope for ingenuity, and a cheap box of paints will enable one to make any number of decorations that fancy may suggest.

It Signifies a New Bonnet.

To three-fifths of the feminine world Easter then means bonnets. Out of the stormy days of March, back of the ashen pallor of Lent, between the garlands of floral profusion that bedeck the brightness of the day, starts into life the peerless conception of a new bonnet, to "dazzle when the sun is down and rob the world of rest." A woman may forget to pray, but she will not forget to plan for a new bonnet all through Lent. And when Easter morning dawns it is not by the devoutness of her mood nor the sanctity of her mind that you may mark her from afar, but by the newness and the freshness of her bonnet. As she sits in her pew on the glorified and blessed day it is not her gentle air of piety nor the downcast glance of her pensive eye that attracts your attention so much as the sumptuous satisfaction that rewards the glance that acknowledges the peerless perfection of her bonnet.

Easter Weddings.

A number of choir boys singing an epithalamium walking up the aisle before the bride is a new and very beautiful Easter fashion. A favorite entertainment for Easter is a christening. Christening parties are becoming very important functions in the art of entertaining. Roman Catholics are many of them so anxious for the salvation of the little new soul that they have their children baptized as soon as possible, but others put off this important ceremony until mamma can go to church, when little master is a week old. Then friends are invited to the ceremony very much in this fashion:

"Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton request the pleasure of your company at the baptism of their infant daughter at the cathedral Monday, March 30, at 12 o'clock. At home after the ceremony, 14 West Ellicott square."

Easter.

Look up, dear heart, look heavenward. See!
The Easter sun has risen for thee!
Look up, dear heart, "unto the hills,"
Whose thorny steeps his glory fills!

Along his path across the tide,
See how life's mists and clouds divide
And flee! The doubting spirit's night
Is banished now in that blest light!

The smiling earth puts by her gray
And blooms in green for Easter day.
The flowers, so timid all of late,
Take heart of grace and dare their fate!

The rivers sparkle to the sun;
The sky beams down a benison;
There is a chime in all the air
As of joy bells that echo there!

Where the Bad Eggs Go.

Considerably over 1,000,000 dozen decayed and pungent eggs reach New York city every year. What becomes of them? If you ask an egg man, he will smile and say that he does not know, but that nothing is wasted. That is true. All the bad eggs are sold. Some go to the tanneries to help put an extra polish on leather. A larger number of them are sold to the great coffee roasting establishments. There the odoriferous contents are used to put an oily gloss on the roasted coffee bean. Thus eventually the egg that is cast out by the exchange jobber finds its way to the stomach of the consumer. Probably the unsuspecting consumer, judging by its looks, congratulates himself on getting a pound of coffee of extra strength and richness of aroma and flavor. Probably he has.

No Excuse.

Prisoner—It's hard to charge me with forgery, for you see I can't even sign my own name.

Judge—That point is immaterial. It's another man's name you're accused of signing.—London Tit-Bits.

Hard on Fathers.

Winks—What's the matter, old boy? You look as if you didn't get sleep enough. Got a new baby?

Jinks—No. Got a daughter old enough to have callers.—New York Weekly.

The Evening Sentinel.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1894.

A WHITE EASTER.

BY MARGARET MANNON MERRILL.

[Copyright, 1894, by American Press Association.]

So you want me to tell you the story of the White Easter, do you? Well, bring me my knittin an' set that winder, for the nights ain't none too warm, even here in Californy.

I dunno's I ever told you that your gran'father, Lijah Vaux, was a sea cap'n once, but he was. He never said nothin 'bout it, though, an when you've heard the story you won't be s'prised that he didn't.

Your great-gran'father, ole Colonel Vaux, was a hard man's ever I see. I reckon he had the worst temper of any man on earth when he got started. You see, he was born down in Virginny, an his father, ole Pierre Vaux, was a Frenchman. He'd fit with Napoleon, an he used to say that Bonypart was the only general the world ever saw, an he was ready to knock anybody's head off that thought or said different.

So, you see, your great-gran'father come honest enough by his hot temper. He married a Virginny girl, an the Lord knows how he ever come to get her, for she was just about as much like him as a canary bird's like a buzzard. She never had much comfort, an she didn't live very long.

Lijah—that's your gran'father—wa'n't but 3 years ole when she died, an I remember 's well 's can be hearin my mother tell how Colonel Vaux shook the child 'cause he cried at the funeral.

After his wife died the old colonel grew crustier an more overbearin than ever, an poor little Lijah had a hard time of it, for he had a gentle disposition, like his mother. There didn't 'pear to be a mite o' Vaux blood in him, an mebbe it was that made the ole colonel hate him. But he managed to live through it, an grew up a straight, han'some feller's ever you see. I alwa's believed the colonel was kinder proud of him. But he wouldn't let on—not he.

It just seems if he got colder an harder toward the boy every year. He wanted him to be a lawyer, an Lijah was willin to try an an studied hard for it. I s'pose everything would 'a' gone all right, an they wouldn't 'a' been no story to tell if Lijah hadn't 'a' fell in love. But he did, an o' course it was with the wrong girl.

Hand me that ole degarrytype on the top shelf of the whatnot. There! Wait till I wipe the dust off—bears all how dusty things do get! Now you can see it. That was your gran'mother. Pretty? Well, I guess she was pretty. They wa'n't no girl anywhere 'round that could hold a candle to her for looks. An she had a spirit of her own too. Why, what do you think she done? You see, she was of Irish descent. Her maiden name was Nora McHenry. But she didn't like Nora, and so she called herself Ora.

Well, ole Colonel Vaux used to sneer at her every chance he got, an one day he said in her hearin that folks who hadn't no respectability of their own was anxious to borrow some from their neighbors. Everybody know'd just who he meant, an he spoke loud on purpose, so's Ora could hear.

She looked at him a minute, an then she walked straight up to him an says she, "You'll be safe, Colonel Vaux, for a man that'll make such a speech as you did just now hain't no respectability to lend." After that the ole man forbid his son speakin to Ora.

Lijah had alwa's been willin to do anything his father wanted him to; but, you see, he'd never been in love before, so this was a different matter, and when his father said, "I expect you to obey me, sir," Lijah answered: "I can't obey you in this, because it's a matter that concerns only me an Ora. I love her, an she's promised to marry me. I'm sorry to displease you, but my mind's made up."

Well, the ole colonel nearly had a fit, he was so mad. He ordered him out of the house an told him to go to his lowborn Irish girl and starve. He needn't look for anything more from him.

"Very well, sir," said Lijah, an he went. Some folks said he was glad to go. His life at home hadn't been none too pleasant. He went straight to Ora an tol' her what had happened.

"I've got to go away," says he. "There's no chance for me to do anything here. Will you marry me, Ora, an wait for me to come back? I'll come," says he, "as soon's I'm able to take care of you."

"I will, Lijah," says Ora, "an I'm sure you'll succeed very soon."

You see, they was both young, an success always looks easy to young folks, 'specially when they're in love. So they was married very quietly at the little church, an Lijah went to Boston to a man he knew would help him, an 'twa'n't long before Ora heard that he was going to sea. He'd got a place as supercargo, an he wrote that he was goin to have good pay, an he'd be back before many months, an when he went again he'd take her with him. So she was quite happy an was makin all sorts of plans about the future.

"I'VE GOT TO GO AWAY."

They was married on Easter Sunday, an the night before there was two inches o' snow fell. A white Easter was somethin that hadn't been seen in Virginny for a good many years. It was still snowin when your gran'father went to the church with his bride.

But when they come out the sun was shinin an everything was glistenin as if the earth was covered with diamonds.

"It's a good sign," says Ora. "The world's put on a weddin dress in our honor."

Well, the months went by, an not a word come from Lijah. You see, in them days, ships didn't go flyin across the ocean's if they was towed by lightnin, an they wa'n't no cables nor even telegraphs. So 'twa'n't so strange after all. But when the Easter day come round agin, your gran'mother felt rather sad an lonesome, though she wa'n't alone. A baby boy had come to her for a Christmas gift. That was your father. Gettin int'rested, ain't you? Well, you ought to be. This story comes pretty close to you.

Ora didn't want for nothin, 'cause her father was well to do, an she lived at home. Ole Colonel Vaux never paid no attention to her nor her baby. He'd got so cross-grained an snappy that nobody dared go a-nigh him.

At last one day, about two years after Lijah'd went, he got in a rage with somebody an bust a blood vessel. He only lived a few hours an never spoke but once. Then he asked for his will. They gave it to him, an he tore it all up an motioned for 'em to throw the pieces in the fire. Nobody knowed what was in the will, but it's likely he'd left Lijah out of it. There must 'a' been a soft spot in the ole man somewheres, 'cause he knowed if he died without a will the property'd all go to his son.

But nobody heard anything 'bout Lijah. The ship he'd sailed in was an old one, an it wa'n't allowed to make the trip back on 'count of bein unseaworthy. Your gran'mother never heard a word for nearly four year. Then there come a man who'd sailed with Lijah, an he tol' her that when they got to Gibraltar her husband was very sick an had to go ashore.

An a few months later when the man went back he tried to find him an learned that poor Lijah had died an been buried out there all alone.

'Twas an awful blow to Ora, 'cause she'd kep' hopin after everybody else had give him up. Of course then all the Vaux property went to the boy—your father—and Ora took him an went to live in the old house.

Well, time went on jus' 's it always does, an your father was 6 years old, the dead image of his father. But he wa'n't named for him, 'cause the ole folks didn't like the name of Lijah. You know your father was always called Henry, but he was christened McHenry, after his mother's folks. Your gran'mother didn't sit down an grieve as ery like some women would 'a' done. She went out among folks some, though a great deal of, an bein a pretty woman an young—she wa'n't but 27 when she was married the second time—an bein pretty well off, of course she had considerable 'tention paid her.

"They was one in particular, Cap'n Lee—fine man he was too. He was head over ears in love with Ora, an she liked him. She used to say it was 'cause he was so fond of the boy, but I reckon 'twas a good deal on his own 'count too. You see it's kind of lonesome livin alone, an after all she'd finally known what it was to have a husband. So, in fact, she promised to marry the cap'n—all on 'count of the boy, she said, an maybe it was so.

THERE STANDS THE SAME MAN.

They was to be married on her birthday, the 11th of April. Easter was early that year, the second Sunday in March, an strange enough, it was a white Easter, just such a day as it had been six years before. Ora said that she got up that mornin feelin queer. "Seemed's if she was in 'nother world," she said. But, law! she was alwa's havin queer notions. She kep' a-thinkin of Lijah all the time, an at last she made up her mind she'd go to church—the same church where she was married.

They wa'n't many folks out 'count the stormy day, an the light was kind of dim. All at once she noticed somebody standin at the altar, a man with white hair. But they was somethin familiar about him. She kep' a-lookin, an the man turned an looked straight at her. Then he came toward her, an she recognized her husband.

He looked thin an old, but she knowed him. He come an sat down by her in the pew. She couldn't speak. She jus' looked. Then she held out her hand. He didn't move. She tried to touch him. But they wa'n't nothin there, and when she looked again she couldn't see nothin!

Well, you can imagine she felt kind o' shivery an queer. She turned an spoke to the woman behind her. "Did you see anybody come into my pew?" says she. "Why, no," says the woman. "They ain't been nobody there but you."

That afternoon she told some of the village gossips that she thought the Widow Vaux was gettin queer in her head. An when they heard, as they did soon after, that she'd broke her engagement with Cap'n Lee an wouldn't give no reason for it, they was ready to believe she was queer.

Poor Lee was almost crazy. But he wouldn't let nobody say a word against her. She had a right to do as she liked, he said. He went away, an I never heard of his comin back.

April went by, an May come along, an it was as she always does. One day your gran'mother sat on the porch, shellin peas. She wore a blue print dress, an her hair was a-blowin in little curls all round her face—as pretty a picture as a man would wish to see. She wa'n't a gran'mother then, you know, but a pretty young woman.

The boy was playin round her, an everything was pleasant as you please. All at once, click goes the gate. Ora looks up, an there stands the same man she see in the church, gray haired an ole lookin, but the same face, the face of the man she'd married six years before.

She was scared, 'cause folks don't take kindly to spooks as a general thing. But when he got within a few feet of her he stopped an spoke.

"Don't you know me, dear?" says he. 'Twas Lijah in real flesh an blood this time, an what a story he had to tell!

He'd been sick in Gibraltar, just as the man'd said, an when he got up there was somethin wrong with his head. He couldn't remember who he was, nor where he come from, nor nothin. Otherwise he was all right, an he'd been travelin on the sea ever since. He'd been all roun the world, an in them days a man who'd been all roun the world was a wonder. At last he'd brought up in Scotland. Strange enough, there'd been a white Easter there that year.

Seein the snow on the ground seemed to bring back somethin to him. He'd gone to church, he said, an he must 'a' fell asleep, for he found himself back in the old church at home, standin at the altar, an he'd seen her settin in the pew an sat down beside her. Then he woke up, an all the past come back to him.

Well, Lijah took passage for home by the first ship. In them days it took six weeks to cross the Atlantic.

After he'd tol' his story an nearly hugged the boy to death—you see, he didn't know nothin 'bout him till he see him that day—he says to Ora: "An you was true to me all these years, dear. There's not many women like you. You've never even thought of anybody else, have you?" An your gran'mother blushed an said nothin, an Lijah was satisfied. Bein all what faith some men has. But there, I s'pose 'twas just as well.

A Philanthropist.

"What is the subject of your lecture?" inquired the editor.

"'The Cause of Hard Times and How to Cure Them,'" replied the gifted orator, "and as the object of the lecture is in its very nature purely philanthropic I will ask you to be generous in the matter of free notices. By the way," he added hurriedly, "I forgot to fill a blank on this advertisement. I will attend to it now."

And he took the copy and filled the blank after the words, "Price of admission," by inserting the simple characters, "$1."—Chicago Tribune.

The Newspapers Nowhere.

Mrs. Brickrow—Why don't the newspapers tell something that everybody doesn't know? Here's a great long article about the "Unemployed"—tens of thousands of people out of work. I knew that weeks ago.

Mr. Brickrow—You know it? How?

Mrs. Brickrow—I advertised for a girl and got three answers.—Puck.

No Divided Allegiance.

The father of the twin babies had been left temporarily in charge of them. At the end of half an hour he weakened.

"Angelina," he called out to his wife in a voice of agonizing protest, "you'll have to come and take one of these boys! No man can serve two masters!"—Chicago Tribune.

Strange Coincidence.

"—!—!—!" exclaimed the man as he fell into an open coal hole.

"That's strange," remarked a bystander.

"What's strange?" snorted the man as he climbed out.

"You're the twentieth man who's fallen in there this morning, and they've all made the same remarks."—Hallo.

A Lack of Coincidence.

Downer—I am glad it is good form not to wear a watch with a dress suit.

Upper—Why?

Downer—Because I never have my watch and my dress suit at the same time.—Life.

She Didn't Understand.

Little Girl (looking at impressionist landscape)—Mamma, what made him think it looked like that?—Harlem Life.

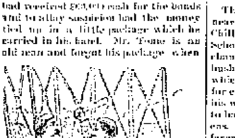
THE PASSING SHOW.

UNUSUAL HAPPENINGS GRAPHICALLY RECORDED.

ACTORS USE A FORTUNE FOR A BASEBALL.

A Terrible Fight Over the Whirlpool Rapids at Niagara—A Dead Man Comes to Life Three Months After His Funeral.

AN ORDINARY looking little package containing $60,000 in cash was carelessly tossed about like a ball on a railroad train by a party of young men. Millionaire Jacob Tome of Port Deposit, Md., had left the money on a seat in the car and didn't miss it for an hour. The other day Mr. Tome, who is one of the wealthiest men in the state of Pennsylvania, returned from Washington, where he had sold some bonds. He came back on the Baltimore and Oxford express. He had received $60,000 cash for the bonds and to allay suspicion had the money tied up in a little package which he carried in his hand. Mr. Tome is an old man and forgot his package when he reached Port Deposit station. At that place the Port Deposit Musical and Dramatic association boarded the train. Two young men of this party sat in the seat recently vacated by the millionaire. One of them picked up the treasure and tossed it to a friend across the aisle. For five minutes it was thrown back and forth among the young men who did not dream of the fortune they were using for a ball. When they left the train the conductor ran after the men calling that they had forgotten their bundle, but the train drew out of the station and he tossed the package into a basket. When Conductor Gilligan's train reached Nottingham he received a telegram from Millionaire Tome. The message told the conductor that there was $60,000 in the package, and he should keep it until the next morning, when Mr. Tome got it.


FOUGHT OVER THE WHIRLPOOL.

The scene enacted on the railway suspension bridge over the gorge, 200 feet above the boiling, whirling waters of the whirlpool rapids at Niagara Falls the other evening showed two men engaged in a death struggle and a woman lying on the foot path bleeding to death. One of the men was J. S. Campbell, a St. Catharines (Ont.) lawyer, and the other George A. McMicken, a former member of the Canadian frontier police force. The wife of the latter, who is a famous rifle shot and was one of the members of the Canadian rifle team which went to England two years ago, left him about a year ago and has commenced a suit for separation and alimony, retaining Campbell as her attorney. Campbell visited the Falls the other day and was followed by McMicken. As Campbell passed on the bridge to go over to the American side McMicken sneaked up after him with a club. His evident intention was to hit Campbell and throw him off the bridge. When the men grappled a young woman approached from the American side. She saw the struggle, and sinking down with a scream began bleeding profusely at the lungs. Campbell shook himself loose from his assailant and pretended to draw a revolver. McMicken, seeing the act, slunk away. The girl, a Miss Goodnow, was in delicate health. She was carried to the bridge office by attendants and customs officers and doctors summoned in time to check hemorrhage and save her life. Campbell has applied to the Canadian police for protection.

A $60,000 BASEBALL.

Thomas Montgomery is the finest "dead" fisherman in Baltimore, notwithstanding the fact that the Industrial Life Insurance company of New York paid $550 insurance on his life last September on the supposition that he was dead. Tom's sister, Mrs. Inglasby of New Haven, Conn., got the

and sent for the woman. From Salt Lake City they went to San Francisco, where Kookogey was arrested on the charge of grand larceny at the telegraphic request of the chief of police of Chicago, for swindling Lawyer Crawford.

Kookogey and his supposed wife were permitted to visit the Grand hotel, in San Francisco, in charge of a detective to obtain a change of clothing. The prisoner sat at a table and wrote a number of letters, packed his trunk, and then, walking over to the bed, embraced and kissed the Prescott woman. At the same time he drew a revolver from under the pillow, and, placing it at his right temple, blew his brains out.

One of the letters he left was addressed to Mrs. Prescott, and in it he said: "Don't be proud. Accept their aid. You will be able to repay it a thousand times out of the estate which I have left you by will and I hereby declare it to be my will that you take everything that I possess."

According to Mrs. Prescott's story, she managed finally to get back to New York, and, on going to the safe deposit vault, was astonished to find that the will had been abstracted. At the time of Kookogey's suicide, Mrs. Prescott asserts, he was unable to obtain possession of any portion of the Pennsylvania estate, as it was in litigation, which has not yet ended. She seeks to establish the will in her favor, so she can have herself made a party to the legal proceedings in Pennsylvania. Mrs. Prescott is a tall, slender blonde, with sharp features, and is apparently about twenty-five years of age. She threatens to star in a play founded upon this story.

DOROTHY PRESCOTT.

A MEAN WOMAN.

Used Her Dying Husband for Hatching Chickens.

The meanest woman in Ohio lives near Stony Creek, a few miles from Chillicothe. Her name is Eliza Anne Schoeninger and she has a great penchant for poultry. Some days ago her husband died from consumption with which he had long been affected, but for eight weeks preceding his death his wife utilized him as an incubator to hatch out several broods of chickens. He was affected with a high fever during this last period, and his better half took advantage of the fact. She took a number of eggs and wrapping each one in cotton batting laid them alongside the body of her husband in the bed, he being unable to move a limb.

Fifty was the number of eggs first used as an experiment and after three weeks she was rewarded with forty-six lively young chickens. The happy result of the first trial prompted her to try it again, and this time she doubled the quantity, and was again rewarded for her ingenuity with another brood of chickens. Another hundred eggs were placed in the bed, but this time the husband was so near the end that the necessary heat was lacking and he passed away leaving behind 100 half-hatched chicks. The scheming wife, not to be outdone in her plans by grim death, placed the eggs in the oven, thinking to finish the work her husband had failed to complete. During the bustle and excitement of the funeral, however, she allowed the fire to get too hot and the eggs were all cooked.

ADVENTURE WITH WOLVES.

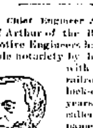
A Minnesota Trapper and Hunter Has a Narrow Escape.

The most thrilling escape from a pack of gray wolves, in which E. N. Cook, an old hunter and trapper of Northfield, Minn., barely escaped being eaten alive, is related by that gentleman. He had been hunting for rabbits in a dense forest about nine miles southwest of town with only an ordinary rifle and had lingered until sundown before starting for home. About 6 o'clock darkness overtook him, there being no moon, the night was intensely dark. Suddenly to his left, eighty rods distant, the terrible yell of a timber wolf made the woods ring. Instantly a second and a large number joined in with their howls. Throwing his rifle and cutting the string of rabbits around his waist, Cook ran for his life, trying, if possible, to gain a clearing half a mile distant of a farm house that is about that distance from the timber.

After running for fifteen minutes the wolves had gained a quarter of a mile, when Cook gave out. Groping his way to a cluster of oaks, he began to climb, and just as his feet were out of reach the wolves pounced upon the tree, fighting until the snow about them was crimson with blood. The mercury was 20 degrees below zero, and, in a half-frozen stupor, the victim remained in the tree until morning, his cries failing to arouse the neighbors, as they were too far away.

Chief Engineer Arthur.

Chief Arthur of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has gained considerable notoriety by his connection with the various railroad strikes and lock-outs of recent years. He has been called many bad names by the railroad magnates, and has not escaped the criticism of organized labor. For his services as chief he receives the princely salary of $5,000 a year and lives in grand style in Cleveland, Ohio. His position in the field of organized labor covers a wide field of influence and in such is only equaled by Master Workman Sovereign of the Knights of Labor and President Gompers of the Confederation of Labor.


CHIEF ARTHUR.

How to Eat an Orange.

There are many ways of eating oranges, but the Floridian has probably the most common-sense way of disposing of the fruit. He uses a sharp knife and pares the orange much the same as one would peel an apple, taking care not to cut through the white rind that protects the pulp. Then holding the orange at the poles and cutting through the center the seed pods are removed. The rest is easy. A colored boy in Jacksonville said: "Put yo'h fose in it and eat till you come to the rind." The white rind forms a natural cup for the juice, and any one who has ever tried this method will never think of removing the skin in the old way and quartering the fruit.

Woman's Bonnets a Blessing.

Men become bald. Why? Because they wear close hats and caps. Women are never bald except by disease, and they do not wear close headgear. Men never lose a hair below where the hat touches the head, not if they have been bald twenty years. The close cap holds the heat and perspiration, thereby the hair glands become weak and the hair falls out. This should serve as a slight inducement to the woman who indulges in the exasperating theater hat to remove it during the play.

The Puzzle Solved.

Perhaps no local disease has puzzled and baffled the medical profession more than nasal catarrh. While not immediately fatal, it is among the most nauseous and disgusting ills the flesh is heir to, and the records show very few or no cases of radical cure of chronic catarrh by any of the many modes of treatment until the introduction of Ely's Cream Balm a few years ago. The success of this preparation has been most gratifying and surprising. No druggist is without it.

NYE AND THE R. E. MEN

THEY HAVE A SAD TIME WAITING FOR THE CLOUDS TO ROLL BY.

Putting Up at a Hotel With One Towel a Day and Suffering Thereby—Queer Experience of a Pleasant Voiced Man, Who Was Awakened From a Happy Dream.

[Copyright, 1894, by Edgar W. Nye.]

IN THE EASTERN STATES.

The real estate men are having rather a sad time of it waiting, waiting, waiting! Some of them this winter are having muskrat collars put on their linen dusters till the clouds roll by. In Fall River a real estate man wanted me to come out and look at his addition. He had a fine team (in his wife's name), and so, learning that I would save bus fare by riding out that way and taking the train, I did so, conversing cheerily with him as we went.

A FRAGRANT CIGAR.

I looked at the lots, but they were covered with snow, and I said I made it a rule to buy no real estate any more unless the snow was removed from it so that I could see what I was buying. Having once secured lots in Minton Pandey's Minneapolis addition to Hudson's bay and having discovered in the spring that the lots were situated in a morass and that I could stand on one corner and teeter the whole county, also that it was the frog nursery for the state, I deemed it best hereafter to make a man scrape the snow off my goods before I purchase with my hard earned cash.

The agent cleared off a few rods and would have done more, as he said it was no trouble to show goods, but I saw that I would miss my train if I did not go, and so, taking the matter under advisement, I had him drive me to the depot. Handing me a fragrant cigar, he said as I got on the car:

"We're not having a very good season selling dirt in Fall River this year. Whether it's the celebrated murder here last summer or not I don't know, but real estate is falling off a good deal. Over a year ago I was given a piece of property to sell on No. 2 conditions—that is, the lot was given to seven or eight of us to sell, and the first one who sold it was to get the commission. Well, I never tried harder in my life to make a sale, but it was February of this year before I got a bite.

"I took the victim and his whole family in a victoria, filled up his overcoat with perfectos and the children full of candy, and when we got out there I found a $3,000 house and barn on the lot and a nice middle aged man living there with a pair of twins that had grown on the place.

"The owner had got tired and sold the place himself last winter. If you hear of a man who wants a good faithful hand to carry liver and things to a tame bear, I would like to accept a portfolio of that kind."

He then went swiftly down the frozen road to where his team was tied, meantime kicking debris from his path as he went. Real estate men generally are adding insurance, pensions and the setting and filing of saws this winter to their other work.

Still it is to be hoped that the springtime and the opening up of business of all kinds under the beneficent and gold begetting influences of the new tariff law will bring back unbounded prosperity.

The "one plunk" hotel is now called the one towel house. For $2 per day you get two towels in your room, but knives and forks are not changed after fish. The three plunk hotel admits of three towels and a pink finger bowl after your orange in the morning. Some of the one plunk houses have no bell, and so you find when your eyes are full of soap that you must wipe your face and hands on the curtains, and nothing makes me more impatient than to suffer with the keen, eating pain of a pair of soapy eyeballs while I grope for the queen holland shade, only perhaps to have it scoot swiftly to the top of the window, while a bevy of schoolgirls in the street below laugh "ha! ha!" and exclaim, "That's him!"

This class of hotel is often found in college towns. Why a poor hotel should go with good educational facilities I do not know, but it is so in many cases.

"I had a queer experience on the road along this line three years ago," said a pleasant voiced man to me yesterday. "If you would care to hear it, I will tell it to you.

"I sat in the same seat for over 150 miles with a young woman who was very attractive—with such large, sort of sad eyes, yet withal such eyes as you have seen laugh out with a smile in their profound depths that you could almost hear. The glow of perfect health tinted her skin, and even her hair had that rich sheen that nothing on earth but good digestion and good bounding blood can produce. I could hardly keep from running my fingers through it or chucking her under the jaunty little chin.

"The car was crowded, but I hoped that travel would not fall off for a long time. I imagined this trim, petite figure by my fireside and her cunning little feet in the rug wiggling their cute little toes in the grateful warmth, for though I was 30 and over I was always painting in my heart a picture of home—home, where my sample case should be concealed and where my weary soul should invite itself.

"I cannot tell how the music of her well modulated voice made me mentally buy a lot and build on it and fit up the house and furnish it on $167. Her presence to me was like a happy twilight in the forest, with a little suggestion of violets and ferns that had been stirred up by a passing breeze. My heart swelled like a pan of wet dried apples in the June sunshine, and I was afraid for a time that I could not hold it.

"I talked as well as I could, though I was really so under the influence of this tonic that I don't know what I said, only that before we separated I had her neat little card, and she had mine. She did not do it without much argument, but I did not forget my good manners, and she seemed to see by my sincere look that I was in terrible earnest, for only a reasonable degree of respect for the etiquette of a cruel world and the fear that I might lose her kept me from falling at her feet in the aisle and proposing to her while the conductor tore out the whole inside of my mileage book.

"I offered to help her off at her station, but she said that her friends would all be there, and so I took off my hat and held her hand a moment before she went away, while my actual body seemed two sizes larger than the car, and my subconscious self all seemed to be in the palm of that sweet little hand nestling there in twice like a warm quail on toast.

"Many people were at the depot to meet her, but she took the arm of a middle aged man, who put her in a carriage, and they drove away as I waved my handkerchief toward her.

"I never saw her again!

"As we moved out of the station my eye caught a fleeting glimpse of one of those long white pine boxes that the expressman had taken off our train and was wheeling away. I saw a part of the name, and it was so near like that on the card I still held that I asked the conductor if he knew who it was.

"'Yes, he knew the party well. 'It was the body of the husband of the lady you sat with,' he said. 'She was bringing him here to be buried. She claims that he was murdered by a burglar night before last, but it is generally thought that she killed him with a hatchet. That was the sheriff you saw meet her, and she is probably in jail by this time.'

"I rose and went forward to the smoking car for a few hours, and when my mind cleared I found that I had smoked up nine cigars and one whole side of my mustache.

"Sometimes I wake up in the night all cold and bathed in an icy sweat and find the bedclothes over in the middle of the floor as the old nightmare has left them, in a kind of mare's nest, perhaps, and I shudder over the terrible dream that has come so often of this beautiful creature resting her soothing little hand over my glad eyes, when all at once I see the heavens through my closed lids and feel the cold blade of the broadax in my tousled skull, while the great untrodden field of astronomy seems to open up to my bursting eyes.

"THAT'S HIM!"

"Then I awoke.

"I will not tell you her name, because a tender hearted governor has been to see her, and that settled it. She will be pardoned soon, for she has promised never to do it again—with a hatchet—and by spring the express companies will be hauling her husbands around over the country once more.

"I am still a bachelor, but I have a nice suit of rooms, with hot and cold water, and a nightmare of my own."

He then gathered up his sample cases and got off the train. The conductor said he was a good salesman and one of the most chaste and unselfish liars he ever met.

Bill Nye

HIS LITTLE JOKE.

How a Sad Subject Turned the Tables on an Insurance Agent.

Bob Kenworth of Houston is a tall man, upward of 6 feet high, but he looks as if he was not long for this world. He is hollow chested and so thin that he looks very much as if he had not had anything to eat since the war. When he passes along the streets, the undertakers come out and cast a long, lingering glance at him, and no wonder, for he has been inspiring them with hopes that have never been realized for the last 20 years. He has, moreover, a hacking cough that has the genuine graveyard ring to it.

Not long ago it occurred to him that it would be a good idea to have his life insured. He had previously experienced some astonishment that he had never suffered from the importunity of life insurance agents. To his surprise, he discovered that the companies were afraid to take any risks on his life, that he was a bad subject, as his death might occur at any time. Being of a somewhat humorous turn of mind, Bob made it a practice from that time on to worry life insurance agents on every possible occasion. Not long since he tackled one in the lobby of a Houston hotel. The agent represented an influential New York company. Introducing himself, Bob said:

"I just heard of your arrival and hurried over to see you. For some time past I have been wanting to get my life insured in some good company, and yours is first class."

The agent gazed at the living anatomy before him and was somewhat embarrassed. He hemmed and hawed a few times and said hesitatingly that he was only taking first class risks and that his visitor seemed to be rather feeble.

"Yes," said Bob, "I know I look consumptive, but I've looked this way all my life, and I ain't dead yet. My grandparents are living yet and are both upward of 90 years of age. The old man can thread a needle without crutches—I mean without glasses. I'm good for 100 myself."

The agent shook his head in a deprecatory sort of way.

"I never get drunk or commit suicide and have the digestive power of an anaconda," continued Bob persuasively.

"I don't care to insure your life," said the agent, with increasing firmness.

"That's what all these agents say when I talk to them, but I am offering you special inducements. It is a sacred duty you owe your company to insure my life, my dear sir. You may die before night, and then you will regret having refused my offer. If the company hears of it, they will dock your salary, and I shall make it my duty to let them know how you are neglecting their interests."

"Excuse me, but I have a business engagement," said the agent, trying to get away, but Bob reached out a skeleton hand and detained him, saying:

"I have been vaccinated several times, and it took each time. Besides I am a man of influence here, and if you succeed in insuring me there's no telling how many other prominent citizens of Houston you will capture."

"I'm too busy to listen to you."

"I don't wish to bore you," replied Bob, "so I will call again later in the day, when we will talk it over."

The suffering agent rushed out of the hotel, and Bob laughed until the tears rolled down his hollow cheeks.—Texas Siftings.

Again.

A terrifying shout rang through the corridors and awoke the midnight echoes.

"Fire, fire!"

The lady in No. 410 started from her sleep and listened.

"Fire, fire!"

"Oh, dear!" she petulantly exclaimed as she rose from her couch. "Another dress occasion, I suppose."

Happily she remembered just where she had placed her hairpins.

Presently they came and broke the window and carried her down the ladder.—Detroit Tribune.

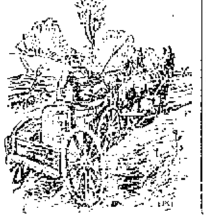
THE REIGN OF MUD.

IT COMES JUST AFTER THE MELTING OF THE WINTER'S DRIFTS.

It Is No Joke to Travel Over Roads Covered With Disintegrating Snow—The Delights of Being Stuck In a Miry Highway. Von Dusenbinkie and His Pumpkin Seeds.

It is in the springtime that the curse of mud comes to make the life of him who dwells in the country an abysmal weariness, a nightmare and a drawn out succession of longings—that is, unless the modern movement for better roads has taken possession of the region and caused highways of solid foundation and smooth, hard surface to be substituted for the fenced in wagon tracks of heaped up earth that still form thousands of miles of the roads of the United States.

The trouble opens when the snow begins to disappear. Perhaps the drifts while melting are quite as trying as the mud itself in localities far enough north to be within the belt of considerable snowfalls. By a perversity of natural laws the drifts pile themselves up between the fences of the roads and also persist in spots along the way for days and sometimes weeks after most of the snow has disappeared from the fields. The track of a sleigh is much narrower than that of a wagon. Consequently when so much of the snow has gone that sleighing is no longer feasible and whatever traveling is done must be by wagon the wheels, when they come to the lingering drifts, have to make new tracks for themselves outside those that have been beaten hard by the tread of horses' feet and the runners of the sleighs. The result is often "spreading," which may be due either to dishing of wheels or springing of axletrees. The latter may even sometimes break.


A VICTIM OF SPREADING.

The sketch that accompanies this article was drawn from memory, but it correctly shows forth the conditions to which I have referred, likewise the frame of mind into which the bucolic driver is generally thrown when he realizes that he has got into a "spread." It would not be decorous to repeat in type the language that sometimes flows from the bucolic mouth on such occasions.

It will be pretty clear to the reflective mind why the ruralist, who, to travel, must pass over drifted roads in the spring of the year, aims to go about as little as possible until the roads get settled, and that when he does drive he does not use a light wagon. The drifts will not have more than begun to melt before the frozen ground begins to soften. The farther north it is the later the general breaking up period, and the colder the previous winter the longer this time of mingled snow and mud will last. It is not over until all the frost is out of the ground and all the mud is dried up. When that has taken place, the roads are settled.

The time of greatest horror is when there are alternate stretches of snow and mud along the highways. It is then that the mud has no bottom that can be found, and it is then that he who has to drive 10 or 15 miles has need of all his persistence and fortitude. This is doubly so if his route lie over a road that traverses first hill and then valley. The hill roads will be deep in disintegrating drifts, the roads of the vales fathomless with a slimy, mucilaginous mixture of mud and water. On the uplands the wagon may "spread," and in the lowlands the stiff mud may wrench off a wheel. Then, in order to traverse the drops of the highway, he has to take a rail from the roadside fence and make a "drag." By this means he escapes the slough into which he has fallen only to be stuck in the next one. Then his horses, tired beyond equine endurance, balk.

After half an hour of alternate coaxing and whipping they are induced to pull together again, but with such frantic energy perchance as to break a whiffletree—which the driver, by the way, calls a whippletric. This sort of disaster is apt to take place on some lonely stretch of road where there are no houses, and where, if the damage be so great that help must be had, it cannot be got without a half mile tramp to the nearest dwelling.

STUCK IN THE MUD.

The alternation of hill and drifts and vale and mud does not occur, of course, on the roads of the prairie states or any other flat region, but the hilly roads, after all, have certain advantages, for where there are hills there is gravel, and there are stones, and these tend to mitigate in some degree the depth of the mud. But the level reaches of western New York and of Illinois and Iowa and Kansas and Nebraska are stoneless, and the soil is deep, and when soaked with the combined moistures of melting snows and copious spring rains is of about the same consistency as dough—that is, too wet.

The roads that traverse the strip of western New York country that lies between the Ridge—a natural road that was in geological eons the shore of a vast inland sea—and Lake Ontario are quite as fathomless at breaking up time as are any that exist in the flat states of the west. Those more fortunate individuals who live on and south of the Ridge have much enjoyment of the vernal plight of their friends who dwell in what they all call the Black North. There are many stories told of the flounderings about of the Black North men at this season of the year, and here is one. It is possibly an exaggeration, but it has amused many generations of Ridge folks, and in the language of the present day "it goes."

Living in that section of the Black North that is bounded by an imaginary line drawn from Brockport, on the New York Central railroad, to the pole star, there was many years ago a farmer named Von Dusenbinkie. He was somewhat close in his ideas as to money—what our Connecticut friends would call "near." He would drive 20 miles and back—a day's journey—with 15 pounds of butter to get an advance of 2 cents a pound on the products of his small dairy, and he would spend half a day in haying time beating down the price of a pitchfork from $1 to 90 cents. He used to keep his daughters busy in the fall gathering pumpkin seeds. These he would take to market late in the winter.

Well, one year the drifts in the Black North were so deep that the roads were well nigh impassable, and Von Dusenbinkie did not market his pumpkin seeds until the spring breakup was well under way. The mud was deepest along a strip of territory about a mile wide just north of the Ridge. That natural road was itself quite dry, and once he could get there with his pumpkin seeds he felt sure he would be all right.

His progress was slow, and the first indication the Ridge folks had that any one was attempting to reach terra firma from the pathless region to the north was the sight of a commotion in the mire about a mile down the road. It was like a feeble, slow moving wave of mud as much as anything. On the sluggish crest of the wave a small black object was observed. Ridge folks gathered with spyglasses to watch the phenomenon. After about an hour it became apparent that the commotion was caused by a horse and a wagon and a man journeying southward. First it was seen that the small black object on the slow moving wave crest was a hat. Then the man's head appeared, then a pair of horse's ears. Then gradually the entire "rig" hove into view, dripping with the mixture of earth and water of which the road was composed.

FARMER VON DUSENBINKIE.

When the Ridge was reached, it was plain to all that the driver was Von Dusenbinkie. His teeth were chattering, for the mud and water were ice cold, but his face wore the expression that comes only to the countenances of men who have achieved. He bore the quizzing of the Ridge folks with fortitude till some one asked him jeeringly what he had brought with him. Then he looked for his bag of pumpkin seeds, but in vain, for they had been washed away and then formed a compost of parts of the mud of the Black North.

The story goes on to the effect that it was then that the movement began to gravel the roads that lead from the Ridge toward the lake. At all events, most of the main highways are now redeemed from their old time spring fathomlessness, and if Farmer Von Dusenbinkie still lives and has some pumpkin seeds to take to market this spring he will be able to do so without running the risk of being smothered in the mud.

All joking aside, the period in every spring during which farmers in certain country districts are mudbound is a most depressing one, and one which cannot but tend to be the reverse of beneficial. It should be done away with, and right speedily. But it does not become those who dwell in cities—at least in some cities—to rail too much about country mud unless they are willing to admit that they are equally at fault. I know of one large city located not more than a thousand miles from New York that has miles and miles of streets that for depth and foulness of mud each springtime would put to blush the most remote country road. And I know of another city almost as large, situated in an inland state, where some of the streets are just as bad. Perhaps some of the readers of this newspaper can guess the name of that city.

I. D. MARSHALL.

Why He Was In Haste.

"Hold on," said Brown to an acquaintance the other morning, "I want to speak to you."

"Sorry," said the other, "but really, old man, I must hurry to the office. Can't wait a minute."

"You don't mean to say," said Brown, "that you have business enough to put you in such a rush?"

"Business? Who said anything about business? There are four of us in the office and only three chairs. If I don't get down there right off, I shall have to stand up all day. Ta, ta."—Washington Star.

Origin of the Name Kearsarge.

The etymologist deals a blow to sentiment by showing that the mountain from which the Kearsarge took her name was originally known as Hezekiah Sargent's mountain, from which the slovenly speech of the natives evolved Kiah Sarge, then Kearsarge.

Queer.

Thomas M. Queer returned to his family at Wooster, O., the other day after an absence of 41 years. His return was welcomed by his wife and one daughter, the only surviving members of his family. Queer is over 80 years of age, and as he feared that his days on earth were drawing to a close he resolved to visit his old home before the end came.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies
—OR—
Other Chemicals
are used in the preparation of
W. BAKER & CO.'S
BreakfastCocoa
which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR CITY OFFICES.

FOR MAYOR.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce me as a candidate for mayor of the city of Fort Wayne, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating primary.
W. H. SHAMBAUGH.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce that I am a candidate for mayor of the city of Fort Wayne, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating primary.
HENRY A. READ.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce that I am a candidate for mayor of the city of Fort Wayne subject to the decision of the Democratic nominating primary.
CHRISTIAN BOSEKER.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce my name as a candidate for mayor, subject to the decision of the democratic city primary April 7th.
ELZA T. STRINGER.

CITY CLERK.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce my name as a candidate for re-election to the office of city clerk, subject to the decision of the democratic city primaries.
RUDY C. REINEWALD.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce my name as a candidate for the nomination for city clerk, subject to the decision of the democratic primary election, April 7.
FRED J. REINEKE.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce my name as a candidate for clerk of the city of Fort Wayne, subject to the decision of the democratic primary.
OTTO HERBST.

COUNCILMAN AT LARGE.

Editor SENTINEL—Kindly announce my name as a candidate for councilman at large, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating primary.
R. B. ROSSINGTON.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce my name as a candidate for councilman at large, subject to the decision of the democratic city primary.
CHARLES J. GRIEBEL.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce that I am a candidate for councilman at large, subject to the decision of the democratic primary.
F. C. MEYER.

FOR COUNCILMEN.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce my name as a candidate for councilman from the First ward, subject to the decision of the democratic city primary.
WILL H. TIGAR.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce my name as a candidate for councilman from the Second ward, subject to the decision of the democratic city primary.
HENRY G. SOMMERS.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce my name as a candidate for councilman from the Fifth ward, subject to the decision of the democratic primary.
SYLVESTER McMAHON.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce my name as a candidate for councilman of the Fifth ward, subject to the decision of the voters at the democratic primaries.
CHARLES H. BECK.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce my name as a candidate for councilman from the Seventh ward, subject to the decision of the democratic city primary.
PETER J. SCHEID.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce my name as a candidate for councilman from the Eighth ward, subject to the decision of the democratic city primary.
JOHN SMITH.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce that I am a candidate for councilman from the Eighth ward, subject to the decision of the democratic primary.
JACOB HARTMAN.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce my name as a candidate for councilman from the Ninth ward, subject to the decision of the democratic primary.
FRANK E. PURCELL.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce my name as a candidate for Councilman for the Ninth ward, subject to the decision of the democratic primary.
J. C. WAGNER.

To the Voters of the Tenth Ward:
I hereby respectfully announce my name as a candidate for councilman from the Tenth ward, subject to the decision of the democratic primary.
EMMETT MARTIN.

FOR COUNTY OFFICES.

JUDGE CIRCUIT COURT.

Editor SENTINEL—You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for judge of the Allen circuit court, subject to the democratic nominating convention to be held June 2.
CHARLES H. WORDEN.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce my name as a candidate for judge of the Allen circuit court, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention, June 2nd.
EDWARD O'ROURKE.

FOR PROSECUTING ATTORNEY.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce my name as a candidate for prosecuting attorney of Allen county, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.
[illegible] V. EMRICK.

COUNTY CLERK.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce me as a candidate for the nomination for clerk of Allen county, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention.
JACOB KERN.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce my name as a candidate for county clerk, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.
HARRY M. METZGER.

FOR AUDITOR.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce my name as a candidate for auditor of Allen county, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention.
WM. MEYER, JR.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce my name as a candidate for auditor of Allen county, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention, June 2nd.
CLARENCE W. EDSALL.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce my name as a candidate for auditor of Allen county, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.
J. C. PELTIER.

COUNTY TREASURER.

L. C. Hunter (Cass), the present deputy county treasurer, will be a candidate for the nomination of county treasurer, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce my name as a candidate for county treasurer, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.
WILLIAM SCOTT,
Of Lafayette Township.

FOR SHERIFF.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce my name as a candidate for renomination to the office of sheriff of Allen county, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.
EDWARD F. CLAUSMEIER.

COUNTY RECORDER.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce the name of Louis Hazzard as a candidate for recorder of Allen county, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention, for one term only.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce my name as a candidate for recorder of Allen county, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.
PATRICK RYAN.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce the name of our present "County Recorder," George W. Bickel for reelection, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention.
JAS. C. [illegible]
CONRAD EGGEMANN.
JOHN A. McCLELLAN,
Committee R.R. Club.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce my name as a candidate for county surveyor, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.
CHAS. W. BRANSTRATOR.

FOR COMMISSIONER.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce me as a candidate for county commissioner for the first district, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention.
GOTTLIEB SCHAPER,
Milan Township.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce my name as a candidate for county commissioner from the Second district, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.
M. A. FERGUSON,
Of Washington Township.

FOR TOWNSHIP OFFICES.

FOR TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce my name as a candidate for trustee of Wayne township, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention.
FRANK M. CHAPMAN.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce my name as a candidate for Township Trustee of Wayne Township, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention.
WILLIAM GAFFNEY.

TOWNSHIP ASSESSOR.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce my name as a candidate for assessor of Wayne township subject to the decision of the township Democratic nominating convention.
LOUIS C. SCHROEDER.

Editor SENTINEL—Please announce my name as a candidate for assessor of Wayne township, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention.
MICHAEL V. WALSH.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Denies That It Is Losing Power.

And Produces Figures to Demonstrate Its Ever-Increasing Hold Upon the Peoples of the World—"From Conquest to Conquest."

The following sermon on the subject: "From Conquest to Conquest," was delivered by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage in the Brooklyn tabernacle, being based on the text:

Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper.—Amos ix., 13.

Picture of a tropical clime with a season so prosperous that the harvest reaches clear over to the planting time, and the swarthy husbandman swinging the sickle in the thick grain almost feels the breath of the horses on his shoulders, the horses hitched to the plow preparing for a new crop. "Behold the days come," saith the Lord, "that the plowman shall overtake the reaper!" When is that? That is now. That is the day when hardly have you done reaping one harvest before the plowman is getting ready for another.

I know that many declare that Christianity has collapsed, that the Bible is an obsolete book, that the Christian church is on the retreat. I will here and now show that the opposite of that is true.

An Arab guide was leading a French infidel across the desert, and ever and anon the Arab guide would get down in the sand and pray to the Lord. It disgusted the French infidel, and after awhile as the Arab got up from one of his prayers the infidel said: "How do you know there is any God?" and the Arab guide said: "How do I know that a man and a camel passed along our tent last night? I know it by the footprints in the sand. And you want to know how I know whether there is any God? Look at the sunset. Is that the footstep of a man?" And by the same process you and I have come to understand that this book is the footstep of a God.

But now let us see whether the Bible is a last year's almanac. Let us see whether the Church of God is in a Bull Run retreat, muskets, canteens and haversacks strewing all the way. That great English historian, Sharon Turner, a man of vast learning and of great accuracy, not a clergyman, but an attorney, as well as a historian, gives this overwhelming statistic in regard to Christianity and in regard to the number of Christians in the different centuries. In the first century, five hundred thousand Christians; in the second century, two million Christians; in the third century, five million Christians; in the fourth century, ten million Christians; in the fifth century, fifteen million Christians; in the sixth century, twenty million Christians; in the seventh century, twenty-four million Christians; in the eighth century, thirty million Christians; in the ninth century, forty million Christians; in the tenth century, fifty million Christians; in the eleventh century, seventy million Christians; in the twelfth century, eighty million Christians; in the thirteenth century, seventy-five million Christians; in the fourteenth century, eighty million Christians; in the fifteenth century, one hundred million Christians; in the sixteenth century, one hundred and twenty-five million Christians; in the seventeenth century, one hundred and fifty-five million Christians; in the eighteenth century, two hundred million Christians—a decadence, as you observe in only one century, and more than made up in the following centuries, while it is the usual computation that there will be, when the record of the nineteenth century is made up, at least three hundred million Christians. Poor Christianity! what a pity it has no friends. How lonesome it must be. Who will take it out of the poor house? Poor Christianity! One hundred millions in one century. In a few weeks of the year 1891 two million five hundred thousand copies of the New Testament distributed. Why, the earth is like an old castle with twenty gates and a park of artillery ready to thunder down every gate. Lay aside all Christendom and see how heathendom is being surrounded and honeycombed and attacked by this all-conquering Gospel. At the beginning of this century there were only one hundred and fifty missionaries; now there are twenty-five thousand missionaries and native helpers and evangelists. At the beginning of this century there were only fifty thousand heathen converts; now there are one million seven hundred and fifty thousand converts from heathendom. There is not a sea coast on the planet but the battery of the Gospel is planted and ready to march on, north, south, east, west. You all know that the chief work of an army is to plant the batteries. It may take many days to plant the batteries, and they may do all their work in ten minutes. These batteries are being planted all along the sea coasts and in all nations. It may take a good while to plant them, and they may do all their work in one day. They will. Nations are to be born in a day. But just come back to Christendom and recognize the fact that during the last ten years as many people have connected themselves with evangelical churches as connected themselves with the churches in the first fifty years of this century.

So Christianity is falling back, and the Bible, they say, is becoming an obsolete book. I go into a court, and wherever I find a judge's bench or a clerk's desk, I find a Bible. Upon what book could there be uttered the solemnity of an oath? What book is apt to be put in the trunk of the young man as he leaves for city life? The Bible. What shall I find in nine out of every ten homes in Brooklyn? The Bible. In nine out of every ten homes in Christendom? The Bible. Voltaire wrote the prophecy that the Bible in the nineteenth century would become extinct. The century is nearly gone, and as there have been more Bibles published in the latter part of the century, do you think the Bible will become extinct in the next six years. I have to tell you that the room in which Voltaire wrote that prophecy not long ago was crowded from floor to ceiling with Bibles from Switzerland. Suppose the congress of the United States should pass a law that there should be no more Bibles printed in America, and no more Bibles read. If there are forty million grown people in the United States, there would be forty million people in an army to put down such a law and defend their right to read the Bible. But suppose the congress of the United States should make a law against the reading of the publication of any other book, how many people would go out in such a crusade? Could you get forty million people to go out and risk their lives in defense of Shakespeare's tragedies or Gladstone's tracts or Macaulay's History of England? You know that there are a thousand men who would die in defense of this book. You try to insult my commonsense by telling me the Bible is fading out from the world. It is the most popular book of the century. How do I know it? I know it just as I know in regard to other books. How many volumes of that book are published? Well, you say, five thousand. How many copies of that book are published? A hundred thousand. Which is the more popular? Why, of course, the one that has one hundred thousand circulation. And if this book has more copies abroad in the world, if there are five times as many Bibles abroad as any other book, does not that show you that the most popular book on this planet to-day is the Word of God?

"Oh," say people, "the church is a collection of hypocrites, and it is losing its power, and it is fading out from the world." Is it? A bishop of the Methodist church told me that that denomination averages two new churches every day of the year. There are at least one thousand five hundred new churches built in America every year. Does that look as though the church was fading out, as though it were a defunct institution? Which institution stands nearest the hearts of the people of America to-day? I do not care in what village or in what city, or what neighborhood you go. Which institution is it? Is it the post-office? Is it the hotel? Is it the lecture hall? Ah, you know it is not. You know that the institution which stands nearest to the hearts of the American people is the Christian church. If you have ever seen a church burn down you have seen thousands of people standing and looking at it—people who never go into a church—the tears raining down their cheeks. The whole story is told.

You may talk about the church being a collection of hypocrites, but when the diphtheria sweeps your children off whom do you send for? The postmaster? the attorney general? the hotel-keeper? alderman? No, you send for a minister of this Bible religion. And if you have not a room in your house for the obsequies, what building do you solicit? Do you say: "Give me the finest room in the hotel?" Do you say: "Give me that theater?" Do you say: "Give me a place in that public building, where I can lay my dead for a little while until we say a prayer over it?" No; you say: "Give us the house of God." And if there is a song to be sung at the obsequies what do you want? What does anybody want? The "Marseillaise" hymn? "God Save the Queen?" Our own grand national air? No. They want the hymn with which they sang their old Christian mother into her last sleep, or they want sung the Sabbath-school hymn which their little girl sang the last Sabbath afternoon she was out before she got that awful sickness, which broke your heart. I appeal to your common sense. You know the most endearing institution on earth, the most popular institution on earth to-day is the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The infidels say: "Infidelity shows its success from the fact that it is everywhere accepted, and it can say what it will." Why, my friends, infidelity is not half so blatant in our day as it was in the days of our fathers. Do you know that in the days of our fathers there were pronounced infidels in public authority and they could get any political position? Let a man today declare himself antagonistic to the Christian religion, and what city wants him for mayor, what state wants him for governor, what nation wants him for president or for king? Let a man openly proclaim himself the enemy of our glorious Christianity, and he can not get a majority of one vote in any state, in any city, in any county, in any ward of America.

Do you think that such a scene could be enacted now as was enacted in the days of Robespierre, when a shameless woman was elevated as a goddess, and was carried in a golden chair to a cathedral, whose incense was burned to her, and people bowed down before her as to a divine being, she taking the place of the Bible and God Almighty, while in the corridor of that cathedral were enacted such scenes of drunkenness, and debauchery, and obscenity as has never been witnessed. Do you believe such a thing could possibly occur in Christendom to-day? No, sir. The police, whether of Paris or New York, would swoop on it. I know infidelity makes a good deal of talk in our day. It is on the principle that if a man jumps overboard from a Cunard steamer he makes more excitement than all of the five hundred people that stay on the decks. But the fact that he jumps overboard does that stop the ship? Does that wreck the five hundred passengers? It makes great excitement when a man jumps from the lecturing platform or from the pulpit into infidelity; but does that keep the Bible and the church from carrying their millions of passengers into the skies?

They say, these men, that science is overcoming religion in our day. They look through the spectacles of the infidel scientists, and they say: "It is impossible that this book can be true; people are finding it out; the Bible has got to go overboard; science is going to throw it overboard." Do you believe that the Bible account of the origin of life will be overthrown by infidel scientists who have fifty different theories about the origin of life? If they should come up in solid phalanx, all agreeing on one sentiment and one theory, perhaps Christianity might be damaged; but there are not so many differences of opinion inside the church as outside the church. People used to say, "there are so many different denominations of Christians—that shows there is nothing in religion." I have to tell you that all denominations agree on the two or three or four radical doctrines of the Christian religion. They are unanimous in regard to Jesus Christ, and they are unanimous in regard to the divinity of the Scriptures. How is it on the other side? All split up—you can not find two of them alike. Oh, it makes me sick to see these literary fops going along with a copy of Darwin under one arm and a case of transfixed grasshoppers and butterflies under the other arm, telling about the "survival of the fittest," and Huxley's protoplasm, and the nebular hypothesis. The fact is that some naturalists, just as soon as they find out the difference between the feelers of a wasp and the horns of a beetle, begin to patronize the Almighty; while Agassiz, glorious Agassiz, who never made any pretention to being a Christian, puts both his feet on the doctrine of evolution, and says: "I see that many of the naturalists of our day are adopting facts which do not bear observation." These men warring with each other; Darwin warring against Lamarche, Wallace warring against Cope, even Herschel denouncing Ferguson. They do not agree about anything. They do not agree on embryology, do not agree on the degradation of the species. What do they agree on? Herschel writes a whole chapter on the errors of astronomy. La Place declares that the moon was not put in the right place. He says that if it had been put four times further from the earth than it is now there would be more harmony in the universe; but Lionville comes up just in time to prove that the moon was put in the right place. How many colors woven into the light? Seven, says Isaac Newton. Three, says David Brewster. How high is the Aurora Borealis? Two and a half miles, says Liais. One hundred and sixty-eight miles, says Twining. How far is the sun from the earth? Seventy-six million miles, says Humboldt. Ninety million miles, says Henderson. One hundred and four million miles, says Mayer. Only a little difference of twenty-eight million miles! All split among themselves—not agreeing on anything. They come and say that the churches of Jesus Christ are divided on the great doctrines. All united they are, in Jesus Christ, in the divinity of the Scriptures; while they come up and propose to render their verdict, no two of them agree on that verdict. "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed on a verdict?" asks the court or the clerk of the jury as they come in after having spent the whole night in deliberating. If the jury say: "Yes, we have agreed," the verdict is recorded, but suppose one of the jurymen says: "I think the man was guilty of murder," and another says: "I think he was guilty of manslaughter in the second degree," and another man says: "I think he was guilty of assault and battery with intent to kill," the judge would say: "Go back to your room and bring in a verdict; agree on something; that is no verdict."

Here these infidel scientists have impaneled themselves as a jury to decide this trial between infidelity, the plaintiff, and Christianity, the defendant, and after being out for centuries they come in to render their verdict. Gentlemen of the jury have you agreed on a verdict? No, no. Then go back for another five hundred years and deliberate and agree on something. There is not a poor miserable wretch in the Tombs court tomorrow that could be condemned by a jury that did not agree on the verdict, and yet you expect us to give up our glorious Christianity to please these men who can not agree on anything.

Ah! my friends, the church of Jesus Christ, instead of falling back, is on the advance. I am certain it is on the advance. O, Lord God, take Thy sword from Thy thigh and ride forth to the victory.

I am mightily encouraged because I find, among other things, that while this Christianity has been bombarded for years, infidelity has not destroyed one church, or crippled one minister, or uprooted one verse of one chapter of all the Bible. The church all the time getting the victory, and the shot and shell of its enemies nearly exhausted. I have been examining their ammunition lately; I have looked through all their cartridge-boxes. They have not in the last twenty years advanced one new idea. They have utterly exhausted their ammunition in the battle against the church and against the Scriptures, while the sword of the Lord Almighty is as keen as it ever was. We are just getting our troops into line; they are coming up in companies, and regiments, and brigades, and you will hear a shout after awhile that will make the earth quake and the heavens ring with Alleluia. It will be this: "Forward the whole line!"

And then I find another most encouraging thought in the fact that the secular printing press and pulpit seem harnessed in the team for the proclamation of the Gospel. Every Wall street banker to-morrow in New York, every State street banker to-morrow in Boston, every Third street banker to-morrow in Philadelphia, every banker in the United States and every merchant will have in his pocket a treatise on Christianity, a call to repentance, ten, twenty or thirty passages of Scripture in the reports of sermons preached throughout these cities and throughout the land to-day. It will be so in Chicago, so in New Orleans, so in Charleston, so in Boston, so in Philadelphia, so everywhere. I know the tract societies are doing a grand and glorious work, but I tell you there is power on earth today equal to the fact that the American printing press is taking up the sermons which are preached to a few hundred or a few thousand people, and on Monday morning and Monday evening, in the morning and evening papers, scattering the truth to the millions. What a thought it is! What an encouragement for every Christian man!

Then look at the International Series of Sunday-school lessons. Do you know that every Sabbath, between three and five o'clock, there are five million children studying the same lesson, a lesson prepared by the leading minds of the country, and printed in the papers, and these subjects are discussed and given over to the teachers, who give them over to the children; so whereas once—and within our memory—the children nibbled here and there at a story in the Bible, now they are taken from Genesis to Revelation, and we shall have five million children forestalled for Christianity. My soul is full of exultation. I feel as if I could shout. I will shout: "Alleluia, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

Yonder is an aged Christian after fifty years' experience of the power of Godliness in his soul. Ask this man whether, when he buried his dead, the religion of Jesus Christ was not a consolation. Ask him if through the long years of his pilgrimage the Lord ever forsook him. Ask him when he looks forward to the future, if he has not a peace and a joy and a consolation the world can not take away. Put his testimony of what he has seen and what he has felt opposite to the testimony of a man who says he has not seen anything on the subject or felt anything on the subject. Will you take the testimony of people who have not or people who have seen?

You say morphia puts one to sleep. You say in time of sickness it is very useful. I deny it. Morphia never puts anybody to sleep, it never alleviates pain. You ask me why I say that. I have never tried it, I never took it. I deny that morphia is any soothing to the nerves, or any quiet in times of sickness. I deny that morphia ever put anybody to sleep; but here are twenty persons who say they have all felt the soothing effects of a physician's prescribing morphine. Whose testimony will you take? Those who took the medicine, or my testimony, I never having taken the medicine? Here is the Gospel of Jesus Christ, an anodyne for all trouble, the mightiest medicine that ever came down to earth. Here is a man who says: "I don't believe in it, there is no power in it." Here are other people who say: "We have found out its power and know its soothing influence; it has cured us." Whose testimony will you take in regard to this healing medicine?

Col. Ethan Allen was a famous infidel in his day. His wife was a very consecrated woman. The mother instructed the daughter in the truths of Christianity. The daughter sickened and was about to die, and she said to her father: "Father, shall I take your instruction? or shall I take mother's instruction? I am going to die now; I must have this matter decided." That man, who had been loud in his infidelity, said to his dying daughter: "My dear, you had better take your mother's religion." My advice is the same to you, O young man, you had better take your mother's religion. You know how it comforted her. You know what she said to you when she was dying. You had better take your mother's religion.

FOR SUNDAY READING.

"NEARER TO THEE."

They were singing, sweetly singing,
  And the song [illegible]
On the evening's [illegible] came to me
  "Nearer, O my God, to Thee!"
It [illegible] the [illegible] sound
  As it kissed the twilight [illegible]
And I wondered as I listened
  If it brought them nearer Him.

Were they like the wanderer weary,
  Song and life in sweet accord,
Resting in the desert's [illegible]
  In that nearness to the Lord?
Did the sunlight ever see them,
  To the [illegible]
Had that dear song ever brought them
  Closer to the Saviour's side?

I have heard its music often,
  Felt its meaning deep and sweet,
And my weary heart would soften
  Sinking at my Master's feet.
"Nearer Thee"—oh, precious feeling!—
  Nearer Thee in gain and loss,
Nearer Thee when I am kneeling
  In the shadow of Thy cross.

Nearer Thee when care, descending,
  Falls in blessings on my head;
Nearer Thee when I am bending
  O'er the graves that hide my dead!
Nearer Thee in joy, in sorrow,
  'Tis the same where'er I roam;
Nearer Thee to-day, to-morrow,
  O my King, my Christ, my Home!
—Frank L. Stanton, in "Songs of a Day."

PRIDE OF THE WORLD.

Christ's Living Rebuke to a Great and Productive Sin.

The word pride does not often occur in the New Testament, but it is in very bad company where it does occur. The Saviour says: "Out of the heart of men proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, *pride*, foolishness." Paul, using the adjective, says: "Men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, *proud*, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, trucebreakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God, having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." And John puts together "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes and the pride of life."

No affection or sin could be in worse company. It is a nest of vipers. It is itself a whole brood of vipers. For the deceptions, frauds, shams, jealousies, envyings, strifes, resentments, bitterness and hatreds of life generally belong to it. It is as many-headed as the Lernean serpent that Hercules was set to kill, and it is just as hard to kill. Men are proud when they are puffed up by success, and they are proud when they are put down by disappointment. The man at the top of the ladder looks down at the man at the foot of the ladder with pride and contempt, and the man at the bottom looks up at the man at the top with pride and hate. This is the principal difference between the upper classes and the lower classes. When they change places their pride remains and hate is turned to contempt. The woman who rides in a splendid equipage may be vain. The woman who looks at her from the sidewalk may be envious; both are proud. The one is pride on wheels, the other pride on foot. No doubt some people go to church to display their fine clothes, but many more stay at home because they do not have fine clothes.

Pride makes most of our wants. It does not take much to keep out the cold, but it does take much to keep up with the fashions. We could probably keep just as warm in mud or sod houses as in palatial stone fronts; and the little old-fashioned windows would let in as much light as now gets in through three thicknesses of shades and lace curtains, but then it would not be so gratifying to pride. It does not take much to feed our bodies, but it does take much to feed our pride. It has a great mouth, hungry eyes and an appetite which grows on what it feeds upon. The wife of a man who was many times a millionaire went abroad and in two of the world's great capitals lived in splendor which eclipsed royalty. But it was not enough. She must have a title for her daughter, and so a man with a great title, a small soul and bad record was found and the girl and the money went for the bauble. And now the daughter has fled to her native country to escape her marital misery. This is an extreme case, but human pride runs that way. It is never satisfied as long as there is anything above or beyond it. Give it the power and it would dethrone God Himself.

It also makes much of our trouble and sorrow. It is not often that the body gets a blow which hurts, but our pride gets hit and hurt every day. People are more miserable because they have not realized their proud ambitions and kept up with somebody else than because they are hungry or sick.

But what is worse, pride spoils our goodness. We do not like the humble way of doing good. We like state occasions, to be on important committees, and better still to be at the head of them, and "to come to the front when anything unusual is going on." A great sweeping movement with plenty of prominence and eclat is what suits us best. "Slum work!" from house to house! Deliver us! If we get crossed and our plans are not carried out, then there is trouble. Most of the church difficulties and grievances are due to the fact that all can not have their own way. Offended members, members with sores and grievances, if hunted right down to an honest acknowledgment of their real trouble would have to admit, in a majority of cases, that wounded pride is at the bottom of it all.

And these things are so, because Christians do not consider how sinful pride is. "God resisteth the proud," it is said. There is no sin against which God has set Himself with more severity. Publicans and sinners could readily find access to the Saviour. But the pride of the Pharisee stirred the wrath even of the Lamb.

It is the less excusable also because the Saviour has done so much through example, teaching and enducement to overcome it in us. His incarnation was the incarnation of humility rather than of power. All the universe can tell us of Divine power, but Christ alone tells us of the Divine humility. Born in a manger, crucified between two thieves! What a beginning and ending of that earthly career! But how it teaches us that we ought to be humble. And more, it teaches us how beautiful and mighty humility is. "Thy gentleness hath made me great."—Chicago Advance.

PELE'S POWER BROKEN.

A Modern Elijah in the Person of a Young Christian Hawaiian.

At the Columbian exposition in Chicago, during the past year, many of us saw in the Midway plaisance the panorama of the volcano of Kilauea, which is on the island of Hawaii, and heard the natives of that island sing their old incantations to Pele, the goddess of fire (who once was supposed to live in the volcano), and then join in the hymns of their present Christian worship. But probably we do not all know how it came to pass that the wild heathen melodies gave way to the gentler, better style of music, or how it was that Pele ceased to be an object of homage, though, now that the Hawaiians are an exalted race so much better, it may be well for us to learn a little of their history.

About eighty years ago the people of the Sandwich islands, as they were then called, had very queer ideas about many things. They believed that certain places or things were sacred, or "tabu," as they said, and anybody who should touch one of these objects, or break the rules of "tabu" in any way, was at once put to death. One of the places that was most strongly guarded was the volcano of Kilauea, where reigned Pele, who, as their old stories told them, had been driven from one island to another by the water god, Kamapuaa, who had the body of a man and the head of a pig, and had finally taken refuge in this burning crater. When she was angry, they said, she would turn herself into a flow of lava and come rushing down upon her enemies, or she would fling hot stones down upon their heads.

But as ships from other lands came more frequently to these shores, and the people saw that the sailors could do without injury the things that they dared not do, they began to lose faith in their superstitions, and to disobey the laws themselves once in awhile, and at last the whole system of "tabu" was swept away, except so far as Pele was concerned. The people still regarded her with awe and reverence.

In 1820 the first missionaries went to the Sandwich islands, and though they had not much encouragement for awhile, in course of time there were several converts, among them Kapiolani, the daughter of one of the chieftains. She soon made up her mind that there was no more truth in their notion about Pele than there had been in the other "tabus," and she bravely determined to prove this fact to the people by walking over the mountain and coming back unhurt. Her friends begged her not to risk her life in this rash attempt, but as they could not make her give up her plan, and were too curious as to what might happen to her to let her go out of their sight, about eighty persons, trembling with fear and excitement, followed her up the mountain-side. She walked straight to the brink of the crater, and, while the fire roared before her, and the flames leaped into the air, she quietly ate some berries supposed to be sacred to Pele, and even threw stones down into the crater, an action that was thought to be especially displeasing to the goddess. Still nothing unusual took place, and Kapiolani said calmly: "Jehovah is my God; I fear not Pele; should I perish by her anger, then you may fear her power; but if Jehovah save me when breaking her tabus, then must you fear and serve Jehovah." Then she asked that a Christian hymn might be sung, a prayer was offered, and then, as no sign of any sort had been made by the dreaded goddess, the people turned and all went wonderingly home, and the power of Pele was broken forever. From that time the work of the missionaries went steadily on, and in little more than forty years the Hawaiian islands were counted among the Christian nations of the earth.—Martha Burr Banks, in Outlook.

Snared in His Own Net.

Snared in the very net he attempted to avoid! Such was the case with Herod. "He would have put John to death" for reproving him, "but he feared the multitude, because they counted him as a prophet." Restrained by circumstances from committing the murder which was in his heart, he is caught in a snare which the poor fool laid for himself, and compelled to do with his hand what his heart had already done. He was sorry afterwards. It is true, yes, that he had to meet the condemnation and disapproval of the multitude, but not that he had murdered John. He would have done that before, but that he feared the multitude. It is worth something to have a care for a good name, but worth much more to possess a character which justifies a good name.—Christian at Work.

The Way to Heaven.

"The story is told that on a certain occasion, when a company of persons were discussing in a crowded room sacred subjects and certain prominent men, one suddenly exclaimed: 'I should like to meet that bishop of Lichfield; I'd put a question to him that would puzzle him.'

"Very well," said a voice out of another corner: "now is your time, for I am the bishop."

The man was somewhat startled and taken aback, but presently recovered himself and said: "Well, my lord, can you tell me the way to Heaven?"

"Nothing easier," answered the bishop; "you have only to turn to the right and go straight ahead."

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

—Christian life consists in faith and charity.—Martin Luther.

—If you would grow more in grace, try praying more for people you don't like.—Ram's Horn.

—"Trust" is the oil that makes the machinery of a Christian life run smooth.

—Habits are to the soul what the veins and arteries are to the blood.—Horace Bushnell.

—Studying the expression of actors doesn't often teach a man how to talk in a prayer meeting.—Young Men's Era.

—If frankness, loyalty and honor ought to reign anywhere, it is in the hearts of the children of the Gospel that they should find their seat of empire.—Le Courtier.

—A healthy body is good; but a soul in right health—it is the thing beyond all others to be prayed for; the blessedest thing this earth receives of Heaven.—Thomas Carlyle.

—The soul must sometimes sweat blood. Nothing great is achieved without the severest discipline of heart and mind; nothing is well done that is done easily.—Bayard Taylor.

—Never bear more than one trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—all they have ever had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.—Edward Everett Hale.

—When the peace of God has possession of the mind, it guards us from temptation and harm by keeping the heart from desiring evil things, and the thoughts from wandering in forbidden paths.—United Presbyterian.

—When we have gone searchingly through all the books of other religions we shall find that they are as torches of various sizes and brilliance lighting up the darkness of the night, but the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are like the sun shining in the heavens and lighting up the whole world.—Charles A. Briggs.

—There are those who desire to know only that they may know, and this bears the taint of curiosity; to know that they may be known, and this is but vanity; to sell their knowledge, and this is a shameful trade; but some that they may be built up in the love and fear of God, and that is wisdom.—St. Bernard.

—Only in the sacredness of inward silence does the soul truly meet the secret hiding God. The strength of resolve, which afterward shapes life and mixes itself with action, is the fruit of those sacred, solitary moments when we meet God alone.—Frederick William Robertson.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

WHY LIQUORS ARE INJURIOUS.

Strong Testimony from Authorities on Dietetics.

We have in two previous articles discussed the point that intoxicating liquors act injuriously upon the human body; that they are not true foods, and do not perform any food functions, save in a degree so small as to be imperceptible; and that the action of the alcohol which is their principal constituent is always more or less harmful. But in these papers we have by no means exhausted the high scientific authorities who have spoken or written upon this subject. Sir Henry Thompson, perhaps the greatest authority on dietetics in this country, in his work "Diet in Relation to Age and Activity," published in London in 1886, says: "Enough, and more than enough, perhaps, has been uttered concerning the prejudicial effects on the body of habitually using alcoholic beverages. It is rare now to find anyone, well acquainted with human physiology, and capable of observing and appreciating the ordinary wants and usages of life around him, who does not believe that, with few exceptions, men and women are healthier and stronger, physically, intellectually and morally, without such drinks than with them."

Perhaps one of the most distressing direct effects of drinking is the injury to the digestive organs. Doctors Todd and Bowman, in their physiological anatomy, state positively that "alcohol retards digestion by coagulating the pepsine, and thus interfering with its action." The most recent discussion of this branch of the subject is that of Sir William Robert in his "Lectures on Dietetics and Dyspepsia," in which he says that "ardent spirits, as used dietetically, do not hamper salivary digestion, but rather promote it, by causing an increased flow of saliva;" but that "both the stronger and the lighter wines show a powerful inhibitory effect on salivary digestion. Even so small a proportion as 1 per cent. of sherry or hock was found to paralyze saliva almost completely. Malt liquors were found to hamper salivary digestion exactly in proportion to their degree of acidity."

With regard to stomach digestion, Sir William says that his experiments "indicate that ardent spirits, as usually employed dietetically, by temperate persons, act as pure stimulants to gastric digestion, exciting an increased flow of gastric juice. The less concentrated kind of alcoholic beverages, wine and beers, have an effect on peptic action which differs importantly from that of the distilled spirits. Their inhibitory influence is greatly out of proportion to the dosage of alcohol contained in them." But it will be noted that he carefully points out that distilled liquors act as stimulants to gastric digestion, by causing an increased flow of gastric juice. Is this not certain to lessen, if continued, the secreting power of the glands, by over-exciting them? Its use is like whipping a willing horse, causing him to over-exert himself. Any horseman knows that if this were made habitual it would ruin the animal.

Prof. E. A. Parkes, speaking of the effect of alcohol on bodily labor, says "the inferences were that even any amount of alcohol, although it did not produce symptoms of narcosis, would act injuriously by increasing unnecessarily the action of the heart, which the labor alone had sufficiently augmented. These experiments are in accord with common experience, which shows that men engaged in very hard labor, as ironpuddlers, glass-blowers, navvies on piece work, and prize-fighters during training, do their work more easily without alcohol." Of the general use of alcohol, he says: "In health it is certainly not a necessity, and many persons are much better without it."

With this mass of evidence before us, it is foolish for anyone to controvert the views expressed. Those who are endeavoring to fight the battle of temperance should see to it that the armory of facts here presented is effectively used in their warfare. When the masses of the American people understand the truth about alcohol, they will prove willing allies in the effort to pulverize the rum power.—Toledo Blade.

SOME SOUND ADVICE.

George W. Childs, Among Other Things, Enjoined Strict Temperance.

"I have always believed that it is possible to unite success in business with strict moral integrity. I am aware that many people think that the ethics of business or of politics are quite distinct, and that a man may do things in his public employment which he will not think it right to do in his domestic or private life. I do not agree with this view, and if the record of my life has any value, it is in showing that at least it is not necessary to success in business that a man should indulge in 'sharp' practice. But even if it were necessary, still it would not follow that it is worth while. We can not afford to do or say a mean thing. There are higher satisfactions than the mere getting of money, and riches can not compensate a man for the consciousness of having lived a dishonorable and selfish life.

"Speaking of selfishness leads me to speak of generosity. I think the habit of generosity may be cultivated, like other habits. And I have felt that it is a great mistake to put off being generous until you are dead. In the first place, you lose the pleasure of witnessing the good that you may do; and, again, no one can administer your gifts for you as well as you can do it for yourself. It is a great pleasure to be brought into personal relations of that kind, and to make people feel that you are not a philanthropist in the abstract, but that you are interested in them personally, and care for their welfare. In that way you benefit them not merely in a material way, but you make them feel that men are really brothers, and that they were made to help one another. Not only is that feeling agreeable in itself, but it will be apt to prompt them to carry out the principle themselves. Put yourself into all you do and let others feel that you are there. Do not only contribute to a charitable object, but go yourself and help. It may seem an inconvenience at first, but soon you will come to consider it worth any inconvenience.

"I can not lay too great a stress on the matter of strict temperance. Drinking beer, wine or spirits is a useless and dangerous habit. It does no good, and if the habit is continued it is almost sure to lead to destruction and death. Taste not. Touch not. Handle not. You should have courage to say 'No' if you are asked to drink. In looking back over my life I can recall many of the best and most promising of my companions who were ruined by the habit of drinking—not one of whom ever imagined that he would be wrecked in mind and body, and eventually fill a drunkard's grave. There is no safety in moderate drinking; everyone who touches it at all is in danger.

"Perhaps I ought to say a word about the companions a young man should choose for himself in life. You should try to make companions of the best people you can become acquainted with. In order to do this you must have something in yourself that may be a return to them for what they give you. It is not necessary for this purpose to be a genius, or to have a remarkable intellect or extraordinary erudition. But be yourself, and be a man, and learn to think of others before yourself, and you will have friends enough and of the best. To be intimate with the magnanimous and the noble aids to form those qualities in one's self. A man is known by the company he keeps, and those who know what friends you have will be able to form a very correct idea of what you yourself are. You should see to it that this estimate be as high as your opportunities may secure.

"But perhaps I can not better sum up my advice to young people than to say that I have derived and still find the greatest pleasure in my life from doing good to others. Do good constantly, patiently and wisely, and you will never have cause to say that your life was not worth living."—N. Y. Ledger.

THE PRESENT STATUS.

Elements Now at Work Against the Drink Habit.

Concerning the temperance movement in our land and throughout the world to-day, the pessimist says—and says truly—"There never was so much liquor manufactured in any one year since time began as in the year 1893, and as a consequence never did so much liquor flow down the people's throats as in this same year of grace." "But," says the optimist, "there is each year a larger acreage from which the brewer and distiller may gather the golden grain and luscious fruits; there are more people to imbibe the exhilarating poison; but, per contra, there was never so much intelligent thinking in any one year as to the drink delusion, there never were so many children studying in the schools the laws written in their members, there were never such gatherings together of temperance people to consult on the two great questions what to do and what not to do as in this year; there was never such a volume of experience and expert testimony and knowledge so varied, so complete, as we had at the international congress, there were never so many total abstainers in proportion to the population, never so many intelligent people who could render a reason scientific, ethical, esthetic, for their total abstinence faith as now; there were never so many pulpits from which to bombard the liquor traffic and the drink habit; there were never so many journalists who had a friendly word to say for the temperance reform; there was never such a stirring up of temperance politics; for the foremost historic nation of the world, Great Britain, has this year for the first time adopted as a plank in the platform of the dominant party the principle that the people shall themselves decide whether or not they want the public house; and as a natural consequence of this political action there was never a public sentiment so respectful toward the temperance Reform. The great world-brain is becoming saturated with the idea that it is reasonable and kind to let strong drink alone. The vastness of these changes can only be measured by the remembrance that a few generations ago these same drinks were the accredited emblems, in cot and palace alike, of hospitality, kindness and good-will."—Frances E. Willard, in Union Signal.

Qualities of the Drunkard.

The typical drunkard is a graceless, unpleasant egotist. He is irritable and exacting, peevish, petulant, hypochondriac. He is an unpleasant person to live with, for he has stripped himself of the virtues that make for peace and happiness. He gets out of sorts, becomes self-centered, feels sorry for himself, and demands sympathy and consideration. Afraid to cross him, his friends exaggerate the evil by trying to make things easy for him instead of teaching him to accept the conditions he has imposed upon himself. It requires more pluck and self control than the drunkard can command to accept failure without excuses, so he becomes talkative and untruthful. I have never known a drunkard who was not a liar, and usually he is a bad liar. At first the drunkard may simply resort to inexactness and exaggeration for self-protection, but afterward he takes to deliberate falsification, and makes a rapid descent through evasion, concealment, and duplicity to gratuitous and cruel lying.—Wilson on "Drunkenness."

FACTS AND FINDINGS.

The Chicago Tribune says that liquor was the cause of 148 murders reported in its columns in 1893.

Statistics of the World's fair recently published show that out of a total attendance of 27,500,000, only 136 cases drunkenness were reported.

If for ten years England could get rid of drink, she would at that time become such a paradise as men would hardly recognize.—John Bright.

When the skull of a man who has died with delirium tremens is sawed into the gas which escapes can be lighted, and will burn with a bluish alcoholic flame.

A single brewery in the northwest provinces of India, where so many millions suffer from hunger, daily uses an amount of grain to form malt for beer that would feed twenty thousand each day.

Temperance women of Norway asked the public authorities a short time ago to make it unlawful for women or girls to serve in public houses. The request has been granted, and now a drink-seller can not employ any other woman than his own wife.

Drunkenness is practically a warfare against society and the existing order of things. The inebriate insists on committing suicide, and pauperizing his family and associates while doing it. He pursues a career destructive to all law and order and sanitary life and living, and is a social outcast that has forfeited all rights of freedom.

Most contractors allow and day laborers demand what is called "beer time," which means about ten minutes intermission forenoon and afternoon, for going for beer. As long as cold buckwheat cakes soaked in gravy, sausage, chunks of baker's bread, hard boiled eggs and such food constitute the contents of the dinner pail, beer will be bought, and until hygienic cooking is taught at the same time as the three R's, the saloon will be patronized by the workingman.

A temperance society has been organized in St. Petersburg, Russia, which includes a brother of the reigning czar, a high dignitary of the Greek church, and the ministers of all the departments of government. The leading Russian newspaper, in commenting on this new alliance of government with temperance, says: "Only the cooperation of the government department with the efforts of the society can deliver the people from the thraldom of drunkenness. To abolish such is the province and the power of the government."

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Iowa's new senator, John H. Gear, is a New Yorker.

Missouri has three living ex-United States senators: Carl Schurz, D. S. Jewett and John B. Henderson.

Luther R. Marsh, the New York lawyer who was victimized by Mme. Diss Debar, is now living quietly in Middletown.

Charles Lewis Decaux, 8 feet 4½ inches, is the tallest soldier in the Belgian army. Because of Decaux's size he gets double rations.

Mrs. Joseph K. Emmet, the widow of J. K. Emmet, the actor, was recently married in Albany to William B. Mix, the son of a wealthy business man of the city.

Mr. Adolphus Busch, the St. Louis brewer, recently gave the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, in that city, a fine tract of land on which to build a convent and loaned them $100,000 to begin the building.

One of the wealthiest men in the Argentine Republic is Senor Jose Guazzone, the "wheat king." He owns 60,000 acres of land. He went to Buenos Ayres in 1855, when 21 years old, with only a few dollars in his pocket.

Mr. Caffery of Louisiana is said to be the only member of the United States senate who changes his neckties daily. He wears only blue ties, but in every manner of the lightest shades of that color and never the same shade two days in succession.

Dr. James Martineau, the famous English Unitarian divine, was born in 1805, which makes him four years older than Gladstone and 10 years the senior of Bismarck. Although not doing active ministerial duty, his intellect is unimpaired, and his bodily vigor is remarkable.

Hugh Cameron, a Pennsylvanian who located near Lawrence, Kan., 39 years ago and has lived alone there since in a one story log cabin on his 32 acre farm (excepting the four years he served in the war), is said to be related to the family that has given two members to the United States senate.

THESE ARE STYLISH.

Ruches and ruffles of silk mousseline for trimming silk gowns.

Jet butterflies of every size and kind for dresses and millinery.

Swiss ribbed underwear daintily trimmed with silk crocheted edges.

Taffeta having broche stripes of a narrow width for informal gowns.

Surah satin evening gowns trimmed with mirror velvet sleeve puffs.

Simple gowns of china silk trimmed with revers and collar of bright colored velvet.

Light moire evening gowns having accessories of plain satin and a trimming of lace.

Large sized Windsor ties to form into a short, wide bow after the style of the Incroyable.

Crepon tea gowns having an accordion plaited front of the same or a contrasting material.

Medium sized grosgrain silks for handsome house dresses, trimmed with white point de venise lace.

White velvet for short Spanish jackets to be trimmed with fur and worn with woolen or silk costumes.

Artificial flowers of undoubted beauty, among which the rose, pansy and lily of the valley are prominent.

Lovely lightweight black silk warp challies and tamise, which are suitable for all the year round house dresses.—Dry Goods Economist.

RAILROAD TIES.

There are 151,389 street cars in operation in the United States.

A new 18 stall roundhouse is being built at the western end of the Wilkesbarre and Eastern, near Laflin, Pa.

Information bureaus are getting to be an absolute necessity in railroad waiting rooms in all large cities. The New York Central is now establishing one in the waiting room of the Utica station.

The New York, New Haven and Hartford's new office building, just opened in New Haven, is one of the most magnificent in this country. It is situated on the corner of Meadow and Water streets and cost $400,000.

The famous Empire State express on the New York Central, which is the fastest train in the world, has broken its own record. On a recent run it covered 148 miles between Albany and Syracuse, in the remarkable time of 151 minutes.

The number of miles first traveled by a trolley car on the average before an accident is encountered has been figured as 11,202; on a horse car, 7,570, in both cases 50 per cent. being accidents of a trivial nature, and steam railroads, 6,114 miles.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The purest English is supposed to be spoken in Lincolnshire.

Waste land in Turkey sells at $15 per acre; good farming land at $125 to $185.

The British museum has 25 miles of books and the largest collection of curiosities in the world.

Midway plaisance was given its name long before the world's fair in Chicago was ever thought of.

A Delayed Message.

The average New York man has his own views regarding the suburban native. A lawyer and his wife who live in New York decided to spend a Sunday evening with their sister in Westchester county. They had promised to go out on a certain train, when a sleigh was to be waiting for them at the station. On the day when they were to start the New Yorkers, seeing that they could not go by that train, tried to telephone to the Westchester county house. Something was wrong, however, with the Westchester telephone, and so the lawyer called up the station agent, who keeps a stable, is postmaster, and commissioner and everything else.

"Will you send word to Mr. S.," he asked, "not to send to the 2:30 train, but to have the sleigh at the station for the 4 o'clock train?"

The stable keeper, etc., promised that he would, and that ended the conversation.

When the lawyer and his wife stepped off the train, they found a brother-in-law waiting for them who looked as if he had a grievance.

"Why in the world didn't you send me word that you were going to wait over a train?" he asked. "I have been freezing around here for an hour and a half."

"Why, didn't J., the agent, tell you?"

"Not a word from J."

So they took the complacent agent, etc., to task, and this is the way he explained it:

"You see, at first I was going to send over, and then I thought to myself your coachman would come over for the 2:30 train, and I could tell him. Then he could go back and tell you."

"Well, but you did not say a word to me when you saw that I, and not the coachman, had come."

"Well, what was the use? As long as you were here there was no use sending you back to your house to tell your own self something, was there? So I didn't bother you."—New York Tribune.

Evidently a Foreigner.

"How will you have your hair cut, sah?" said the talkative barber to the man in the chair.

"Minus conversational prolixity," replied the patient.

"How's dat, sah?"

"With abbreviated or totally eliminated narration."

"Guess I don't catch on yit, boss."

"With quiescent mandibulars."

"Which?"

"Without effervescent verbosity."

"Sah?"

"Let diminutive colloquy be conspicuous by its absence."

The barber scratched his head thoughtfully a second and then went over to the proprietor of the shop with the whispered remark:

"I dunno whether that man in my chair is crazy or a foreigner, but I kyant find out what he wants, so I kyant."

The proprietor went to the waiting customer and said politely:

"My man doesn't seem to understand you, sir. How would you like your hair cut?"

"In silence."

The proprietor gave a withering look at his journeyman, while the latter began work and felt so utterly crushed that he never asked the patient if he'd buy a bottle of hair restorer.—Truth.

Not So Grasping.

Young Goldington—Had I the wealth of Crœsus, I would adorn this fair finger with a diamond as large around as a silver dime.

Miss Simperly—La, Henry, how extravagant! I should be perfectly satisfied with one as large as a nickel.—Chicago Tribune.

Fruit House Prices for 1894.

There has been many changes and reverses the past year in politics, as well as in business affairs. The lessons taught ought to be of much value in the future. If it be true, the rescinding of the Sherman act is a blessing to the country. Then the fewer we have of such blessings the better. If the country is to keep on growing half millionaires and half paupers, then we are in as much danger as when Lincoln made the declaration that we cannot exist as a nation half slave and half free.

There has been great depreciation in many goods, none more so than on sugar. It is so low now that you can purchase a barrel at about the same price as 100 lbs. a few years ago. The Sugar "Barons" are uneasy that congress will take steps to break up their trust, hence the stocks have taken a tumble and the sugar went with it. The reduction is equal to 1½c in the last two months.

Crushed and Powdered, 4½c.
Standard Granulated, 4½c.
Coffee A, 4c.
Extra C, 3¾c.
Good Brown, 3c.

Of course it cannot be expected these unprecedented low prices can long continue, hence would recommend liberal purchases now. There is no possibility of going lower. So with

TEAS.

They are unusually low. When you can purchase a pound of Good Tea at the same price as a pound of Coffee, it is natural the Tea will be preferred, for one pound of tea will go as far as two pounds of coffee, and in consequence is much more economical. Our Tea Trade is growing continually. We sell them at a small profit, this we can afford to do, for we purchase in large lots direct from the importers and resell direct to our customers, thereby saving to our customers the intermediate profits of the jobber and speculator, which is at least 10c to 15c per pound.

Young Hyson, extra good, 30c.
Young Hyson, choice, 40c; best 50c.
Imperial, extra choice, 40c; best, 50c.
Gunpowder, extra, 40c; best 50c.
Uncolored Japan, 35c, 30c, best 50c.
English Breakfast, 40c; best 50c.
Oolong, extra Black Tea, 35c; best, 50c.
Tea Dust, 15c lb.

The 35c tea is good; in fact, we sell double the amount of this to any other. Our best 50c is high flavor—choice goods and no better in market.

COFFEE.

The coffee market has been controlled some by speculation, but mostly by the war in Brazil—in consequence of the war which is still going on, the supplies from Brazil are very uncertain, and not likely to be a settled market until the war ceases. The quotations are very firm and no decline looked for.

Rio Coffee, green, 20c; best, 25c.
All package coffees, 25c.
Rio Coffee, roasted, best, 25c.
Mocha, green, 30c; roasted, 35c.
Old Government Java, 30c; roasted, 35c.

Canned Goods, Fruits and Vegetables.

Standard Tomatoes, 3 lb can, 10c.
California Green Gages, 15c.
3 lb Pie Peaches, 8c.
3 lb Baltimore Peaches, 15c.
California 3-lb. Peaches, 20c.
California Apricots, 17c.

Machine Oils and Castor Oils.

Castor Oil (down to) 1.5 per gal.
Fish oil, 50c gal.
Golden Machine Oil, 30c gal.
Black Machine Oil, 20c gal.
Neatsfoot Oil, 75c gal.
Linseed Oil, boiled, 75c gal.

Syrups and Molasses.

New Orleans Molasses, 35c; best 50c gal.
Sorghum, extra nice, from Kentucky, 40c.
Golden Drips, 30c, best 40c gal.
Vermont Maple Syrup, 60c gal.

Raisins, Currants and Citrons.

These goods are exceedingly low, in fact, never in the history of the trade have they been so low. In place of being luxuries, they are so cheap they have become of every-day use.

California Raisins, 5c per lb.
California London Layers, 10c.
California Muscatels, 6c.
Zante Currants, No. 1, 4c lb.
Citron, Leghorn, extra nice, 15c lb.

The 5c California Raisins are nice and fresh, all the difference not so large as the others.

Tobacco and Cigars.

Horse Shoe Plug, 40c lb.
Tico Plug, 25 lb.
Mail Pouch Smoking, 35c lb.
Cigars from 40c to $1.25 box.
1903, $1.25 box.
J. T. Plug, 35c lb.
Durham Smoking, 45c lb.
Sweet Tobacco Smoking, 15c lb.
Harvest Gem, 40c box.
Royal Seal, 65c box.
All good smokers.
A. B. C. Plug, 25c plug.
Briar Smoking, 35c lb.
Growing Hen, 75c box.
Sport, 75c box.

Wines and Liquors for Medical Purposes Only.

We handle nothing but Pure Domestic Wines and Foreign goods.
Kelly Island Catawba, best goods, 60c gal.
California Angelica, very fine, $1.25 gal.
Kentucky Bourbon, $1.25 gal.
Bourbon Extra, two years old, $1.40 and $1.75.
Gin and Catawba Brandy, $1.75 gal.
Scotch Ale, London and Dublin Porter, 20c bottle.
Port Wine from Kelly Island, $1.25 gal.
California, Muscatel, best, $1.25 gal.
Alcohol, full proof and pure, $2.50 gal.
Old 76, $2.50 gal.
Wine in Bottles, 30 and 40c bottle.
One-Year-Old Rye, $1.00 gal.

You Will Save 20c on the Dollar by Trading at

FORT WAYNE FRUIT HOUSE.

The Evening Sentinel.
SATURDAY, MARCH 21 1891.

BASEBALL GENERALS.

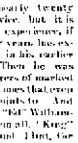
SOME FIELD MARSHALS OF THE BIG LEAGUE.

Old Man Anson Still Maintains the Leadership—Patsy Tebeau Thought to Be the Coming Man—Other Great Headworkers of the Game.

THE DIFFICULTY Manager Irwin of the Philadelphia club has had in selecting from his list of players a man suitable to fill the position of captain of his team shows how very few players there are who are capable of filling the important position satisfactorily. A good captain is as necessary, if not more so, to the success of a team than a good manager. The latter looks after the general welfare of the players off the field and sits on the bench with them at times. But the manager on the bench is more or less a bluff, and the head work and playing of fine points of the game eventually devolve upon the captain.

A manager can, of course, command his players to sacrifice at certain times when the stage of the game demands it and can "shake up" his men when they prefer the bench to the coaching lines, but it is the captain whose head work generally does the business, and a team with a sharp, shrewd, hustling captain will in the end win more games for his team than will the manager.

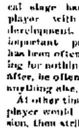
Probably Capt. Anson combines as many of the qualities for both as any one in the business. The "old man" has the advantage of nearly twenty consecutive years' service, but it is doubtful, even with his experience, if his work of the past few years has excelled that done by him in his earlier days as a manager. Then he was fortunate in having players of marked and uniform ability and ones that even he could scarcely give points to. And yet with such players as "Ed" Williamson, the "dandy" of them all, "King" Kelly, Burns, Pfeffer and Flint, the "old man" was prominent in such fast company, and his individuality was just as prominent in his team of champions as in his present team. It is just the same strong individuality that has made Anson so successful. He is always a prominent figure in every game, and is as popular with lovers of the game throughout the country now as he was in the height of his prosperity and ability. His players always respected him.



PATSY TEBEAU.

A captain to hold the obedient respect of his players must be their equal surely in playing ability. To be their superior in that respect is an added advantage. A ball player is the most sensitive of creatures to public approval or disapprobation. He will strut around with his chest out and pick out his friends to converse with when things are going his way, and he is wafted to the top wave of popularity by the approving shouts of thousands of spectators for a winning hit or a brilliant bit of fielding display. At such a time, too, he feels as if it would be lowering his dignity to abject depths to listen to his captain's orders too closely. In fact, he knows it all himself. A home run at a critical stage has ruined many a ball player with a normal cranium development. The swelling of that important part of his anatomy has been often too abrupt, and looking for nothing but home runs thereafter, he often lost the ability to get anything else, even his salary.

At other times not so fortunate the player would make errors in profusion, then strike out several times and the assembled cranks would be just as enthusiastic in yelling, "You're rotten!" "Get a balloon!" as before they were to laud him to the skies. In these cases he is in no hurry to dress and parade himself before the admiring, lingering spectators. On the contrary he takes plunge after plunge into the tank, as if to purge himself of the "Jonahism" which he imagines encompasses him. He pokes cautiously and timidly out of the dressing room, and as the last spectator passes out the gate he ventures out and goes by the back streets to his home, "None so poor as to do him honor."



CAPT. DONOVAN.

If it is the captain of the team who meets with this last unfortunate experience, what can his feelings be the next day as he takes his place on the field in charge of his team? He feels sheepish and mean, with no ambition to direct or order his men. If he did so, some individual who had made the home run the day before would possibly look at some of his fellows and say: "What do you think of that guy? He had better learn how to play himself before dictating to me." It was just this reason of not being equal or superior to their own men that made Joe Quinn of St. Louis, Allen of Philadelphia and O'Rourke of Washington unsuccessful as captains. It is not probable that either will act in that capacity again this season. The most successful captains were those like Ward, Nash, Tebeau, Anson and Donovan, who by their own ability as players derived the confidence with which to direct their fellows. No [illegible] player will ever make a successful captain. He may have a good head for it and all that, but actions, not ideas, count.

John M. Ward makes a good captain for the reason that he can perform and tries for everything he expects and orders his men to do. He knows how the game should be played to obtain the best results. He is quick to grasp a point and quick to execute. He makes error and would be no good if he didn't. He tries for everything. John has a disposition, perhaps, to find fault a little too quickly with his men for errors, and at times is too much depressed by hard luck, which has a corresponding effect on his men, and he sometimes aggravates an umpire more than he should for his team's best interests, but in the main the Giants' captain is all right, and we wouldn't exchange him for any player in the profession. He will have a different team to direct this year than last, and if he doesn't land them one, two, three, we will eat crow and call it turkey.

"Billy" Nash, of the Bostons has made a great success as captain. He is somewhat modest and retiring in his disposition, as is his manager, Selee. He is as game as a pebble, however, and is never "left" on the points of the game. He can argue a point with an umpire, too, but is usually forced into any decided kicks he makes by those other two captains of the Bostons, Duffy and McCarthy. Duffy has the faculty, or he thinks he has, of seeing a ball cut the plate, standing at an angle in deep outfield better than the umpire standing directly behind the plate. It is a most valuable trait, but unfortunate for Mr. Duffy at times. Duffy would make a model spectator. There are any quantity of them who can and do decide strikes and balls from the stands, behind first and third bases, in their minds.

CAPT. NASH.

Oliver "Patsy" Tebeau of Cleveland has a fiery, "Kerry Patch" disposition, which developed mountainous kicking propensities last year. He is a fighter clear through and works for his team and victory like the Irishman he is. He has many admirers for just these qualities among New Yorkers.

SAM CRANE.

LUCILLE SAUNDERS.

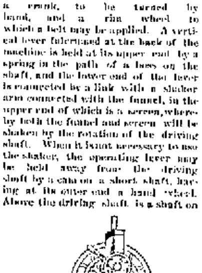
One of the Bright Stars of the American Operatic Stage.

Lucille Saunders, the singer, was born in Hartford, Conn. Ten years ago she went to Paris, France, to receive vocal instruction, and remained for three years under the tuition of the celebrated teacher, Mme. de la Grange. Having completed her studies she went to London, England, where she made her first appearance at one of the promenade concerts at Covent Garden theater, where she met with great success and where she continued for a time to appear. Through the kindness of Mrs. Ronalds, a well-known London society leader, who gave her valuable introductions, Miss Saunders devoted herself for the following three seasons to drawing room singing and to concerts, becoming celebrated for her rendition of English and French songs. She was subsequently secured as principal contralto by the Carl Rosa Grand Opera company, and appeared in all the leading contralto roles in the extensive repertory of that company, in all of which she achieved great success. She has also appeared in English and Italian opera, under the management of Sir Augustus Harris, at Covent Garden and Drury Lane theaters, London. She is now engaged with the Bostonians, alternating in the principal contralto roles with Jessie Bartlett Davis.

LUCILLE SAUNDERS.

Pulverizing Machine.

This machine is adapted for operation either by hand or power. It has a movable screen and funnel to screen the crushed material, and the mortar is so arranged that it may be readily tipped to deposit its load on the screen. The improvement has been patented. The mortar is carried on a sliding base, hinged to a slide, enabling it to be pushed forward to the front portion of the machine and dumped, as shown in dotted lines. The pestle is carried by a vertical shaft, turned by a bevel gear wheel, the set screw of which is held in a longitudinal keyway in the shaft, so that the shaft may slide through the gear when the pestle is raised. The driving shaft has at its outer end a balance wheel with a crank, to be turned by hand, and a rim wheel to which a belt may be applied. A vertical lever fulcrumed at the back of the machine is held at its upper end by a spring in the path of a boss on the shaft, and the lower end of the lever is connected by a link with a shaker arm connected with the funnel, in the upper end of which is a screen, whereby both the funnel and screen will be shaken by the rotation of the driving shaft. When it is not necessary to use the shaker, the operating lever may be held away from the driving shaft by a cam on a short shaft, having at its outer end a hand wheel. Above the driving shaft is a shaft on which is an arm extending beneath a collar on the pestle shaft, and by means of a hand wheel or lever the arm may be turned upward to lift the pestle from the mortar. The lever may be operated to raise the pestle only slightly, or to raise it completely and hold it locked in elevated position.—Scientific American.



THE MECHANISM.

Boy Whipped to Death.

Mrs. Sarah M. Waggoner of Omega, Ill., is under arrest charged with the killing of her sister-in-law's 12-year-old child. The child died several days ago, but his body was exhumed later, Dr. Rainey held an autopsy, and his examination revealed the fact that his death resulted from traumatic fever. The mother of the boy testified that Mrs. Waggoner had assaulted him and caused the injury from which death subsequently resulted. The coroner's jury found accordingly.

The Fair Thing.

Champion Skater (just arrived)—What's that you say? The race declared off?

Committeeman (apologetically)—It had to be. The ice is so thin it won't bear.

"H-m! Then who is to pay my expense, for this needless journey?"

"Well, the committee is anxious to do the fair thing; and if you all agree, we'll break up the ice and offer the prizes for a swimming match."

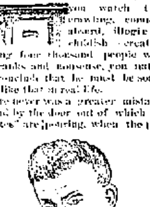
IN THE CIRCUS RING.

CLOWNS AND THEIR GENIUS ON THE SAWDUST.

Billy Hayden Has Charmed the Audiences at the Paris Cirque—Footit and Other Ring Comedians—Ready Wit the Requisite.

CLOWNS ARE MYSterious creatures. When you see Billy Hayden, holding converse with his mysterious pig, at the Cirque de l'Ete in Paris; when you watch the drawling, comical, absurd, illogical, childish creature amusing four thousand people with his pranks and nonsense, you naturally conclude that he must be something like that in real life.

There never was a greater mistake. Stand by the door out of which the "artistes" are pouring, when the performance is over, and you will see a neatly dressed, serious looking fellow, with a book under his arm, slip out and walk away at a rattling pace.



ONE OF FOOTIT'S GRIMACES.

He might be an American student just taking a peep at Paris amusements in the interval between his third and fourth years in college.

What he isn't. He is Billy Hayden, and he is going home to read a book which might be thought dull by you or by me.

Billy dotes on philosophy.

He appreciates, too, the keenness of the contrast.

Most of the clowns whom I have had the honor of knowing, from Dan Rice down, have been deep students and readers of human nature. They can read themselves, as well as others.

Billy Hayden is a marvel of eccentricity. He understands the art of amusing the public with simple things. The old clowns used to make speeches. Billy Hayden doesn't do that. He emits from time to time a few words, muttered rather than enunciated, in a jargon half English, half French.

The rest is gestures and capers. And they have for the masses an eloquence far beyond words.

There is a delicious quaintness in everything which Billy Hayden does, which demonstrates the existence of an exceptional vein of humor. Yet he can not explain it. I once solicited an interview with him, hoping to come upon the vein and possibly to learn some interesting facts as to the inception of the great clown's career.

But he could tell me little or nothing. He was willing, but couldn't. He stammered that "he didn't know," that it didn't amount to much, and seemed so anxious to be alone with his book that I regretted having disturbed him.

Yet he earns princely salaries, as do many other clowns in Paris and elsewhere on the Continent.

Take George Footit, for example, who was so long at the Nouveau Cirque. Footit has several times been in receipt of a salary equal to $10,000 per annum.

Like Billy Hayden, he is quiet, sober and serious in appearance, and if seen standing at a street corner might be taken for an English bank clerk on a Parisian holiday.

When he first appeared in Paris he was laughed at by the director of the circus to whom he applied for a position.

"All right," he said, "Put me on the sawdust, with three chairs, two employes and a Chocolate!"

It was 10 in the morning—rehearsal time. Footit was given the accessories which he demanded, and the employes and the "Chocolate" were summoned.

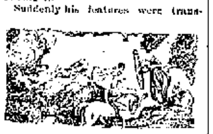
The "Chocolate" is the darky which every self-respecting circus in France always has in the ring to follow the four clowns around, to make the blunders, receive the kicks, fall in front of the horses and make himself generally useful.

Footit arranged his three chairs in a row. Then he asked for a bell.

The incredulous director, who was seated in a chair near by, shrugged his shoulders, but sent for the bell.

Footit took it in hand, and began to ring it.

Suddenly his features were transformed. They took on the semi-idiotic look of the clown; he began to shout and bray in that jargon which belongs to no country, yet which every one understands.



THE CIRCUS IN ALLEGORY.

As by magic he transformed the ring into a waiting platform of a railway station. He stormed up and down, pretending to show people into their cars.

"Where are you for?" he said to one of the employes, ringing the bell furiously under his very nose.

"First class," said the employe, answering to the whispered cue of Footit.

"Oh, excuse me, sir!" And the clown bowed to the very ground; then, almost crawling to show his respect, he conducted employe number one to the first chair, and seated him in it. Then he made another low bow and backed away.

Turning fiercely to the second employe he said: "Where are you for?"

"Second-class," said the employe, grinning, and beginning to see the joke.

"Oh! you're second-class, are you?" standing off, and eyeing the employe with disdain and swinging the big bell within an inch of his head. "Well, come here—that's good enough for you!" And, seizing him by the arm, he pulled him unceremoniously along and slammed him down upon chair number two, taking his ticket with a suspicious air.

Then he turned to the "Chocolate." "And you?" he said; "where do you want to get to?"

"Third class, massa; third class, please," sniggered Chocolate, who also saw the point, and prepared for what he felt certain was coming.

"What, third class? Oh, come here and let me get hold of you! And, jumping several feet into the air, he came down in front of Chocolate, turned him adroitly over, and carried him with him in two or three wheel somersaults, after which he began pounding and pushing him all the time urging him to 'hurry up, and not waste the company's time!' And, finally, after bestowing about a thousand blows on him, and nearly tearing all his clothes from his back, he deposited Chocolate in the third chair, and retreated, still ringing his bell furiously and murmuring against people who had the audacity to travel third-class.

The director did not laugh, but he looked strangely at Footit. And taking him into his cabinet, he engaged him on the spot at 1,500 francs a month.

That evening the "Clown's Train" had an immense success. It was at once accepted as a genuine satire on the class system, and the circus director received with becoming meekness the compliments of the press on his "invention."

It is this faculty of transforming the simplest instruments into materials for a great sensation which makes clowns so valuable to foreign circuses.

In this country they do not seem to play at all the same role.

Footit was long the star of the Nouveau Cirque. One day he skipped away to Russia, according to the story, in company with a bright danseuse who had been his partner in a little sketch called "Pierrot the Soldier."

BILLY HAYDEN IN THE RING.

He took refuge in St. Petersburg with his conquest, and there he fell ill. The French courts sentenced him to pay the forfeit stipulated in his engagement, and he was in a perilous condition, when a Russian circus engaged him at $800 a month.

This was none too much. Footit was the star of the engagement, and aided the director to make a large fortune.

The clown's trade is perilous. A broken bone, a shoulder-blade out of joint, and his occupation may be gone for months. He constantly takes risks. Sometimes enemies try to kill him during a dangerous "trick." There are instances of this. Yet clowns who are sober, steady at their work and saving, leave fortunes.

Chadwick, a well-known Paris clown, left an income of $2,000 a year to his family.

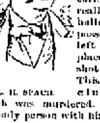
Billy Hayden is a family man. Once he was compelled to appear at the circus while his wife was perilously ill. It was pathetic to see him in the stable reading the five-minute bulletins from the bedside of his wife, over whom two physicians were in consultation, to note his sobs, his sunken eyes and the weariness which shone through the grease paint; then to see him resume his imbecile smile as the clown, and, when his bell rang, amble in, with his learned pig trotting and grunting, just ahead of him.

Clowns like this, capable of professional duty at any time, are valuable to a circus. They can exist without the circus, but it can not exist without them. Hence, large salaries and many perquisites.

LIKE THE BIRCHALL CASE.

A Gold Mine Adventurer Lures His Victim to a Lonely Place.

The body of L. H. Spach was brought to Gunnison, Col., on a toboggan from the head of Cement Creek the other day. An autopsy was held showing that a hole through the body, supposed to have been made by a tamping bar thrown by a premature explosion, was really made by a bullet, which also passed through the left arm in two places. He was also shot in the head. This proves conclusively that Spach was murdered. Frank Cook, the only person with him at the time, is now at Aspen. The crime occurred in the remote region of Gunnison county and necessitated a trip of twenty miles on snowshoes.



L. H. SPACH.

AN ESCAPED CONVICT.

Concluded to Preach the Word of God and Got Caught.

Buck Hunt, alias Rev. W. M. Thompson, who has been pastor of a church at East Birmingham, Ala., for three years, was arrested the other day just as he concluded his sermon and taken away from his congregation by two officers. Information reached the officers that Hunt, five years ago, was convicted in Mississippi of the murder of another preacher and sent to the penitentiary for life. The murdered man was shot one night through a window of the church while he was preaching to a large congregation. The murderer escaped. Circumstances pointed strongly to Hunt, who it is said had a grudge against the murdered man because the latter had succeeded to his pastorate. Shortly after Hunt began serving his sentence at Jackson he escaped. A year afterward he turned up at East Birmingham and led in several revival meetings in suburban towns, calling himself Rev. W. M. Thompson, afterward accepting the pastorate of the East Birmingham church, where he had the implicit confidence of his congregation. He was taken back to the penitentiary.

BUCK HUNT.

Hard Practice.

Briggs—I have been having such a nice time learning to ride the bicycle.

Griggs—Why, I didn't know you had bought one!

Briggs—Bought one! Great Scott, old man, I've bought three!

LATEST IN SNAKES.

SOME NEW STYLES IN VENOMOUS REPTILES.

The Shooting Viper of Australia Without a Rival in the Snake Kingdom—A Fascinating Study Is Presented to Scientists.

SINCE THE SUBject of snakes, from some reason or other, is very fascinating to the general run of mind, the object of this paper is to describe briefly a few of the more curious kinds of serpents seldom seen or never heard of outside the pale of the snake fancier; and the writer, no matter whether he is believed or not, buoyed up by a strong moral sense, will go ahead and tell what he knows about the subject.

There are many curious serpents whose habits and description make interesting reading, as, for instance, the whip snakes of Brazil, the howling snakes of the Peruvian Andes, the hammerheads of California, the spitting snakes of South Africa, etc., but in an article of this kind only a few can be noticed, and those briefly.

In California there is a reptile common to the Sacramento Valley known generally by the name of blow-snake. They are about three feet long, spotted yellow and black, or yellow and dirt color. Their specialty is blowing and swallowing hens' eggs whole, and they are consequently enemies to the farmers. A full-grown blow-snake thinks nothing of swallowing a half-dozen eggs at a time. There is a novel way of trapping the egg-beater when he is trying to get into the chicken house, which is as follows:

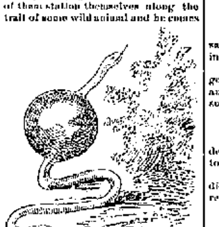
Find the crack or knot-hole through which he comes in; deposit an egg on the ground outside close to the aperture and one on the inside where he can reach it easily. Having bolted the first egg, the snake reaches his body through the knot-hole and tucks the other one away, after which, having an egg on either side of the crack, he is thus securely trapped. He is non-poisonous, but he makes such a bluff with his everlasting blowing, which sounds something like the hissing of a goose, that he often carries the day without a blow being struck. Some have said that the air exhaled from the lungs of the blow-snake is a gas of malignant poison, withering, scorching and killing anything it touches; and this, indeed, would look pretty to a lover of fiction; but the writer after having held a dog in front of one of these blowers for two hours without any effect on the canine, nails the thing as a falsehood and throws it out.

According to a friend of mine (a minister of Tenessee) there is a peculiarity of this snake worth noticing. If by any means you can get one in such shape that he can be severed exactly in the center—sawed or chopped—both divisions will crawl off, the part without a head keeping up pretty close to the part without a tail.

If, however, in making the partition a hair's breadth is swerved from either way the head part will crawl off, only leaving the tail division writhing about aimlessly. I have my own ideas concerning these severed parts growing fresh heads and tails when divided properly, but will not mention here from the fact that it would take up too much space to place the hypothesis in a reasonable light before the reader.

Quite a different type from the above is the hammerhead of California. These brisk little fellows live in such inaccessible places in the mountain parts that they have escaped observation altogether till within the last year. As the popular name implies, their ambition runs toward hammering or clubbing instead of biting, cutting or blowing. The hammerhead is about twenty-four inches long, the first three inches of the head and neck being very heavy, composed of a sort of gristle. The muzzle is blunt and square and sets against prodigious muscles running half the length of the snake.

They are gregarious, and when a lot of them station themselves along the trail of some wild animal and he comes browsing along unsuspectingly, the hammerheads soon have him going, as Mr. Corbett says. When they are stationed along in line waiting for a victim, they appear like a lot of animated mallets. The head is given a sort of cockatoo appearance from a tuft of hair which grows out of the back part of the head, and which can be raised or lowered at will.



THE BLOWING SNAKE.

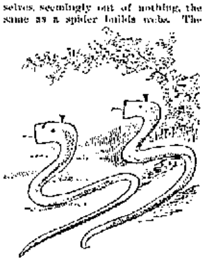
It is claimed that the hammerhead can strike with such power as to jerk the rest of his body off the ground, and that he is thus enabled to hammer an object many times his length away. The best way to kill the hammerhead without danger is to hold in front of him a flat stone or piece of metal, when he proceeds speedily to knock his brains out on it.

Another serpent of similar characteristics is the spitting snake, of South Africa, which, if I remember rightly, has recently been copyrighted by G. R. Reilly. If this is so, Reilly had no right to the snake, because it had been described by Cummings, the South African traveler and hunter, many years ago. The spitting snake carries blinding poison in the hollows of his fangs, which he squirts in his enemy's eyes, if the latter is too far away to be reached with the usual strike.

The most wonderful snake in the world, so far as can be learned, is the wapti-wapti, or shooting snake of the interior of Queensland, Australia, and I am almost positive he has never appeared before in print. The wapti-wapti is the blackest of all animate or inanimate things on earth. It is so very black that a sort of compound double extract of black ether seems to exude from it and tinge the ground in the immediate neighborhood, so that if one had never seen it before and had suddenly come upon it outstretched, one would take it for a bottomless crack in the earth and attempt to peer down it. This is pretty good in itself, say the snake fanciers, but there is something infinitely more interesting, for this broad, writhing ribbon of inky blackness shoots bullets. The snake is from four to five feet in length, and as big around as your wrist, or twice the size of a garden hose in its ordinary state, but when it is loaded a portion of its body is puffed out enormously.

The wapti-wapti does its shooting by means of compressed air, and it sends pellets with such accuracy and force that unless the hunter of it has a good shield to protect him he had better stay in camp. About five inches below its head the body is formed from a very elastic substance, which is also about five inches in length; and this is capable of being expanded with air at the snake's will. The rest of the serpent's body toward the tail is of the same material as the first five inches from the head. From the compartment of compressed air out toward the head are two passages—the throat proper, and just above it another through which the pellets are forced.

When I examined the upper chamber of the first one I ever killed I half expected to find it rifled on account of the pellets coming with such directness and force, but in this I was mistaken, finding it simply a smooth bore. The bullets they employ are about the size of buckshot, and as hard as adamant. The manufacture them themselves, seemingly out of nothing, the same as a spider builds webs. The only way to catch one alive is to tease him behind a flat rock or a shield till he has wasted all his ammunition, and then bound on to him and put clamps on his air chamber. The natives there are intensely afraid of these black shooters, and not a few of them bear scars from being shot by them.



THE SHOOTING SNAKE.

Taken all in all, the wapti-wapti stands without a rival in the kingdom of snakes.

LORD DUFFERIN.

The Wily English Diplomat Who Is Disliked in France.

When the present war cloud began to gather around the courts of continental Europe England began to push her shrewdest diplomats to the front. Lord Dufferin was recalled from India and sent to represent England in Paris, the seat of the coming war. Although he was received as persona non grata by the president of the French republic it is very well known in diplomatic circles that his presence is not relished under the surface of French politeness. The French would sooner have England represented by a man not so shrewd in the fine art of diplomacy and have been quietly waiting for an overt act on the part of Dufferin, that might give them an excuse to send him across the channel under escort of two French war ships. It is not likely though that Lord Dufferin will give the French the wished for opportunity. He is too shrewd for them and in every delicate act of diplomacy that he may transact, will burn the bridges behind him, so to speak. He has traveled extensively in this country and was minister from England during Grant's first administration. He was afterward governor general of Canada.

LORD DUFFERIN.

Nothing to Hinder.

Dora—I'll tell you what let's do. Let's get up some private theatricals.

Clara—I can't act.

Dora—Neither can I.

A Juvenile Shampoo.

Little Sister—I heard Mrs. De Neat say that tar soap was good for cleaning the hair. I wish I had some.

Little Brother—Don't think we've got any; but I'll go to the street pavers and get you some tar, and you can put soap on afterward.

An Omitted Detail.

Mother—Dinner is over, and the dessert is all gone. Didn't I tell you to be in at 6 o'clock?

Boy (with an injured air)—You didn't tell me that dinner would be ready at 6.

He Was Welcome.

Collector—I am collecting bills for Sugar, Spice & Co.

Housekeeper (a Vassar graduate)—Collecting bills, are you? Very well; I have two or three of their bills which you are welcome to add to your collection.—New York Weekly.

Wanted a Change.

Wiffers—How de do?

Biffers—Congratulate me, old boy! I'm the happiest man alive! I've got a wife who can run a whole house without the least bit of help. I married a servant girl.

Wiffers (a month later)—Hello, what's the matter? Trouble with your wife?

Biffers (dolefully)—Y-e-s, she has given me notice.

Kindly Directions.

Footpad—Hold up y'r hands!

Lone Citizen—I haven't a cent with me. Just loaned all I had to a friend.

Footpad (in disgust)—Go ahead. You'll find the idiot asylum three squares to th' left.

The Carrier's Fault.

Old Lady—Your paper hasn't been delivered at my house for three days.

Editor—What? You haven't received it? It's an outrage! I see it all! Some one has been stealing it!

Old Lady—Oh, no. It's the fault of the carrier. It isn't worth stealing, you know.—New York Weekly.

Faint Heart and Fair Lady.

He—Are you good at conundrums?

She—Yes.

He—Well, here is one: "If I were to propose to you, what would you say?"

A Little Too Portable.

Friend—You have a portable heater in this house, I presume?

Mr. Suburb—That's what it is, I suppose. It jumps about three inches every time I poke it.

A Terrible Discovery.

Will Woor—What's the matter now?

Coochy Coolington—Boo, hoo! I've found out you don't care any more for me than I do for you!

THE PUZZLER

No. 74.—A Flower.

O
O o O
o o
o o
O o o o o o O
o o
o o
O o O
O

The large circles name a plant called the "clove tree" because of its peculiar spicy fragrance. Its name signifies the "Flower of Jove." We often call it the pink. The words all read toward the center, which is a vowel; the first, of four, a tropical tree of many species; the second, of three, a climbing vine; the third, of four, sometimes called the century plant; the fourth three, the fruit of certain trees; the fifth, of four, the most majestic part of vegetable creation; the sixth, of three, a vine whose flower is used in medicine and in bread; the seventh, of three, a Mexican tree, whose milky juice yields caoutchouc; the eighth, of three, nourishes the fifth.

No. 75.—The Corn Puzzle.

3	3	3
3		3
3	3	3

Ohio Farmer propounds this puzzle: In the above diagram the figures 3, 3, etc., represent grains of corn, 3 in each corner, and 3 in the middle between the corners—24 grains in all. You see they count 9 each way, up and down and sideways. The puzzle is to remove 4 grains from the board and still have them count 9 each way.

No. 76.—Diamonds.

A letter. To drive with violence. Fibles. Sarcastic. To deserve. To rest. A letter.

A letter. An animal. An ancient order of priesthood. A manufactory of iron goods. Light and airy. Parched from heat. A letter.

No. 77.—Word Building.

A vowel. A verb. To garrison. Staple. Pertaining to the morning. One of the occupants of an asylum. Painted with vermilion. Fondling. Hinted. To threaten.

No. 78.—Numerical Enigma.

My first is a grain, my second a grain and my whole a measure.

2, 7, 3, 5, a town in Syria besieged by an English king.

1, 2, 3, 7, 5, 1, 8, 10, 2, a strong fort in Spain.

7, 8, 3, 2, 4, a beautiful substance made by a very small creature.

6, 2, 9, 10, a sailor's story and a substance from which warm clothing is made.

1, 5, 2, 9, a savage animal.

No. 79.—Double Acrostic.

My primals and finals each name a famous poet.

Crosswords (of equal length): 1. The wooden lining or panels on the sides of an apartment. 2. A popular orator. 3. A cut. 4. A [illegible]. 5. Having the top too heavy for the lower part. 6. [illegible]. 7. A fabulous region in the interior of South America, supposed to abound in gold and precious stones. 8. The name given to the three days which immediately precede Ascension day.

No. 80.—Curtailments.

A man's name and leave a girl's name.
A fruit and leave a vegetable.
A small vessel and leave a tippet.
A beverage and leave an insect.
A backbone and leave a part of the face.
Gone and leave a fleshy tumor.

[illegible]

While the spoon is an insignificant article to look at, it has probably caused more stir in the world than any other one thing.

A secret like an oyster cannot be kept too close, for the moment it is opened it ceases to exist.

One feature of a cyclone is worthy of general imitation. It always does its level best.

The amateur photographer has a habit of taking almost anything except a hint.

The crawfish is not very good to eat, but it will do at a pinch.

Sense in Rhyme.

He was a sawyer—blind was he,
That was his only flaw,
And though none ever saw him see
Many have seen him saw.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 63.—Charade: Oxford.

No. 64.—Diamond Cross:

N
A P T
S P A I N
T I N
D N K
A R M Y O U A S K
D R A I N O I S E S S A Y
M I D U S E P A Y
N E Y
I T A
E T H I C
S I T
O

No. 65.—Geographical Acrostic: 1. Alps. 2. Florence. 3. Rhine. 4. Inverness. 5. Canada. 6. Albion. Whole, Africa.

No. 66.—A Beheading: P-rose.

No. 67.—Word Building: E, re, ern, rent, terns, astern, garnets, garments, streaming, stammering.

No. 68.—Illustrated Rebus: You ought to be above the conceit I see in you with half an eye.

No. 69.—Crossword Enigma: Lansing.

No. 70.—Numerical Enigma: "Heaven never helps the man who will not act."

No. 71.—A Square, Diamond, and Square:

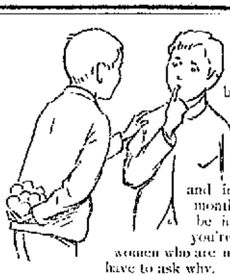
F R I Z F T A S K
R A R E A R E A B L E
I R I S F R A N K S L A P
Z E S T E N D K E P T
K

No. 72.—Four Authors Wanted: Tennyson, Shakespeare, Milton, Morton.

No. 73.—Hidden Presidents: 1. Pierce. 2. Grant. 3. Johnson. 4. Taylor. 5. Hayes. 6. Adams.

Nerve Tonic Blood Builder
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People
50c. per box. 6 for $2.50.
Send for descriptive pamphlet.
Dr. WILLIAMS' MEDICINE CO., Schenectady, N.Y. and Brockville, Ont.

A. HATTERSLEY & SON
PLUMBERS,
Steam and Gas Fitters.
48 East Main St.,
FORT WAYNE, IND.



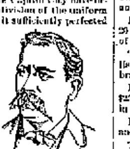
Guess How Many packages of Pearline have been consumed. Hundreds of millions! Successful from the very start, it is more successful now than ever. Every year the sales are piling up and increasing, though every month brings some new would-be imitation. Why is it? If you're one of the millions of women who are using Pearline, you won't have to ask why. This is the reason. It is the best thing of its kind. And that is what most women want, for their washing and cleaning.
ALWAYS refuse imitations. 277 JAMES PYLE, New York.

SECRET SOCIETIES

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Washington to Have a Mounted Division, U. R.—Select Glints.

The Knights of the Capital City have organized a mounted division of the uniform rank and will have it sufficiently perfected to take part in the parade which will be the spectacular feature of the encampment to be held in Washington next August. Application for a charter has been made, and installation will soon occur. There is now a body numbering 65, thoroughly organized and equipped and admirably drilled. The name Arlington Mounted division has been adopted and George J. Bessler elected captain. Captain Bessler is well known to the order and admirably qualified for the position.



CAPTAIN BESSLER.

During the quarter ending Dec. 31 there were 1,117 admissions to the endowment rank. During the same time 73 new sections were organized, making the number for the year 272.

The Pythian Sisters are working hard to do their part toward making a success of the entertainment of the supreme lodge in August.

The order of the Knights of Pythias has passed another milestone on its journey through life.

Dr. John T. Sutphin of Middletown is grand master elect of Ohio. He will be installed at the meeting of the grand lodge at Springfield May 22.

MASONIC.

Royal Arch Masons of New York—Clips From Various Quarries.

The grand chapter of Royal Arch Masons of New York held its ninety-seventh annual convocation in Albany. The following officers were elected by unanimous ballot, with one exception: Frederick E. Burnes, grand high priest; Marvin I. Greenwood, deputy grand high priest; John Webb, Jr., grand king; Philip M. Nast, Jr., grand scribe; Herman H. Ross, grand treasurer; Christopher G. Fox, grand secretary. One hundred and eighty-one chapters of the 190 in the state were represented. Reports from all the chapters to the grand secretary show 18,344 Royal Arch Masons in good standing in the jurisdiction.

The receipts of the Masonic home of Pennsylvania, as reported at the last annual meeting, were $30,010.37 and the expenditures $8,291.40. The investments aggregate $7,720.52.

It is proposed to have a grand demonstration at the meeting of the great priory of Canada in Toronto in September next. Winnipeg, London, Hamilton, Brantford and other places will send uniformed delegations, and a number of American commanderies will be invited. It will doubtless do very much for Templarism in Canada.

The grand lodge of Tennessee met in Nashville Jan. 31. They gave $1,000 to the Masonic home, and a subscription which was started on the floor of the grand lodge netted $3,500. The grand lodge does not have control of the home. It is governed by an association of the brethren.

The Masonic home of Missouri received during the year $27,073.02.

To be able to join a commandery in Pennsylvania it is indispensable to have the council degrees.

The Twelfth district of New York is the largest in the state. Its average of membership is 158 to a lodge. It also has the second largest lodge in the state. This district is composed of the counties of Columbia, Rensselaer, Albany and Schenectady.

The grand lodge of Ohio looks with favor on the Order of the Eastern Star.

There are 210 chapters and 11,869 members of the Order of the Eastern Star in Illinois.

R. W. Bro. H. Smith of Ohio uses the following beautiful language in advocating unity of action: "The single raindrop is lost upon the hillside, but uniting with its fellows it forms the babbling brook, the rushing river and the mighty ocean. So each Mason alone is as nothing, but the united force of the thousands of Masons is a mighty power. What one man alone could do would accomplish little."

RED MEN.

The Philadelphia Home Fund Growing—Short Talks.

The Improved Order of Red Men's home, Philadelphia, as a corporation, is adding to its financial strength and is in a condition to take care of any member of the order who may be so situated as to need assistance. Seventeen tribes and one council of the degree of Pocahontas constitute the body. These bodies have a membership of 2,622. The total fund is nearly $7,000.

The order in California reports a substantial gain for the term ending the thirty-first last hunting moon.

Red, orange, blue and green are colors dear to the heart of every Red Man.

The Improved Order of Red Men was born of American patriotism and is the oldest secret fraternal organization in the United States.

The great sachem of Rhode Island is doing all in his power by official visitations and otherwise to strengthen the order in his reservation.

Royal Society of Good Fellows.

Pennsylvania is to have a grand assembly. Premier Spooner will institute it at an early date. New Jersey is also to have one in the near future.

All suspensions for nonpayment of assessments take place either on the 15th or last day of the month. All members should bear this in mind.

Stock on hand, furniture, steel plates, etc., of the supreme assembly are estimated to be worth $2,093.87.

The hesitancy of many to propose for membership their wives, daughters, sisters, etc., is fast giving place to a proper recognition of the wisdom of the law admitting them and the advisability of urging them to join, and as a result many accessions have recently been made of women to the ranks of the society.

ODD FELLOWS.

Meeting of the Grand Encampment of Texas—Triple Link Notes.

The annual meeting of the Texas grand encampment, held at Waco, elected the following officers to be installed in 1891: Grand patriarch, S. Marx; grand high priest, H. Swartz; grand senior warden, D. Ludlow; grand junior warden, I. Hopper; grand scribe, H. A. Linn; grand treasurer, S. W. Porter.

An Odd Fellow is better known by what he does than by what he says.

The North Carolina Odd Fellows' Orphans' home is located one mile east of Goldsboro on a 28 acre lot, presented for the purpose by William A. J. Perkins, who is not even a member of the order.

Essex lodge of Salem, Mass., celebrated its fiftieth anniversary by dedicating a new hall to Odd Fellowship. The membership is 400.

Medina, N. Y., is to have an Odd Fellows' building. The ground has been purchased, and will shortly be broken.

It costs sovereign grand lodge between 20 and 25 cents for each copy of its journal of proceedings.

The fifteenth anniversary of the establishment of the order in Chicago was celebrated there Feb. 28.

Lodges in California charge from $10 to $25 for dues per year and pay sick benefits in a just proportion.

In any conflict between the "floor work" and ritual or law the latter must govern.

The grand lodge of Virginia, which meets in Alexandria beginning April 12, met there 13 years ago. At that time there were only 45 lodges.

Unity encampment of Rochester reports a gain in 1890 of 48.

Recent donations to the New Hampshire Odd Fellows' home included about $1,000 in money and a large quantity of groceries and other articles.

The Odd Fellows of Ipswich have extended to the Masonic fraternity the use of their hall, the latter having lost their hall in the recent fire.

During the week of March 19 to 24 the First regiment Patriarchs Militant of Massachusetts will present the opera entitled "Zephra" at the Grand Opera House, Boston.

Hon. Galusha A. Grow, recently elected congressman at large from Pennsylvania, is an old and respected member of Star of Bethlehem lodge, No. 90, of Philadelphia.

Lake Erie encampment of Buffalo leads in numerical strength. It is without doubt the largest encampment in existence. The present roll of membership is 317.

AMERICAN LEGION OF HONOR.

The Purpose and Object of the Order—Interesting Items.

There is no aim or desire on the part of the American Legion of Honor to bring wealth to the family. Its purpose is simply to provide a fund which shall at least cover the necessities which in a majority of cases exist when death removes the natural protector and breadwinner. Its object is to practically solve that problem which is constantly in the minds of those who are obliged to live up to their incomes and have families whom they might be called upon to leave young, uneducated and in various ways dependent upon sources outside of themselves. The millions of dollars which our order has divided among just such families is a complete and satisfactory solution of life's problem, which cannot be controverted.

Medical Examiner Bush passed 135 applicants week of Feb. 12.

During the year of 1890 the order paid $2,782,000 to the beneficiaries of 1,001 deceased members.

At no time in five years has there been so much activity all through the order in New York as at present.

The fifteenth annual session of the grand council of Massachusetts was held at American Legion of Honor hall, Boston, on March 6.

UNITED WORKMEN.

Grand Officers of the Missouri Jurisdiction—Notes and Gossip.

At the annual session of the grand lodge of Missouri, held at St. Louis, officers were elected as follows: Grand master workman, W. H. Miller; grand foreman, Henry Bus; grand overseer, W. A. Williams; grand recorder, W. F. Bahn; grand receiver, J. D. Vincil.

When a lodge meets semioccasionally, how can its members expect an increase of numbers or any interest in the community in regard to the order?

The initiation fee has been reduced from $10 to $5 by the grand lodge of Missouri.

Michigan Workmen are agitating for $1,000 beneficiary certificates.

The grand master workman and grand recorder of Missouri will each be paid $2,000 annually. Both are required to devote their entire attention to the order. Hitherto they have received $1,000 and $2,400, respectively, without this requirement.

The Ancient Order of Adhesive Mogulions is an interesting side degree of the A. O. U. W.

Relief call No. 14 is for $1.25.

Royal Arcanum.

The order admits annually—taking the last few years as a guide—nearly 17,000 new members.

The popular deputy grand regent of Rhode Island, Bro. J. E. C. Farnham, has been elected grand master of Odd Fellows of his state.

The order was organized June 23, 1877, with 9 members. It has now a numerical strength of over 142,000. The founders built wisely and well.

Net gain in Massachusetts last year, 535.

There are 10,000 members of the order in Brooklyn.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

ELY'S Cream Balm
Cleanses the Nasal Passages
Allays Pain and Inflammation.
Heals the Sores
Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.
TRY THE CURE.
CATARRH
HAY-FEVER
A particle is applied in each Nostril and is agreeable. Price, 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered, 60c. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

SANTAL-MIDY
These tiny Capsules are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs and Injections. They cure in 48 hours the same diseases without any inconvenience. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Worn Out Faces Rejuvenated Consultation free at office or by Letter.

20 years' practical experience removing wrinkles, filling out hollow cheeks, reforming drawn, pursed mouths. All skin blemishes and deformities and their treatment described and illustrated in a 150 page book sent sealed to any address for 10 cts.

John H. Woodbury Dermatological Institute,
Established 1870. 125 W. 42d St., N.Y.

Woodbury's Facial Soap for the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. 3 cakes, $1.00, at Druggists everywhere.

WANTED.

WANTED—Good girl for general housework. Apply at 319 West Washington street.

WANTED—Travelling salesman to have fine side line. The Bouquet Cigar Co., Lynchburg Va. 13m

WANTED—Hustling agent, lady or gentleman. Big money. Call at 83 Calhoun street. 23-21

WANTED—Young man between the age of 18 and 21 years. 11 West Jefferson street, call after 6 p. m.

WANTED—Girl to do general housework. Good wages to good girl. Apply at 324 West Washington street. 21-2t

WANTED—Five apprentice girls at dressmaking. Apply at No. 29 West Columbia street, Mrs. L. D. Jones. 22-3t

WANTED—Lady partner for canvassing. Big money. Address, for five days, Post Morgan, Fort Wayne, Ind. 22-2t

WANTED—All persons to know that if you want your carpets laid by a first-class workman, just drop a card to Larry Ryan, No. 2 Baker street. His work and prices will please you. 11-tf

WANTED—Everybody to know that I clean and repair all kinds of sewing machines at reasonable prices. Work guaranteed. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Address, W. F. M., 40 Wells street city. 5-tf

$5.00 A DAY made, steady employment guaranteed selling Household Necessity and new Kitchen Utensil. Sell on sight. Salary or commission. Particulars free. Clifton Soap & Mfg. Co., Cincinnati, O. 11-wed-sat-10t

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished rooms. Inquire at 84 East Lewis street. 23-1t

FOR RENT—Three unfurnished rooms on first floor, at 72 Brackenridge street. 23

FOR RENT—House of four rooms and summer kitchen, in good repair, at 23 West Lewis street.

FOR RENT—A hall over 175 Calhoun St., heated and lighted with natural gas. Inquire of P. E. Cox. 3-tf

FOR RENT—Furnished room, central location, No. 105 East Washington street; inquire at that number for terms. 24-tf

FOR RENT—Three well furnished rooms, together or single, in one of the most pleasant locations in the city. Call at 211 West Berry street. tf

FOR RENT—One large unfurnished room on first floor, and one furnished room on second floor with modern conveniences. Call at 114 Clinton street. 21-3t

FOR RENT—A suit of nicely furnished front rooms, suitable for housekeeping, with gas for heat and light, and with water in rooms. Will rent reasonable. Inquire at Sentinel office or address, N. Y. Z. 19-tf

FOR RENT—After January 1st, a suite of four rooms on second floor, above the Singer sewing machine Co. on West Wayne street, only few doors from Calhoun street. For particulars, call at the Sentinel office. tf

FOR RENT—The nine-room house, No. 117 East Main street. Newly painted inside and out, fitted with both natural and artificial gas; good barn on premises. In a locality for a doctor. Inquire at 19 Lafayette street. 13-tf

FOR RENT—Seven-room house, 198 West Creighton avenue, modern improvements. Two houses, 202 and 211 West De Wald, both with all modern improvements. Rent, $15 a month. H. T. Stapleford, 196 West Creighton avenue, or 47 East Columbia street. 20-tf

FOR RENT—Fine brick residence No. 139 West Wayne street, newly papered and finished throughout, in fine condition, natural and artificial gas, hard and soft water, bath room, closet, etc., just completed. Barn on premises. If you are in search of a handsome home, elegantly located, in a splendid neighborhood, this will please you. Inquire next door west, or of L. O. Hull 29 Calhoun street.

FOR RENT—The East Yard hotel, 27 rooms; a rare opportunity for the right person to make money; dwelling, 20 Garden street, 10 rooms, bath room, good stable; dwelling, 22 North Case street, 8 rooms; dwelling, 66 Lafayette street, 8 rooms; dwelling, 226 Lake avenue, Lakeside; dwellings, 52 and 46 Brackenridge street; dwellings, 166 and 168 Harrison street; No. 49 East Lewis street, modern improvements; dwelling, No. 32 Marion street, 4 rooms; dwelling, 198 Wells street, bath room; dwelling, 30 Superior street, 6 rooms; dwelling, 136 Clay street, 5 rooms.

Schrader & Wilson,
20-tf No. 1 Court St., first floor.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Or will trade for a good horse, one Rambler bicycle. H. T. Stapleford, 47 East Columbia street. 23-2t

FOR SALE—House and lot on Hendricks street, with seven rooms, all modern conveniences; will rent at $15; will sell for $1,600. Address, House, Sentinel office. 11-wed-sat-2w

FOR SALE OR TRADE—A small house and lot near rod and car shops, one square from Hanna street car line. Will trade for property more centrally located. Would prefer to trade for property with a Building Loan mortgage on it. D. J. Shaw, 27 Smith street. 9-1m

LOST.

LOST—On Calhoun street, between Wayne and Main streets, two copies of Ethelbert Nevin's songs. Finder will be rewarded by leaving same at L. M. and H. W. Ninde's office.

FOUND.

FOUND—Female shepherd dog, black, white head, yellow and brown ears. Call at 161 Broadway. 22-2t

PROFESSIONAL.

DOCTOR MARY WHERY,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office and residence, 26 Madison street.
Specialty—Diseases of women. Office hours, from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.; from 7 p. m. to 9 p. m. Telephone No. 470.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MONEY! MONEY! MONEY!

Stop Paying Rent! Own Your Home

If you want money to buy a home,
Or to pay off a mortgage,
Or to improve your property,
Or to help you in any way
Come to the

Allen Co. Loan & Savings Association,

Rooms 6 and 7 White's Block, and have your wants supplied on the best possible terms for safety and satisfaction to yourself.
T. O. Rousseau, Sec'y. Ed. White, Pres.

Hello! Central!

Give Me No. 378—Pfeiffer & Rousseau, Grocery and Meat Market,

Cor. Berry & Harrison Sts., Ninde Blk.

I Want to Take Advantage of Those Hard Times Prices.

HERE THEY ARE:—

12 lbs Granulated Sugar	50c
1 lb Bulk Roasted Coffee	25c
5 lbs Crackers	25c
50 lb Sack Flour	60c
7 bars Olive Soap	25c
3 lb box Starch	25c
3 sacks Corn Meal	25c
1 lb can Baking Powder (Calumet)	25c
7 lbs Rolled Oats or Oat Meal	25c
1 lb Soda	05c
1 lb Corn Starch	10c
½ lb Pepper	10c
¼ lb All Spice	10c
¼ lb Cloves	10c
¼ lb Cinnamon	10c
¼ lb Mustard	10c
3 cans Sugar Corn	25c
1 lb Japan or Young Hyson Tea	50c
20 lb sack Table Salt	25c
8 quarts Navy Beans	25c
GRAND TOTAL	$5 00

The above order in full, positively for cash only.

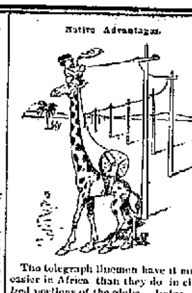
Had Studied Doll Anatomy.

Little Ethel (after the party)—I don't feel well a bit.

Mamma—What ails you, dear?

Little Ethel—The big weight that makes my eyes open an' shut has tumbled down on to my 'tumick.

Native Advantages.



The telegraph linemen have it much easier in Africa than they do in civilized portions of the globe.—Judge.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

George Irwin Was an Employe of a Powder House.

Affairs of the Rail and Shop as They Appear to Our Reporter on His Rounds.

George Irwin, who is here visiting his mother, is an employe of the Acme Powder company, whose works at Black's Run, Pa., were blown up yesterday, killing five persons. When at work Mr. Irwin occupied a room immediately above the place where the dynamite was stored, and that he is alive today is due entirely to his absence from the powder works. Mr. Irwin was well acquainted with all the victims of the explosion.

MINOR MENTION.

The Bass whistles will blow at 7 o'clock, standard time, after this week.

Blacksmith Waite, who conducts a shop at 215 Fairfield avenue, is happy over the arrival of a son at his home.

Master Mechanic W. W. Atterbury was called to Detroit yesterday by a telegram announcing the death of his uncle.

Master Car Builder James A. Graham, of the Pennsylvania shops, is in Pittsburg, to remain until Monday or Tuesday.

Purdue university is receiving bids for repairing the locomotive which was damaged in the fire at that establishment several months ago.

The Illinois steel rail mill at South Chicago has orders to keep it running ninety days, and the mills at Joliet to keep them busy for six months.

A. C. F. Wichman has returned from a very successful business tour of Michigan, in the interest of the Anthony Wayne Manufacturing company.

Next Monday the executive committee of the Chicago and Rock Island will have a meeting, when a 1 per cent. quarterly dividend will be declared.

Hereafter engineers and firemen on the Panhandle lines will be credited on the pay roll with the amount of coal saved from the regular allowance.

The only railway tunnel in Illinois is on the Big Four's Cairo division. It is several hundred feet in length, passing through what is known as Tunnel hill.

The Pittsburg and the Wabash shops are closed today. At the Bass works only one department is in operation today—the foundry room which is in charge of Jacob Stier.

Jacob Geogline, watchman at the electric light works, is detained closely at home by the serious illness of his wife. John Anderson is watchman during Mr. Geogline's absence.

The directors of the Missouri Pacific and of the St. Louis and Iron Mountain in each case re-elected the old corps of officers, George J. Gould being elected president of both companies.

The committee appointed to nominate thirteen directors for the Pennsylvania railroad company for the annual election on Tuesday next, have named the present thirteen members of the board.

Among the many private residences to be erected this spring are the homes of Scott Swann, of the Western Oil Pump company, and Ed. Rogers, who travels for the Cleveland Iron company. Both buildings will be in Lakeside.

H. K. Mudd, son of General Foreman G. W. Mudd, of the Wabash shops, came home from Purdue last evening to spend the Easter vacation. Louis Kinnard, another Purdue student, is also here spending the vacation with his parents.

The Lake Erie and Western earned in the second week of March $59,778, a decrease as compared with the corresponding week of 1893 of $15,322, but, going back to the corresponding week in 1892, this year's exhibit is much more favorable.

Robert Wright, who has been treasurer of the Grand Trunk road since 1878, has resigned on account of ill health, and Charles Percy, who has been assistant to the general manager for a number of years, takes the position of treasurer.

The Lehigh railroad will on April 1, in connection with the Grand Trunk and Chicago and Grand Trunk railways, inaugurate a vestibule train service between New York and Chicago, via Niagara Falls. Trains will make the run in twenty-seven hours.

Workmen are engaged in plating the dreary waste of ground on the west side of Fairfield avenue and north of the Wabash master mechanic's office. In the near future that unsightly pile of cinders and rubbish will be transformed into a beautiful lawn.

The Huntington Herald says: "Engineer Rufus Ames, of the Wabash railway, for many years a resident of Andrews but now living in Fort Wayne, was a welcome caller at the Herald office today. Mr. Ames is one of the most reliable, careful and gentlemanly Wabash employes, and is warmly esteemed by all with whom he comes in contact."

Mr. Cotton, of Terre Haute, general superintendent of the Standard Wheel company, was here this morning. He reports the wheel trade very dull and says that prices have been reduced to a point several degrees below the profit line. Only a very small percentage of the wheel works in the country are in operation. He does not look for any decided improvement in the wheel trade this spring.

The Indianapolis Journal says: "The Pennsylvania company, several weeks ago, tested on one of its coaches a ventilator which was designed by one of the employes on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago. Since then six more coaches have been fitted up with the device, which performs very satisfactorily. A coach can be cleared of the most impure air and some in one third the time required by the present system of ventilation."

ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

Three Parties Will Probably Start Next Summer.

One Will be Under the Auspices of the United States Government and Will Remain North Four Years.

St. Johns, N. F., March 24.—Preparations are already being made here for three arctic explorations this summer, one consisting of three or four persons, probably under the leadership of Prof. Heilprin, of Philadelphia. They will go to Boden bay, in West Greenland, in the steamer Falcon, and will bring back Lieutenant Peary and the party who went with him to the Arctic regions. During the winter another expedition, under Mr. Stein, consisting of eight persons, proposes going to Smith's Sound, also in the northern latitudes, to conduct geological investigations. They will remain three years. Three of the party are Norwegians. One of its objects is to find the Swedish explorers, Bjorling and Walstennius, who went north in 1892, in the schooner Ripple, and were supposed to be lost, as the vessel's wreck was found last year. The third expedition projected will be the largest in that many years. The American consul has signed a treaty for a steamer to take a party of sixteen scientists north to a place on Lady Franklin bay. The expedition is under the auspices of the American government and an appropriation by congress is awaited before completing the arrangements. The purposes of the expedition are geographical, geological and meteorological investigations. The party will remain north four years. A steamer is likely to visit them with fresh supplies two years after starting.

FINE PROGRAM.

An Interesting Time Promised for an Easter Concert.

The following is the program to be rendered at the Easter concert given by the Young Men's society of St. Paul's Lutheran church on Monday evening, March 26, 1894:

PART I.

String Quartet—"Serenade of the Mandolins"
Messrs. E. Cahill, T. List, A. Stuelze and H. Bauch.
Vocal Solo—"Gute Nacht du mein herzig Kind" ... Abt
Mr. Louis Curtis.
Violin Solo—"Romance" ... Gardini
"Lullaby" ... Nerada
Miss Moeller.
Recitation—"Mad Mag" ... Wheeler
Mr. Geo. Dannenfelser.
Vocal Solo—"Wenn ich ein Voglein war" ... Hiller
"Auf Fluegeln des Gesanges" ... Mendelssohn
Miss M. Schindler.
Mandolin Solo—"Rigoletto" ... Verdi
Mr. C. C. Alexander.

PART II.

Vocal Duet—"Herbstlied" ... Mendelssohn
"Serenade" ... Pablo
Misses L. Meyer and M. Schindler.
Bass Solo—"The Old Sexton" ... Russell
Mr. H. Schwehn.
Guitar Solo—"Princess Mazurka" ... Foden
Mr. F. J. Kell.
Recitation—"Selected" ...
Mr. Geo. Dannenfelser.
Violin Solo—"Gavotte" ... Bennett
Miss G. Becke.
Dialogue—"Der Pole und Sein Exerziermeister" ...
Messrs. G. Strieder and E. Brandt.

THE CREW SAVED

But the British Bark Stillwater Is a Total Wreck.

St. John, N. B., March 24.—2:30 a. m.—The tugs Dirigo and Neptune have just reached here from the British bark Stillwater, which went ashore yesterday morning, about twelve miles from here, and report that she will be a total loss, being on the beach with bottom gone. The crew were all landed safely.

Big Fire at Poplar Bluffs.

Poplar Bluffs, Mo., March 24.—Fire here last evening destroyed eight buildings including Peal's hotel and Randall's grocery house. Loss, $50,000; insurance, $26,000.

An Awakener.

What is it that is awakening people all over the land and causing such a thrill of excitement and gratitude everywhere among the sick and suffering? It is the new departure by that greatest and most successful specialist in the cure of all nervous and chronic diseases, Dr. Greene, of 35 West 14th street, New York, who offers to the sick everywhere the opportunity of consulting him by letter, free of charge. Think of it, sufferers, you who have sought in vain for relief, or for a satisfactory explanation of disease! By writing him about your complaint, this great physician will send you, free of charge, an exact explanation of your disease and what to do to be cured.

He gives most careful and explicit attention to all letters, and makes you understand just what your complaint is. He is the discoverer of that great nerve cure, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and uses nothing in his practice but harmless vegetable medicines. The success which he is having in curing disease through letter correspondence is marvelous. Write him, then, all about your complaint and you will without doubt be cured.

Miss Julia Emanuel will spend Easter Sunday at Paulding, Ohio.

EASTER SUNDAY.

Services in the Several Churches of the City.

Places Where the Gospel Can be Heard at the Gladsome Easter Time—Some of the Subjects.

St. Andrew's Mission Sunday school Shawnee avenue, 3 p. m.

Pastor A. McDowell invites all to the U. B. mission in South Lafayette school house.

In South Congregational church, Easter service at 7:30 p. m., and Sunday School at 9:15 a. m. Welcome.

Communion and reception of new members at the Grace Reformed church tomorrow morning and evening.

The meeting at the City Y. M. C. A. will be held Sunday afternoon at 3:30, standard time, instead of 4 o'clock as formerly.

A thousand boys, between twelve and twenty, are invited by Pastor Northrop to the mass meeting for boys only at 3 o'clock Sunday.

Usual Lord's day service at the First U. B. church, corner Lewis and Hanna streets. A. W. Ballinger pastor. All are cordially invited.

Preaching at Simpson M. E. church tomorrow morning, at 10:30, by Rev Bloom, and at night by Dr. C. B. Stemen, at 7:30 standard time.

R. R. Dept. Y. M. C. A. Bible study at 3 p. m. Meeting for men only at 3:30. Address by James Trythall. Subject, "The Christians Privileges."

Third Presbyterian church—Preaching by Rev. J. M. Boggs, at 10:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., standard time. Sabbath school at 11 30 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m.

First Presbyterian church—Rev. D. W. Moffat, D. D., pastor. Service on standard time at 10:30 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. Sabbath school at 9:15 a. m.; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m.

Special music at the city department Y. M. C. A. at 3:30 o'clock, standard time. Instrumental duet, lively, spirited songs and an interesting talk may be enjoyed by men who attend.

Always room for one more at the Free Methodist church, and all will be welcome. Preaching at 10:30. Sabbath school at 2:30 and also preaching at 7:30. Come and bring a friend with you.

In Plymouth Congregational church Rev. J. S. Ainslie will preach upon "What is Death," at 10:30, old time, and an eight page concert—praise service will be used in the evening. Welcome to strangers.

The Young People's society of the Trinity Evangelical Lutheran church, corner of Wayne and Clinton streets, will hold Easter services at 6 o'clock Sunday morning in the church parlors All are welcome.

Trinity English Lutheran church—Easter service and communion at 10:30; Sunday school at 2:30; Baptismal service at 3:30. No evening service. The young people will have an early morning service at 6 a. m.

Evangelical church, corner of Clinton and Holman streets—Quarterly meeting services, conducted by Rev. D. S. Oakey, P. E. German preaching at 10 a. m., followed by Holy communion. English preaching at 7:30 p. m.

A special rally service is to be held at the Christian chapel tomorrow morning. Over 600 special invitations have been sent to the members and their friends. Pastor Rice and the people expect to make this a red letter day in their history.

Let every disciple in Fort Wayne attend the rally service at the Christian chapel tomorrow at 10:45 a. m. Fermin McCormick will address the young ladies only at 3 p. m. Preaching every evening next week except Saturday, beginning at 7:30, standard time.

All members and friends of St. Paul's M. E. church are requested to be present at the Easter services. In the evening the Sabbath school render an excellent program. Responsive readings, recitations, music, birds and flowers. Come all ye lovers of a good time.

Berry street Methodist Episcopal church.—Class at 9:30 a. m. Sunday school at 2:15 p. m. Junior League at 3:30 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Easter sermon by the pastor, M. S. Marble, at 10:30 a. m. At 7:30 p. m. an Easter entertainment by the Junior League.

Trinity Episcopal church, corner West Berry and Fulton streets. Rev. A. W. Seabrease, rector. Services at 10:45 a. m. Holy communion, 8 a. m. and at 10:45 service. In the evening at 7:30 will be held the children's Easter choral service with address, to which all are most cordially invited.

Easter service at Wayne Street M. E. church. The pastor, Rev. G. N. Eldridge, will preach at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. In the morning there will be a baptismal service and reception in the church. Let all the benevolent subscription be brought in Sunday if possible. A cordial welcome to all.

Trinity M. E. church, Cass and Fourth streets. Sermon, "Our Resurrection Body," 10:30 a. m., Sunday school "Missionary Day," at 2:30 p. m. At 7:30 p. m. the young people celebrate the anniversary of the "Risen Christ." The decoration will be profuse; flowers, wreaths, festoons. Everybody welcome.

Christ's English Lutheran church, at the city Y. M. C. A. hall. Reception of members and regular Easter communion services at 10:30 a. m., standard time. Sabbath school entertainment at 7:00 p. m.; Sabbath school, 9:00 a. m.; Y. P. S. C. E., 6:15 p. m. Let all be present. Rev. J. S. Nelson, pastor.

At Bethany Presbyterian church, service in the evening at 7:30. No morning service. Sunday school at 3 p. m. All welcome.

Services at St. Paul M. E. church tomorrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Subject of the morning hour, "The Resurrection;" in the evening an Easter entertainment by the Sunday school. Class meeting at 9:30 a. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Epworth league devotional service at 6:15 p. m., led by Mr. Frank Shreve. The pastor, Rev Paschall, extends a very cordial invitation to all.

English Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, corner West Washington and Fulton streets—Easter services Sunday morning at 10.30 o'clock. Sermon on the "Easter Gospel," Mark 16, 1-8. Holy communion at morning service. Preparatory service at 10 a. m. No Sunday school. Evening service at 7.30. Sermon on Rev. 1, 10. Men's meeting Monday evening at 7:30, voting members only.

At the Second Presbyterian church special music will be rendered by a quartet choir at the Sabbath morning service in which Mr. and Mrs. Darwin Root will assist. The theme of the pastor's discourse will be "Faith Without Sight." Service 10:45 a. m., standard time. The Y's will have their anniversary service, largely musical, in the evening at 7:30. Sunday school, 11:45 a. m. Junior Endeavor, 3:45 p. m. Senior Endeavor, 6:30 p. m.

A WAR MEASURE.

England Experimenting in the Transportation of Troops.

Seattle Chinese Water Via the Canadian Pacific, Across the American Continent.

Minneapolis, Minn., March 24.—A Winnipeg special to the Journal says: The British government has been making some interesting experiments in rushing troops across the American continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific with a view of determining in just how brief a space of time marines could be put aboard British war vessels in the Pacific in the event of trouble with Russia in Chinese waters. A number of special trains have been run over the Canadian Pacific at an average speed of twenty-five miles an hour from Halifax, N. S., to Esquimault, B. C., where England is now building extensive fortifications. Special engines have been used and the marines have been quartered in colonist sleepers with a specially built cooking car attached and the trip made in very quick time. It is supposed that the experiments were made partly to demonstrate the military value of the Canadian Pacific to the English government, with a view toward securing further subsidies. It is pointed out that the road runs from ocean to ocean through British territory and that in the event of trouble with Russia troops could be rushed across and reach the ocean of action about as quickly as the czar's troops could be sent to Vladivostock by the Trans-Siberian railroad.

HUNTING FRAGMENTS.

Black's Run People Looking for Dynamite Victims.

The Largest Portion of Any of the Bodies Found Weighed Only Fifteen Pounds.

Pittsburg, Pa., March 24.—Until dark last evening searchers traversed the hills and ravine in Black Run, the scene of yesterday's dynamite explosion, looking for fragments of the bodies of the victims. The largest portion found weighed fifteen pounds and all that was gathered up of the four unfortunates did not weigh more than an hundred pounds. Several of the ghastly fragments were identified by pieces of clothing and when the search was completed the remains were removed to an undertaking establishment in Verona, where they were distributed in four coffins. The body of Nellie Hensley, who died yesterday while being taken to the West Penn hospital, was also removed to Verona and prepared for burial. The poor girl was terribly mutilated by the frightful explosion. Deputy Coroner Moreland has begun an investigation, but nothing new was developed. The coffins containing the mangled remains were taken to the Lutheran church, Springdale, where services were held this afternoon, after which the interment took place in an adjacent cemetery.

The Week's Deaths.

The city undertakers report the following list of deaths for the week ending Saturday, March 24:

Eugene J. Bessen, aged 6 years, scarlet fever.

John Mulqueen, aged 40 years, railroad casualty.

Harry LaRoy, aged 30 years, railroad casualty.

Wm F. Roche, aged 23 years, consumption.

Esther L. Parker, aged 65 years, inflammation of the bowels.

Ada Mullen, aged 4 years, congestion of brain.

Augusta Horstman, aged 54 years, complication.

Child of William Dallman, stillborn.

Conrad Trier, aged 82 years, old age.

Child of William Spuhler, aged 1 day, exhaustion.

Margaret Leifels, aged 65 years, dropsy.

Margaret Eule, aged 60 years, cancer of the womb.

Lydia Harrigan, aged 23 years, brain trouble.

Child of Ignatz Gruber, stillborn.

Strange that People will Suffer with dull feelings and the blues when they can be so surely cured by simply taking a few doses of Simmons Liver Regulator.

Spring goods have arrived in all the latest Fabrics. Suits from $25.00 and upwards.

PERRY N. DeHAVEN,
Brodit 34 E. Berry St.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.

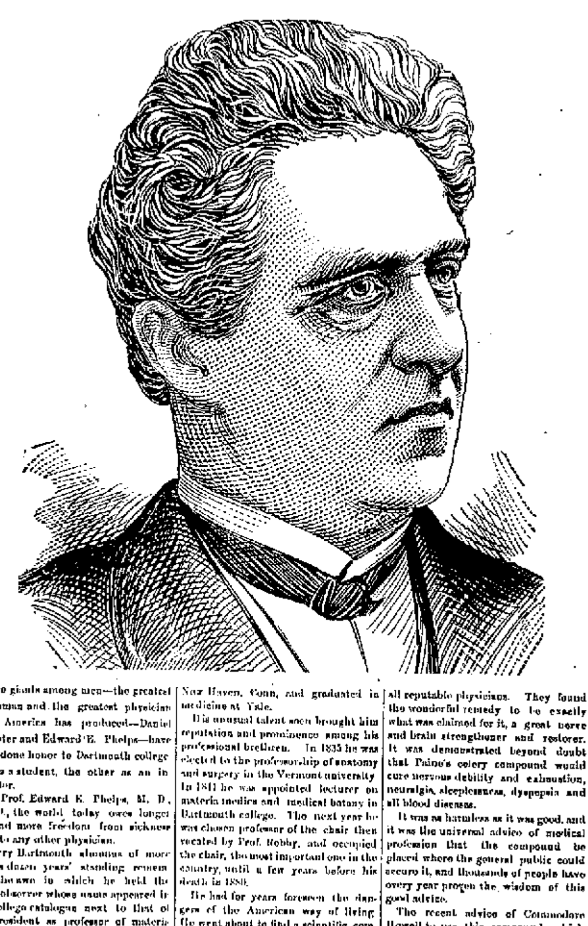
DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder.

The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.—No Ammonia; No Alum.

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

HONOR TO DARTMOUTH!

Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M. D., LL. D., Whose Giant Intellect Discovered Paine's Celery Compound.



Two giants among men—the greatest statesman and the greatest physician that America has produced—Daniel Webster and Edward E. Phelps—have both done honor to Dartmouth college one as a student, the other as an instructor.

To Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M. D., LL. D., the world today owes longer life and more freedom from sickness than to any other physician.

Every Dartmouth alumnus of more than a dozen years' standing remembers the awe in which he held the keen observer whose name appeared in the college catalogue next to that of the president as professor of materia medica; and every younger graduate has admired the complete museum of medical botany which Dr. Phelps gave to the college.

But it was the world famed discovery of Prof. Phelps of an infallible cure for those fearful ills that result from an impaired nervous system and impure blood which has endeared the great doctor to the world, and made his life an era in the practice of medicine.

Prof. Phelps was born in Connecticut and graduated from the military school at Norwich, Vt. He studied medicine with Prof. Nathan Smith, of New Haven, Conn., and graduated in medicine at Yale.

His unusual talent soon brought him reputation and prominence among his professional brethren. In 1835 he was elected to the professorship of anatomy and surgery in the Vermont university. In 1841 he was appointed lecturer on materia medica and medical botany in Dartmouth college. The next year he was chosen professor of the chair then vacated by Prof. Robby, and occupied the chair, the most important one in the country, until a few years before his death in 1880.

He had for years foreseen the dangers of the American way of living. He went about to find a scientific, common sense remedy to cure the common evils that, under one name and another, result from an unhealthful state of the nervous system, and within a score of years have seemed to be sweeping over the country like an epidemic.

He succeeded.

He gave to the medical profession a celebrated remedy, which has since come to be known the world over as Paine's celery compound.

It was Dr. Phelps' prescription which ever since has been freely used and prescribed by the most eminent of the profession. The formula was furnished to all reputable physicians. They found the wonderful remedy to be exactly what was claimed for it, a great nerve and brain strengthener and restorer. It was demonstrated beyond doubt that Paine's celery compound would cure nervous debility and exhaustion, neuralgia, sleeplessness, dyspepsia and all blood diseases.

It was as harmless as it was good, and it was the universal advice of medical profession that the compound be placed where the general public could secure it, and thousands of people have every year proven the wisdom of this good advice.

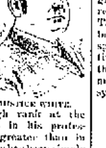
The recent advice of Commodore Howell to use this compound, which the commodore publicly said had saved his own life, and the published testimonials of Mayor McShane of Montreal, the poet author Hardy, George Marie Wright, Tempest, Councillor Morse, Mabel Jenness, and other men and women of national reputation, has brought the compound into special notice.

As a well known physician in this city says: "Paine's celery compound is not a patent medicine; it is not a sarsaparilla; it is not a mere tonic; it is not an ordinary nervine—it is as far beyond them all as the diamond is superior to cheap glass."

EDWARD DOUGLAS WHITE

Sketch of the Successor of Justice Blatchford on the Bench.

The new Justice of the Supreme court, Edward Douglas White, is a native of Louisiana, and has always resided in the state. He was born in the parish of La Fourche in November, 1845. His father was a man of wealth and served one term as governor of Louisiana. Justice White was educated at Mount St. Mary's, Emmittsburg, Maryland, at the Jesuit college at New Orleans and at the Catholic college at Georgetown, in the District of Columbia. He was through with his school and college life before he came of age, for he entered the confederate army and served in the war. He was admitted to the bar at the age of 23, in 1868. After pursuing his profession for six years he was elected a state senator. From the very first he took high rank at the bar, and his interest in his profession has always been greater than in anything else. Politics has been simply an avocation. What part he has played in public life has been incidental, and due to the close relation existing between the administration and the making of law. In 1878 Mr. White was appointed associate justice of the Supreme court of Louisiana. He did not again take an active part in politics until he was elected to the senate on the expiration of the term of Hon. James B. Eustis, who is now our ambassador to France. Mr. White's term in the senate began on March 4, 1891. When his name was under discussion in the executive session at which he was confirmed the senators who spoke eulogized his professional capacity and personal character with an emphasis that denoted the high esteem which he has gained in his service in the senate of less than three years. Mr. White's appointment, which was a great surprise to him as well as the country, was made on Monday, Feb. 19. On the same day, before adjournment, the senate confirmed him, the vote being unanimous.



JUSTICE WHITE.

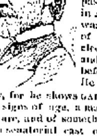
Saving Belting.

By means of an ingeniously arranged apparatus the strength of old belting is now renewed or augmented to such a degree as greatly to lengthen its service. To accomplish this, two large, hollow copper cylinders are provided, and into these steam is admitted, so that they are always heated. In a tank is a solution composed of beeswax, borax, glue, starch, and molasses, prepared in equal quantities, this solution being in liquid form; and there are guide rollers, through which runs the leather belting which is in process of treatment. The belt to be operated upon is started into the machine at a point where it can enter the tank, and while passing through the latter the leather receives an application of the solution; the press rollers immediately squeeze the compound into the fiber of the leather, and then the heat from the cylinders, over which the belting is being drawn, dries the compound. All the rollers and cylinders rest in the bearings. As represented, the application of this compound to the belt, and immediately drying, is to add strength to the fiber of the leather in a remarkable degree.

GALUSHA A. GROW.

He Was Speaker of the House in Lincoln's Time.

It is worth while staying out of congress for a generation in order to be returned to it by 180,000 majority. That is the experience which has just been accorded to Galusha A. Grow, speaker of the house of representatives during Lincoln's first years in the Presidency, and and now congressman at large from the state of Pennsylvania, which first sent him to Washington as David Wilmot's successor in 1851. Yet Mr. Grow is but just past 70—he was born in August, 1823. He was barely 28 years of age when first elected to congress, and was speaker before he was 40. He was then, as now, for he shows few signs of age, a man of towering stature, and of something of the Roman senatorial cast of countenance. He lived up to his looks, too, and was one of the small band of northern congressmen who were always ready to take up the gage to physical battle that their hot blooded southern colleagues were in those days fond of throwing down.



GALUSHA A. GROW.

"The great measure with which Mr. Grow's name will be linked in history is the Homestead Act, passed May 20, 1862, owing largely to his efforts as member and speaker. By it the public domain of the United States was thrown open to actual settlers in sections of 160 acres for the payment of a fee of $5 to $10, and the title to such land confirmed in the occupants by a five-year residence. It may be said that this law contributed as much to the settlement of the trans-Mississippi states as the application of steam to transportation. It has made in the generation of its existence 3,000,000 homes, the best guarantee of the prosperity and perpetuity of a state.

Silly Girls Stage-Struck.

"You can form no idea," said a well known theatrical agent the other day, "of the enormous number of ladies, often mere girls, who come to me for introduction to the stage. In the majority of cases they have never even acted at all; in others only at amateur performances, at which the praise of their friends inspired them with an ambition to appear upon the regular boards. All seem to think that for the payment of a certain sum they can be transformed into finished actresses and procure good paying engagements. It is a thorough mistake, of course; but it is by fostering this silly idea that so many bogus agents are enabled to mercilessly dupe the people who come to them for assistance."

She Knew Him.

Mother (looking over the paper)—The man who keeps the candy store in the next block has committed suicide.

Little Daughter (thoughtfully)—Did he forget and give some one two sticks of candy for a penny?

Knees and Elbows Out

—Shoes in Holes and Slouchy Cap.

Your Since That Boy is on His Clothes! Better Buy Him

The Hub's Head-to-Foot Boy's Outfit $5.00

Ages 5 to 15 years—every thread all wool—double breasted coat—pants made with double knees—double seats—taped seams (will outwear 2 pairs of the usual kind)—A Stanley Cap, made like illustration—to match the suit—and A Pair of Shoes of solid leather, first-class, strong, and neat—the entire outfit for $5.00.

Sent on receipt of price, or C. O. D. with privilege of examination to any part of the United States if $1.00 deposit is sent with order. If not satisfactory we agree to refund the purchase price. Catalogue and samples free. In ordering include 65c postage.

THE HUB, Clothiers, Hatters, Furnishers and Shoers. CHICAGO, ILL. State and Jackson St.

--COUPON--

Sights and Scenes of the World.

PART 16. NUMBER 3.

3 Coupons of different dates secures them. See advertisement.

CUT THIS OUT.

--COUPON--

World's Fair Art Portfolios!

(10 CENT SERIES.)

PART 7. NUMBER 3.

3 Coupons of different dates and 10 cents secures them.

CUT THIS OUT.

--COUPON--

Picturesque World's Fair.

(20 Cent Series.)

PART 7. NUMBER 6.

Clip SIX coupons of different dates and send or bring them with 20 cents to the Fine Art Department of "The Sentinel" and the part called for will be sent by mail.

Write your name and address plainly.

--COUPON--

Famous Paintings of the World!

Part 4. - No. 3.

Clip three coupons of different dates and bring or send them to the Portfolio Department of "The Sentinel," together with TEN cents and the part called for will be sent to your address by mail.

Write name and address plainly.

BALD HEADS

NO CURE, NO PAY. NO MUSTACHE, NO PAY.
DANDRUFF CURED.

I will take Contracts to grow hair on the head or face with those who can call at my office or at the office of my agents, provided the head is not glossy, or the pores of the scalp not closed. Where the head is shiny or the pores closed, there is no cure. Call and be examined free of charge. If you cannot call, write to me. State the exact condition of the scalp and your occupation. PROF. G. BIRKHOLZ, Room 811 Masonic Temple, Chicago.
Ask your Druggist for my cure.
For sale by Dreier & Bro., corner Calhoun and Columbia streets.

PAUL E. WOLF

33 and 35 Clinton Street,

Makes and Repairs Awnings,
Renovates Feathers,
Makes and Renovates Matresses,
Carpets, Cleaned, Washed Laid and Made Over.

Lowest Prices. - Phone, 404.

G. W. BRUNS & CO.

PLUMBERS.

Agents for the Goodrich Self-Heating and Folding Bath Tube.
121 CALHOUN STREET.

The Pennsylvania Station.

Pennsylvania Lines.

Trains Run by Central Time
as follows:
* Daily. † Daily, except Sunday.

From Ft. Wayne to	Leave	Arrive
Valparaiso and Chicago	* 3:20 am	* 6:10 am
New York and Washington	* 5:20 am	* 3:20 am
Youngstown and Pittsburg	* 5:00 am	* 3:20 am
Lima and Crestline	† 7:00 am	† 9:30 pm
Valparaiso and Chicago	†11:40 am	†12:35 pm
Canton and Pittsburg	†12:55 pm	†11:20 am
Valparaiso and Chicago	* 4:30 pm	* 6:30 pm
New York and Washington	* 5:40 pm	* 4:25 pm
Pittsburg and Philadelphia	* 5:40 pm	* 4:25 pm
New York and Washington	* 8:15 pm	* 6:35 pm
Pittsburg and Philadelphia	* 8:15 pm	* 6:35 am

THE WABASH LINE—Trains Carrying Passengers leave FORT WAYNE.
Schedule of November 19, 1893.

GOING EAST.	DEPART.
New York and Boston Lim., daily	4 45 am
Toledo Express, except Sunday	1 35 pm
Atlantic Express, daily	7 10 pm
Local Freight	8 00 am
GOING WEST.	**DEPART.**
Pacific Express, daily	8 05 am
Kansas City Ex., except Sunday	1 40 pm
Lafayette Accom'n, except Sunday	2 30 pm
St. Louis Limited, daily	8 30 pm

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.

GOING NORTH.
For Grand Rapids and North ... Lv. 2 35 pm
... Lv. 8 05 am
From Richmond ... Ar. 10 55 pm
GOING SOUTH.
For Richmond and Cincinnati ... Lv. 5 40 am
... Lv. 12 35 pm
Grand Rapids ... Ar. 7 30 pm
All trains daily except Sunday.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY—Fort Wayne Branch.

SOUTHWARD.	ARRIVE.
No. 152 Way Freight	5 25 pm
No. 156 Cin. Express and Mail	10 25 am
No. 158 Detroit & Ind'pls Express	2 55 pm
NORTHWARD.	**DEPART.**
No. 153 Way Freight	6 40 pm
No. 157 Through Express and Mail	11 45 am
No. 159 Detroit & Indianapolis Ex.	4 45 pm

NICKEL PLATE.
The New York, Chicago & St. Louis R.R.

EAST.	Arr.	Dep.
N. Y. & Boston Express	*3 20 am	*3 30 am
Cleveland Mail	11 30 pm	11 45 pm
Eastern Express	6 25 pm	6 45 pm
Local Freight	15 50 am	16 10 am
WEST.	**Arr.**	**Dep.**
Chicago Express	*3 30 am	*3 40 am
Chicago Mail	11 45 pm	12 05 pm
Western Express	5 25 pm	5 35 pm
Local Freight	16 55 pm	17 00 am

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday. Through Buffet sleeping cars to Chicago, Buffalo, New York and Boston. Through tickets to all points on sale and baggage checked to destination.
B. F. Horner, Gen. Pass. Agt., Cleve. O.
F. W. Gardiner, Pass. & Ticket Agt., Fort Wayne.
M. J. Blitz, City Ticket Agt., 71 Calhoun St.

FT. W., C. & L. R. R. AND L. E. & W. R. R.

NORTH BOUND—ARRIVE FORT WAYNE.	
No. 140 Passenger	Arrives 11 40 am
No. 142 Passenger	10 10 pm
No. 173 Local	4 30 pm
SOUTH BOUND—LEAVE FORT WAYNE.	
No. 141 Passenger	Leaves 7 15 am
No. 143 Passenger	4 00 pm
No. 171 Local	5 20 am

† Daily except Sunday, * Daily.

Exclusive Cloak House

Offers the Only Complete Line of

Wraps, Jackets And Suits

For Spring, 1894.

"Comparison is test." To Substantiate Claims more than words are necessary.

There Are All Kinds of Goods and All Kinds of Prices.

"Small Price" does not always mean "Big Value." Reputation for fine qualities and popular prices can only be gained and maintained by truth.

See our new department—Parasols, Corsets and Children's Wash Dresses

V. GUTERMUTH, 52½ Calhoun Street.

Get those grease spots removed, your carpets cleaned, washed, laid and mattresses renovated at The Zimmer Carpet Cleaning Co. Phone, 496. 10tf

MONEY TO LOAN

On real estate or personal security. C. F. PFEIFFER, rooms 35 and 36, Bank Block. 2tf

City Directory—All changes of residences or business occurring between March 20 and April 10, should be sent in to the City Directory office, 11 Arcade building, on or before the latter date for proper insertion. 20-12t

Nice fat Lemon Pies, 10c, at Bareus' Bakery, 238 Calhoun Street. Telephone 535. 23-2t

Call on Madame Wing, the only reliable clairvoyant and fortune teller in the world. Office and residence 28 Chicago street. 19-tf

Great catch as catch can wrestling match between Henry West, of Auburn, champion of Indiana, and Frank Gehle, of Cincinnati, Ohio, champion of Ohio. They will wrestle best two in three for a purse of $50 a side and gate receipts, and the championship of the two states. The match will take place at Randall hall Tuesday night, March 27. Admission, 50 cents. 24-3t.

Attend the Q and O. club dance Easter Monday, March 26, at Saengerbund hall.

C. W. McKee, Optician, will be at 120 Calhoun street for a few days.

Ladies' Kid Gloves for Easter.

E. J. GOLDEN,
23-2t **50 Calhoun Street.**

Copies of the beautiful Welcome Waltz at Dawson's Music House, 27 West Main.

Stanton's Photos are the best.

There will be a relief union meeting at the Industrial school building, 146 Pritchard street, Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock. All directors and others interested are requested to be present, as matters of importance are to be considered.

See our nice new Hats for Easter.

E. J. GOLDEN,
23-2t **50 Calhoun Street.**

The Q and O. club will give their tenth annual ball at Saengerbund hall, Easter Monday. Reinake's full orchestra.

Nice fat Lemon Pies, 10c, at Bareus' Bakery, 238 Calhoun Street. Telephone 535. 23-2t

A Rare Treat.

First appearance in Fort Wayne of the Sweet family, Ma Sweet and seven charming daughters. Come and see them Monday evening, March 26th, at the Baptist church. Ice cream and cake will be served after the entertainment. 21-2t

Q. and O. dance at Saengerbund hall Easter Monday. Attend.

Having disposed of our damaged goods we are now ready with a complete new line of Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods. Everything the latest.

E. J. GOLDEN,
23-2t **50 Calhoun Street.**

A Rare Treat.

First appearance in Fort Wayne of the Sweet family, Ma Sweet and her seven charming daughters. Come and see them Monday evening, March 26, at the Baptist church. Ice cream and cake will be served after the entertainment.

See our line of Ladies' Handkerchiefs for 17c and 19c.

E. J. GOLDEN,
23-2t **50 Calhoun Street.**

Finest Soda in the city now being drawn at Loesch's drug store.

The Easter Neckties are beauties.

E. J. GOLDEN,
23-2t **50 Calhoun Street.**

Arctic Soda and pure fruit juices at Loesch's fountain.

The Foster Furniture company intend to rebuild the Clinton street front of the store and make it attractive as a metropolitan store front.

When You Want a Lawyer,

Do you ask all the attorneys you know to make a bid and then employ the cheapest? Do you not rather look for the man whose skill and knowledge of law insure thorough effort in your interest?

The Same Principle Applies in Clothing.

The difference between poor selected goods and Good Ones is a vital question to you, if you are interested. If you are looking for Good Material, Stylishly Made, that Will Wear Well and goods selected with taste and a large variety to select from, DROP IN

Our Store of Practical Experience.

It is worth your while to spend an hour here—a BLAZE of bargains shoots from nearly every counter. Early Spring Suits and Overcoats for Men, Boys and Little Boys are ready for you. Come and See what a Look may save you.

Special Pantaloon Department.

Now on sale 800 pairs of Men's Pants, New Spring Patterns, elegantly made and trimmed and worth $3, $3.50 and $4. We bought them for less than they cost to manufacture, and put them on sale at

$2.35

for your choice of any pair in the whole lot.

SEE WINDOW DISPLAY.

Sam, Pete & Max.

The Evening Sentinel.

SATURDAY MARCH 24, 1894.

☞Persons Desiring THE DAILY SENTINEL served at their homes can secure it by postal card, request, or order through telephone 178. Where delivery is irregular or is late, please make immediate complaint to the Office.

Telephone 650.

To make it more convenient for those desiring to send items of news to The Sentinel, we have placed an extra telephone in the editorial rooms. The number is 650. Anything in the news line will be gladly received over this new wire.

The Weather.

Washington, March 24.—Forecast till 8 p. m. Sunday. For Indiana—Generally fair, moderately cold wave; south winds, becoming northeast, increasing.

NEWS NOTES.

R. H. Black, of Greenfield, Ind., is at the Randall.

Harry Beaker is confined to his home by illness.

Skinny Mag has left Logansport to join Coxey's army.

The Dental coterie will meet at the office of Dr. Mason on April 5.

Judge S. M. Hench left for Chicago this morning on legal business.

The republican city convention is being held today in the city hall.

Miss Connie Heller visited Miss Louisa Nizzer in Monroeville this week.

John Dreibelbiss has sold lots 15 and 16, Dreibelbiss' addition, to Phil Dickerson.

The ground for the new Grace Reformed church will be broken next Thursday.

James Wilding will soon begin work on remodeling his home on West Wayne street.

Mrs. Sterling, of Arcola, was in the city yesterday to have her eyes treated by Dr. Seaton.

The Q. and O. clubs will give their tenth annual ball at Saengerbund hall Easter Monday.

Jakie Meyer is conducting a branch fruit house at Huntington for Fottlizer Bros., of this city.

Wild ducks are coming in and a number of them were on sale in the market this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Baesler and son, Irving, of Philadelphia, have moved to Fort Wayne to reside.

Fort Wayne store keepers show commendable enterprise by getting up attractive Easter windows.

Louis Wolf left over the Wabash at 1:25 o'clock this afternoon for New York, where he will purchase a stock of goods.

A member of the boss barbers' new organization says they will meet tomorrow, notwithstanding reports to the contrary.

There will be a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Home for Emergencies Monday at 2:30 p. m. at 144 Pritchard street.

Martin Howley will be taken by Sheriff Clausmier to the prison to serve time for the remainder of his life on Tuesday next.

Tom Burk, a painter well known in Fort Wayne, has been nominated by the republicans of Lafayette as a candidate for city clerk.

Several new houses will be erected this spring on the plat of ground north of John Orff's homestead and east of Lindenwood cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Darwin Root will assist in the special music to be given in the Easter service at the Second Presbyterian church at 10:15 a. m.

Mrs. Josie Metts Walmer, of Montpelier, Ind., arrived in this city at noon today and will be the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Mason over Sunday.

C. H. Wilhelm, formerly of this city, is now agent for the Prudential Insurance company, at Elwood, Ind. He has many friends in this city.

The property owners near the reservoir are very uneasy at the slowness with which the improvements thereabouts are being pushed forward.

The Junior League of the St. Paul's M. E. church meets every Saturday, in the lecture room of the church, at 2 p. m., and Sunday school teachers' meeting every Saturday evening at 7:30.

The richest gold ore ever known was last Wednesday taken out of the Keystone mines in the Black Hills. This ore is far superior to the famous Cripple Creek product. A party of Fort Wayne people own an undeveloped mine in the immediate vicinity of the Keystone mine and are greatly encouraged by the recent developments in mining property in that neighborhood.

The Huntington Democrat says: "Wm. Wilson, of Fort Wayne, candidate for auditor of state on the republican ticket, was in the city today and he will return to his home this evening with the full assurance of the support of a solid delegation from this district. —Mr. and Mrs. John Eliott, of Fort Wayne, are the guests of Gottlieb Tobler and family, living just west of the city."

Eggs For Easter

Down to 11c Dozen.

Fresh Eggs, dozen 11c.
Best Roll Butter, pound, 22c.
Good Tub Butter, pound 16c.
Best Michigan Potatoes, bushel, 60c.
Best Flour, Orff's and City Mills, in barrels only, $3.50.

Fruit House.

Born, to Rev. T. E. Covington and wife—a daughter.

Another Shipment of Pineapples.

Nice and Fresh, large size, 15 and 25c each.
Best Malaga Grapes, 2lb 25c.
Extra Large Florida Oranges, 30c doz.
Best Messina Oranges, 20c dozen.
Best Messina Lemons, 20c dozen.

Fruit House.

Druggist Geo. Loesch tapped his soda fountain today.

Tomorrow the postoffice will adopt standard time.

Dr. Chambers will spend Sunday and Monday at Portland, Ind.

The street car company will begin running on standard time tomorrow.

Marriage licenses have been granted Jessie W. Greider and Cora M. Emerick and Spencer B. Wyatt and Nellie Sala.

Mrs. C. M. Comparet leaves Monday for a two weeks' visit with her parents in Washington. Her children will accompany her.

W. S. Sadler, of Battle Creek, field secretary of the Young Men's Intelligence society, was in the city yesterday looking after official business.

Ed. Q. Drummond, brother to C. L. and H. E. Drummond, of this city, was yesterday nominated for city clerk of Huntington on the republican ticket.

Henry P. Vordermark announces in The Sentinel today that he is a candidate for councilman at large, subject to the decision of the democratic primary.

Last night about 150 residents of the Eighth ward met at the residence of Henry Shauster, on East Washington street, in the interest of John Smith, for councilman.

The remains of Mrs. Esther L. Parker, sister of Frank H. Whitney, of this city, were brought to Fort Wayne from Grand Rapids yesterday. The burial took place yesterday afternoon at Lindenwood cemetery.

The meeting of the boss barbers has not been postponed and will be held at the shop of Ehrman & Geller, on West Main street, at 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon. The notice which appeared in the papers yesterday, stating that the meeting had been postponed, was unauthorized and incorrect.

Delightful Easter services will be held at the Grace Reformed church tomorrow morning and evening. The church will be elaborately decorated with Easter lilies, palms and cut flowers by the Christian Endeavor society of the church. Communion services will be held both morning and evening, and at each service applicants will be received into membership with the church. Special music has been prepared for the occasion, and also a responsive scripture reading. An extra supply of chairs has been provided so as to accommodate all who may wish to attend these services.

The Bluffton Banner says: "Mr. S. H. Cochrun went to Fort Wayne last evening to look after the interests of his parents which are pending. He is greatly encouraged at the outlook for his success. Several of the difficulties which have impeded the progress of the legal proceedings have been gotten out of the way. His attorney, Homer C. Hartman, of Fort Wayne, goes to Washington today and will push the investigation as rapidly as can be done. —Fort Wayne has decided to regulate all its business by standard time hereafter. This is a sensible move. One time for everybody is sufficient. With one standard it is difficult enough for the average man to keep his engagements and two are utterly confusing."

ONLY THIRTY KILLED.

That is the Latest News From the Cabo Machichaco Disaster.

London, March 24.—A despatch to Lloyds, from Santander, Spain, fixed the number killed by the recent explosion of dynamite which was being removed from the sunken steamer Cabo Machichaco, at thirty.

Just Out. The Tube Rose,

New ten cent cigar. Try one and you will take no other. Manufactured by Braun & Alexander.

For Sale Cheap.

A new Stearns' Special taken as part payment in trade for a Rambler. Ramblers are standards. Second hand Ramblers bring more in a trade than other makes. Ramblers win races because they run easy. You may not want to race but want an easy riding wheel. Ramblers sell at but one price, $125. Racing, Roadsters or Lady's Ramblers. Ramblers hold more World's Fair Records (?) than any other wheel. Ramblers won during '93 more races under L. A. W. rules than any other wheel made in America. Ramblers hold 11 World's Records. Ramblers hold the one mile record of the world, both 'standing and flying start. Rambler Catalogues free at

A. C. Katt's,
10 Arcade.

EASTER BALL,

Schroeder's Hall, Monday evening, March 26. Tickets 50c.

It is Here.

The Tube Rose.

Best 10c cigar in the city. Manufactured by Braun & Alexander.

Pure Ice Cream, Sherbets and Fancy Water Ices at the Chicago Bakery. We manufacture Ice Cream and Ices every day all winter.

25sat-tf W. F. Geller.

They're After Them,

The Tube Rose.

New ten-cent cigar, manufactured by Braun & Alexander.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT:

Have you seen the new Stearns' Special? Weight 21 pounds, the lightest road machine built, and guaranteed for any weight rider. Get in line. All the fast men in town have placed their orders. Marion Black has associated himself with us, and will be glad to meet all his friends. Repair work neatly and promptly done. The New Victor Flyer, 26 lbs., is a beauty; also a full line of cheap bicycles. Bicycles and Tandems to Rent. The largest dealers in the city.

RANDALL CYCLE CO.,
31 West Berry Street.

Its Fame.

The Tube Rose

Is the best 10c cigar made. Manufactures by Braun & Alexander.

LAST DAY OF LENT

Is a Quiet One in the City's Social Circles.

Dinner Party Given by Mrs. M. F. Porter—Other Affairs of Interest—Personal News Notes.

Miss Ellen Spencer left this morning for Indianapolis.

A Goodman, of Chicago, will spend Sunday with his family in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Gorham left today for West Baden to spend a week.

Miss Sadie Nowell is visiting Misses Sallie and Carrie Cross at Lima, Ohio.

Miss Maggie Hilley, of Lafayette, O., is visiting her sister at 193 Montgomery street.

Miss Mary Snider, of Cincinnati, is visiting Miss Celia Horstman, of Hanna street.

Miss Marian Stanley will leave in a short time for Chicago to spend the summer with her sister.

Mrs. Meyers, of Findley, Ohio, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Graffe, of West Jefferson street.

Mrs. R. E. Wilson, of 13 Colerick street, entertained the Union Hard Time club Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Darwin Root have returned from a visit to Chicago, where they were attending the grand opera.

Miss Hulda Henker will give a reception at Sons of Columbus hall on Monday, April 2, to her pupils and friends.

Mrs. Montgomery and daughter, Miss Mamie, of Bluffton, were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. A. P. Buchman yesterday.

Mrs. Peter Henkenius very pleasantly entertained the Y. club at her home, in Lakeside, Thursday afternoon.

A Shakespeare party will be given in a short time by the members of the Shakespeare club, at Mrs. Cy. Lose's home.

Miss Anna Ward will leave next week for Wabash, Ind., to visit her sister, Mrs. Charles Doebler, for several weeks.

Miss E. Brennan, of Watertown, N. Y., was a guest in the city yesterday and left to visit her sister, Mrs. Harmon, of Gehora.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Beurot have removed from 58 East Washington street and are now at home at 31 West De Wald street.

The marriage of Miss Jane Mason, of Perry township, to Mr. Victor Huguenard, of this city, will take place on the 7th of April.

Miss Ella Paul, of Dawson street, leaves today for Huntington, where she will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. W. H. Langstaff, a few days.

Mrs. Susan C. Hoffman has returned from Worcester, Ohio, where she attended the funeral of her brother-in-law, the late Mr. Bottsford.

Mrs. Wm. T. Hume and daughter, Ora, of No. 35 East Williams street, left today for Lima, Ohio, to visit relatives and friends for a few days.

Master Tom and Miss Verna Gralle, accompanied by their sister, Adeline, are spending Easter week with their Grandma Polk, at Wabash.

Mrs. Ormsby will start a beginner's class in physical culture and oratory Monday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, in the hall above Karn & Nelson's music store on East Columbia street.

A program committee composed of Mrs. John Jacobs, Miss Kate Chapin and Miss Nannie McLachlin has been appointed to arrange the work of the English club for next year.

Miss Elsie Jackson, of South Wayne, has fully recovered from an attack of diptheria, and Miss Bertha, who has been boarding over town to avoid contagion, will soon return home. Master Philip Bursley is doing well, and will soon be out.

Mrs. F. N. Kollock and son, Lester, left yesterday for New York city, where they will visit Kosciusko Kollock. They will also spend a few days with Fred Kollock at Cornell university, and from there will go to Richmond, Va., to visit Mrs. Ashley, formerly of this city.

The D. C. C. S. club, which was organized last evening at the home of Mrs. Frank Stone, will elect officers next Wednesday. The members of this club are: Messrs. and Mesdames W. T. Davis, T. E. Davis, E. G. Davis, Thomas Comparet, C. M. Comparet, Frank Stone, N. Conover and Harry Davis.

The idea of having club papers read before small companies of other than club members is becoming quite prevalent and it is a treat for those who do not belong to the clubs to hear some fine papers, as well as giving them an opportunity to exchange opinions. This departure from ordinary club life cannot fail to be broadening.

Miss Katy Romy was delightfully surprised by a number of her friends last evening. Games and a taffy pulling served as amusements during the evening. The guests present were Misses Ida Baty, Tillie Weldon, Stella Drummond, Alice Baty, Katy Romy, Lillian Pierce, Clara Drummond, Viola Romy, Bessie Wilson, Ida Romy, Maud Wilson, Nora Congdon, Myrtle Stahl.

Easter as a season for gift-giving seems to grow in favor year by year, and there are numberless appropriate and charming objects that are made expressly for the day. Cards, eggs of all sorts and the like are, of course, to be seen, and very many of them are sold; but the really distinctive feature of this year's display is concentrated in the silver novelties, which take many unique forms.

The following program will be rendered at the anniversary service to be held at the Second Presbyterian church tomorrow evening by the Y. W. C. T. U.:

Organ Prelude.......Prof. Bienzi Thomas
Hymn, Scriptural reading and Prayer.......
Recitation.......Mrs. B. F. Bower
Vocal Solo.......Mr. Frank Schrader
Anniversary Address.......
Vocal Solo.......
Remarks.......Mr. W. S. Bush
Thank Offering—Organ Solo.......Rev. J. L. Leeper
Anniversary Hymn "The Happy".......
.......Composed by Rev. J. R. Lloyd.

Misses Helen Birbeck and Mable Crosby delightfully entertained a few friends last evening at the home of Miss Birbeck, on DeWald street. Games and music made the evening one of pleasure. Those present were Misses Flora Tinkham, Carrie Akers, Edna Parham, Florence Dalman, Maud Gaskins, Georgene Markey, Vern Askins, Messrs. Rob Pierce, Harry Stonecifer, W Hurd Smith, Carl White, Roy Conklin, Charles Young, Ed Bitler, Herbert Stonecifer and Will Birbeck.

Last evening a very charming 6 o'clock dinner party was given in honor of Miss Ellen Spencer by Mrs. M. F. Porter, assisted by Mrs. C. H. Newton. Covers were laid for fourteen and the table was decorated with pink and white carnations, gracefully arranged in stem glass and strewn over the cloth. The dinner was served in several courses. The guests were: Misses Ellen Spencer, Abbie Keegan, Lucila Bolze, Emma Jenkinson, Mesdames Ira P. Evans, Stephen Morris, W. S. Croxton, C. B. Crall, C. D. Winch, Dr. M. F. Porter and Mr. C. H. Newton.

The many friends of Miss Jennie Paul gathered at her home on Dawson street last evening to remind her of her fourteenth birthday anniversary. Games were indulged in until 11 o'clock, when a three-course lunch was served. Those present were: Misses Ida Bender, Babel Shelby, Ethel Liggett, Nora Willsey, Jennie Paul, Daisy Garret, Edna Yates, Ella Paul, Girly Hollister, Ellie Paul, Messrs. Abraham Beaver, George Smith, Herbert Beaston, Lora Liggott, Fred Crosby, Clide Whiteleather, Arthur Brown, Leary Lichtenwalter, Adolph Miller, Ed Crosby, Charley Philley, Willard Beaston, Will Brown.

LITERARY TOPICS.

"A Gentleman of France," among this year's books, carries one back to the days when "The Three Musketeers" held one's imagination with its dash and its courage. This story, dealing with the troublous times of Henry of Navarre, has so rich a setting of sixteenth century enthusiasm and adventure that we are thrilled with hope and fear as we read.

Macmillans had promised Mrs Humphrey Ward's new book, "Marcella," for February and later, for March, but it has not yet made its appearance. It ought to be a wonderful production, since even the printers seem to be taking unusual pains with it. Mrs. Ward has been writing on it for five years and considers it her great work. It is shorter than either "Robert Elsmere" or "David Grieve" and is the history of a child's, a girl's and a woman's life. Her heroine is philanthropic and as persistent a "slummer" as Mr. Stead himself.

Another more eagerly looked for this month was Marion Crawford's "Katharine Lauderdale," in which we follow the fortunes of two New York families. It is said to be as fascinating and interesting as his "Roman Tales." One thing is certain, Crawford always has a story to tell, and tells it in the best manner.

Our Sunday school scholars who are readers of Sunday school library books will remember asking the busy librarian what "A. L. O. E. stands for," and being told it meant a lady of England. Miss Tucker, the "Lady of England," died in India a few weeks ago, after years of unselfish service in missionary labors. Her last directions were that "no one was to mourn, no one to weep at her grave; no one to wear mourning for her; her funeral was not to cost more than five rupees; she was to be buried on a native charpay (string-bed), without a coffin, in the Batala cemetery; her own funeral hymn was to be sung at her interment, and no monument was to be erected to her memory."

Fresh Country Eggs 11 cents at THE MARKET.

Notice.

The public schools will reopen on Monday, March 26, at 9 a. m., standard time, all sessions hereafter being governed by that time.

All scholars of the four primary grades, who reside in Lakeside or east of the St. Joseph river, will go to the new training school on the southwest corner of Lake avenue and Dearborn street, in Lakeside.

John S. Irwin, Supt.

Fresh Country Eggs 11 cents at THE MARKET.

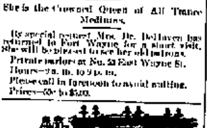
CLAIRVOYANT

Will Remain One Week.

GO AND SEE HER.

She is the Crowned Queen of All Trance Mediums.

By special request Mrs. Dr. DeHaven has returned to Fort Wayne for a short visit. She will be pleased to see her old patrons. Private parlors at No. 32 East Wayne St. Hours—9 a. m. to 9 p. m. Please call in forenoon to avoid waiting. Prices—50c to $5.00.



SCHEUMAN & KLAEHN, Funeral Directors and Embalmers, No. 33 W. Main St., Fort Wayne, Ind. TELEPHONE—For night call, Nos. 175 and 186 for office, No. 225.

BUSINESS The Fort Wayne Business College offers the best course of business training and practice in all the commercial branches. Enter the Spring Term now. No vacations.

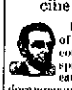
Insanity.

Having for years paid attention to nervous troubles, and especially to insanity, and after treating many cases successfully, seven last year, I feel it to be my duty to say to those who have friends that become insane, that they can generally be restored to perfect sanity, and permanently, in less time at home than if sent to an asylum. H. W. Bowen, M. D., Fort Wayne, Ind. 25-1m

---

LINCOLN TEA

It is the Best Spring Medicine in the World!



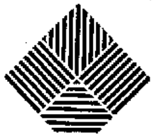
HOW true it is that all of the bad feelings that come over us just as the spring is opening are caused by only a slight derangement of the system.

Life is so different in winter from what it is in summer; that the indoor life that people lead during the winter months produces a derangement of the heart, stomach, liver and kidneys, and the moment that active outdoor life begins you hear the expressions, "I don't feel like doing anything! I guess I have the spring fever!" Here is where LINCOLN TEA stands Alone and Unrivaled. It goes, without distressing you, to the root of the trouble and removes the cause, Purifies the Blood, and life is again worth living. For sale by all druggists.

Use WORCH'S CELEBRATED SPECTACLES & EYE GLASSES Recommended by leading Physicians and Citizens.

The oldest exclusive optician in the city. We have had more than six weeks experience. We do not solicit from house to house, nor do we employ any peddlers. Any and all work that we do is guaranteed, and we expect our patrons to call if the work is not satisfactory. Don't trust your eyes to inexperienced opticians.

If this print cannot be distinctly read at 10 inches, there is a defect of vision which should be corrected with glasses, no matter what the age.



If the lines in this diamond figure do not appear equally black in all the different meridians, it indicates a defect of sight that causes nervous head-ache and should be corrected at once. Eyes tested free.

Remember no peddlers and no inexperienced help employed at my office.

WORCH THE OPTICIAN.
101 Calhoun Street.

Emmett & Martin.

Plumber, Steam and Gas Fitter.

Hydrants,
Sinks,
Bath Tubs.

104 Buchanan St., Cor. Hanna.

Telephone 241.

USE THE FAMOUS—

TULA WATER

For the complexion. Its merits will exceed any lady's imagination.

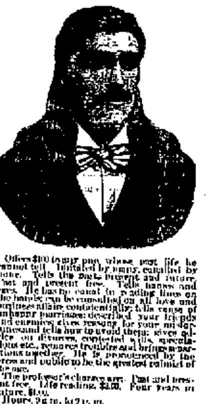
Sold exclusively at 28 West Berry street, Fort Wayne, Ind.

PROF. HARRIE,

The Great French Palmist.

Prof. Harrie was born in Marseilles, France, 38 years ago, and has practiced palmistry for eighteen years, during which time he has visited nearly every country on the globe. He is a man in whom one feels confidence at the outset. There is nothing prosy or dry in his conversation, but he thinks rapidly and gives voice to his thoughts just as rapidly. He is one of the most pleasant of men to meet and departs entirely from the primordial customs to those who wish to become palmists. He does not carry his business with him on the street, but appears as a well-to-do business man, affable, courteous and obliging and never tiresome or obstructive. He talks intelligently on all subjects and is an extensive reader.

The science of palmistry was in part natural to the professor, and developed early in childhood. He exhibited in his boyhood days that precocity which betokens coming genius, and excited the curiosity and caused much wonderment among the people of his native country. He is a graduate of the best French schools and has always made palmistry his paramount study. He has followed nothing to interfere with his life work and his eminent success is not to be wondered at.



Offers $100 to any one whose past life he cannot tell. Imitated by many, equalled by none. Tells the past, present and future. Past and present free. Tells names and ages. He has no equal in reading lines on the hands; can be consulted on all love and business affairs confidentially; tells cause of unhappy marriages; describes your friends and enemies; gives reasons for your misfortunes and tells how to avoid them; gives advice on divorces, contested wills, speculations etc., removes troubles and brings separations together. He is pronounced by the press and public to be the greatest palmist of the age.

The professor's charges are: Past and present free. Life reading, $3.00. Four years in future, $1.00.

Hours, 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.

Egyptian charms for sale. Possession of one of these brings health and happiness.

PARLORS, 170 W. WASHINGTON ST.,

First House West of Fulton street.

Will remain for a short time only.

MILLINERY OPENING!

Friday and Saturday, March 23-24, 1894.

All are Cordially Invited.

Hair Dressing,
Manicuring,
Fancy Notions, Stamping,
Costumes for Rent,
Theatrical Goods.

ORA SEANEY, Man Milliner.

158-160 Calhoun St.

THE NEW YORK HAIR BAZAAR.

Hair Goods,
Hair Dressing and Shampooing.

MISS. E. C. RODENBECK,
No. 29 E. Washington St.

"WHAT LEONS SAYS IS SO!"

GRAND ⁑ OPENING ⁑ SALE!

LEONS LEONS LEONS

VIM,--VIGOR,--VICTORY.

Young Blood! New Ideas!

LOW-PROFITS!

LEONS LEONS LEONS

THE BEST -STOCK OF FURNITURE.
-STOCK OF CARPETS.
-STOCK OF BABY CARRIAGES.

Here's the Way We Do It:--

Solid Oak Bedroom Suits, 20x30, Beveled Mirror,	$16.00	8-Foot Polished Oak Extension Table,	$7.50
A Better One, 24x30, Beveled Mirror,	18.50	Velvet Brussels Carpet,	.98
A Fine Plush Parlor Suit, Six Pieces,	25.00	Brussels Carpet,	.50
Polished Quartered Oak Side Board,	22.50	Wool Ingrains,	.45
Dining Chairs to Match,	7.50	Lace Curtains,	1.25

In Baby Carriages We Have the Only Reliable Makes. Our $7.50 Buggy Leads the World.

LEONS 109 CALHOUN ST. Furniture + AND + Carpets!